

HOW TO PRETEND
TO BE A NUDE
PHOTOGRAPHER

SEX AND OTHER UNUSUAL PRACTICES

A CHRIS MILLER NOVELLA BAD LUCK WITH WOMEN

DEPT. OF AGRICULTURE'S GUIDE TO SAFE SEX

NATIONAL

**JUNE 1987
BIMONTHLY**

LAMPPOON
THE HUMOR MAGAZINE

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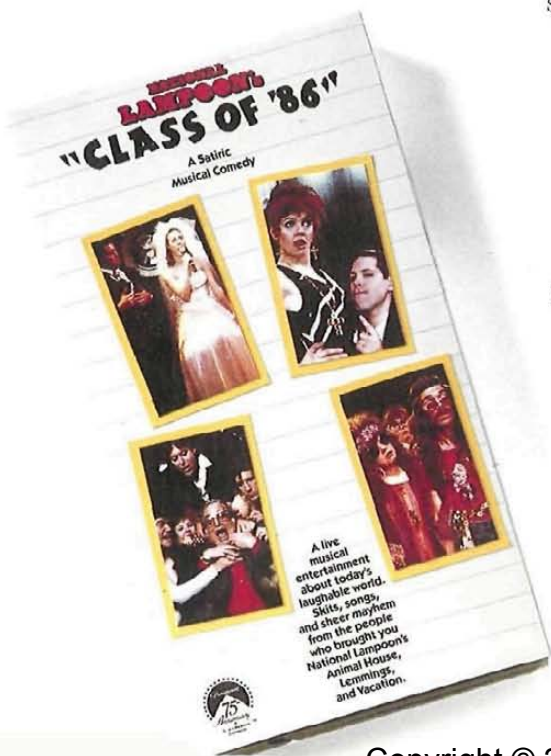
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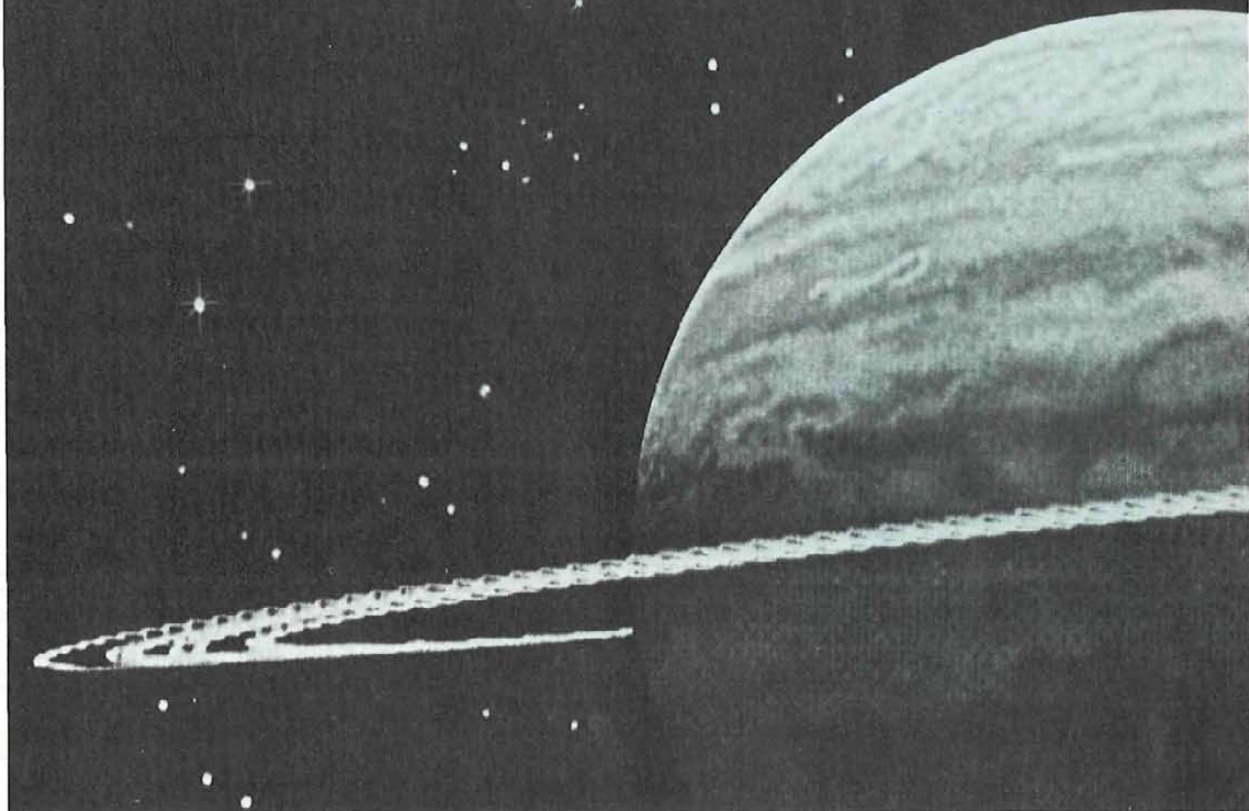


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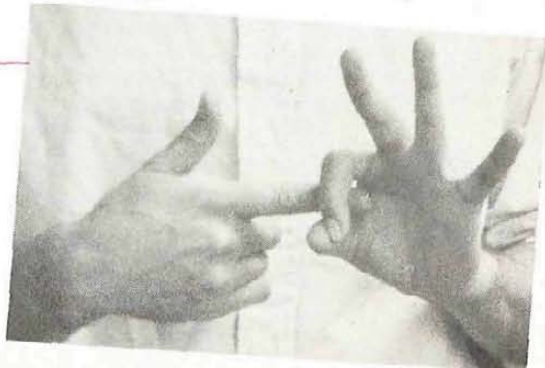
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EDITORIAL

It's "Poonie Time"

What with the Grammys, Oscars, Emmys, Irvings, Marvins, et al., having been settled for 1987, the time has come for the country's oldest and, possibly, most meaningful award, the 131st annual "Poonies," the award given every year or so, give or take a few years, on this date, sometimes three or four months earlier or later, following an intense survey, frequently a meeting in a Manhattan bar, and deep study: usually we put some names in a hat.

The Poonies are not to be taken lightly, for they reflect the choices made by the editors of this magazine of the sexiest media creations in the country.

Uh-huh, you think, we're talking about *Hustler* or *Playboy* or the low-I.Q. word pictures of *Forum*. You suspect we refer to *Penthouse*, a magazine

that has made hundreds of millions of dollars because its readers study meticulously the finger and facial dexterity which enables its models to manipulate their genitalia and smile vacuously in total boredom at the same time—tougher for them than simultaneously chewing gum and walking.

You are wrong. Those are the losers, friends. They are as sexy as two wart-hogs coupling in a dung heap under an August sun.

Sexy involves class. It's—what's the word? Surreptitious. Right. Sexy is *not* "Hey, look at me, I'm trying to get you hot!" It is "Look at me, I'm cool, unobtainable, and I am certain of getting you hot."

So here are the winners of the 1986 Poonies—America's premier purveyors of sex:

1. The Sunday *New York Times Magazine*. Never has so little underwear covered so little. This is hot stuff from a newspaper that has virtually cornered

the market on Pulitzers. Ah, so intellectuals require sexual stimulation, too. The *New York Times* has all but dispelled the theory that sizzling, semi-nude skin art is for the blue-collar market. The *Times* is read by professors and colon surgeons and economists, and it's the most sensuous magazine of them all. First prize.

2. *Reader's Digest*. The people's *Forum*. Short. To the point. Quick read. "How to Have a Relationship," "Coveting Your Neighbor's Wife," "I Am Johnny's Protrusion." All sexy stuff with a lot of abbreviations and how-to.

3. *Glamour*. Right up there with the *Times* in the classy hot-skin department. Kitschy sex. Avant-garter sex.

4. The Calvin Klein TV campaign for any Calvin Klein product. By the same guy who wrote *Emmanuelle*, with rewrites by Ingmar Bergman. Girls kissing girls. Women kissing little boys. Where will it end?

continued on page 12

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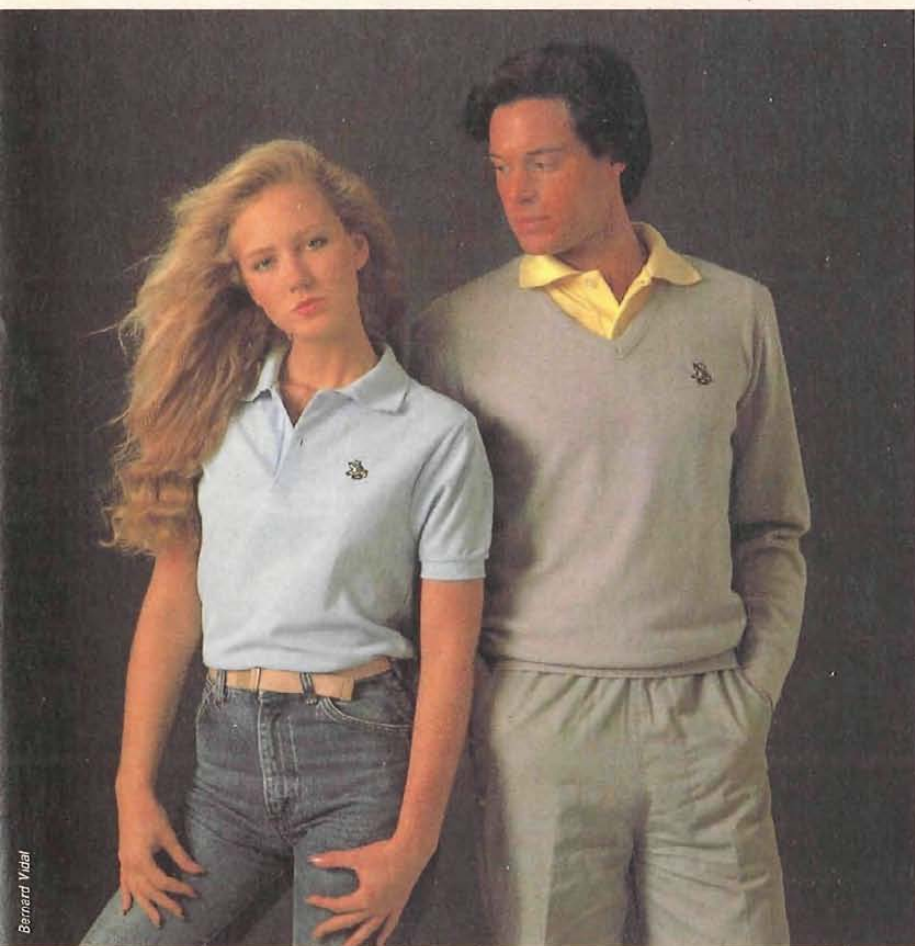
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Frog logo
by cartoonist
Sam Gross

LETTERS



Sirs:

Jesus Christ, isn't anyone gonna let me give my opinion on this whole mess? I'd rather be raised by hyenas than by either that gin-soaked uterus renter or those frigid tight-ass workaholics who'd probably dump me in a day-care center for fourteen hours a day anyhow. If it was up to me, I'd rather live with Donald Trump. Or Leona Helmsley, or maybe let them have joint custody of me. Think of the blocks I could play with. Fifth Avenue between Fifty-eighth and Fifty-ninth, Madison between Fiftieth and Fifty-first ...

Baby M
*Somewhere between
New Jersey and Florida*

Sirs:

If penises are outlawed, only outlaws will have penises.

Jim Gibley
National Penis Association

Sirs:

Did you ever notice how much Cybill Shepherd looks like Marilyn Chambers?

Bruce Willis
Hollywood, Calif.

Sirs:

Darn, I could have had a V-8.

Small-Car Owner
Detroit, Mich.

Sirs:

Freud used to say that all the bizarre, seemingly irrational things we do as individuals are fueled by our desire for sex. I guess that should explain the plastic surgery, painful diets, arduous hair-styling sessions, expensive uncomfortable clothing, and oddly decorated bedroom. But what about the petting zoo in his backyard?

Michael Jackson's Mother
Utah

Sirs:

Where was all that acid rain back when we needed it at Woodstock?

Timothy Leary
Dead Lemming Office

Sirs:

Hi. How are you? I am fine. Camp is fine. I do a lot of fun things like archery and swimming and eating and painting and lighting rabbits on fire and watching them jump up and down in the dark and pouring salt on slugs and watching them shrivel up and cutting up snakes and pasting their body parts back in the wrong order and pouring water in gopher holes then clobbering them on the head when they come up for air and kicking pregnant dogs in the stomach and sticking cigars in frogs' mouths and watching them puff until they can't breathe anymore and they blow up and putting live wires to cow teats and skimming field mice across lakes and ... oh, gotta go. Time for col-or war.

Your son, Jimmy Smith
*Bunk 12
Camp Hiawatba*

Sirs:

Celts in five. Trust me.

Ivan Boesky
Ossining, N.Y.

Sirs:

Last Thursday night I was over at Starlight Lanes, and like I always do I started thinking about bowling as a metaphor for life and it occurred to me just how dumb it is for people who are virgins to get married. When you go to a bowling alley you've always got to try a bunch of balls before you find one that's the right weight and has holes that feel snug but not too snug. And men aren't nearly as discriminating about bowling balls—they can be any color, and men don't even mind if they have an extra hole or two on the other side. By the way, I bowled a 214, a 231, and then finished strong with a 268.

Don Carter
On the PBA team

Sirs:

The filth of the mouth, the fat of the fever,

The foaming foaming fervor of the festering froth;

The crush of the bite, the force of fingers,

The stifled squall, muffled squawk of the fury is squelched.

Icy needle sinks hard down to his heart, heart of hard hatred,

Slumps silent, a murmur, a whispering breath

Sleeps silent as, still as a cool summer moon,

High off in the heavens, his heart.

I fumble for, find, finger his fly, fierce fetching the catch,

Springs up, loose, his high hard one packed fat with passion,

Quiver-moist my lips lower, hard down the shaft of the hummer,

Stiffen turgid tugged, my heart flies so hard

The swell and the hot fire fill of his semen;

I lick, wipe, tuck, and then trembling fix his teeth;

He wakes soft and cured, none the wiser, past the worst;

Praise him.

Dr. Gerard Manley Hopkins, D.D.S.
Dublin, Ohio

Sirs:

I was just kidding. Vietnam wasn't like that at all. Actually, I sort of enjoyed it.

Oliver Stone
Hollywood, Calif.

Sirs:

*I want a girl
Just like the girl
That married dear ol'
daaaaaagggghhh...*

Lizzie Borden's Son
Orphanage-on-the-Thames, England

Sirs:

I know Blue Cross will pay for my encephalogram and my CAT scan, but is the polygraph covered?

William Casey
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

Just napping.
Fooled you, huh?
Got a light?

George Burns
Approaching immortality

Sirs:

If it weren't for sex, there would be no slipped discs, sick pricks, sore clits, face lifts, silicone tits, split lips, bit nips, gripped hips, connoption fits, or handcuffs and whips. And best of all, Bob Guccione and his whole come-caked family might well be destitute.

Dr. Al Goldstein
Coalition for a Better World Through Diminished Sexuality and the Stamp Out Sex(S.O.S.) Foundation

Sirs:

You can say whatever you want about me; at least I never sold arms to Iran.

Juan Corona
San Quentin, Calif.

Sirs:

If a cat slips on the ice, we're in for a bad spring.

If a talking mouse makes gas at midnight, you'll lose your house.

For good luck, kiss a used Volkswagen.

These are the proverbs of my people. We are the Clevelanders.

Mike Smith
Cleveland, Ohio

Sirs:

I've got a bitchin' chromed '74 Hawg, but my old lady don't dig jammin' bare-assed naked—

Oh, sorry, I thought this was *Easyriders*.

Bad Ass Bob
Frisco

Sirs:

I've got a bitchin' chromed M16, but my old lady don't dig blastin' bare-assed naked—

Oh, sorry, I thought this was *Soldier of Fortune*.

Battalion Bob
Central California

Sirs:

I've got a bitchin' chrome exercise bike, but my old man don't dig pedalin' bare-assed naked—

Oh, sorry, I thought this was *Fitness* magazine.

Big Ass Robert
San Francisco, Calif.

COMEDY ON VIDEO: FROM SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE TO MONTY PYTHON

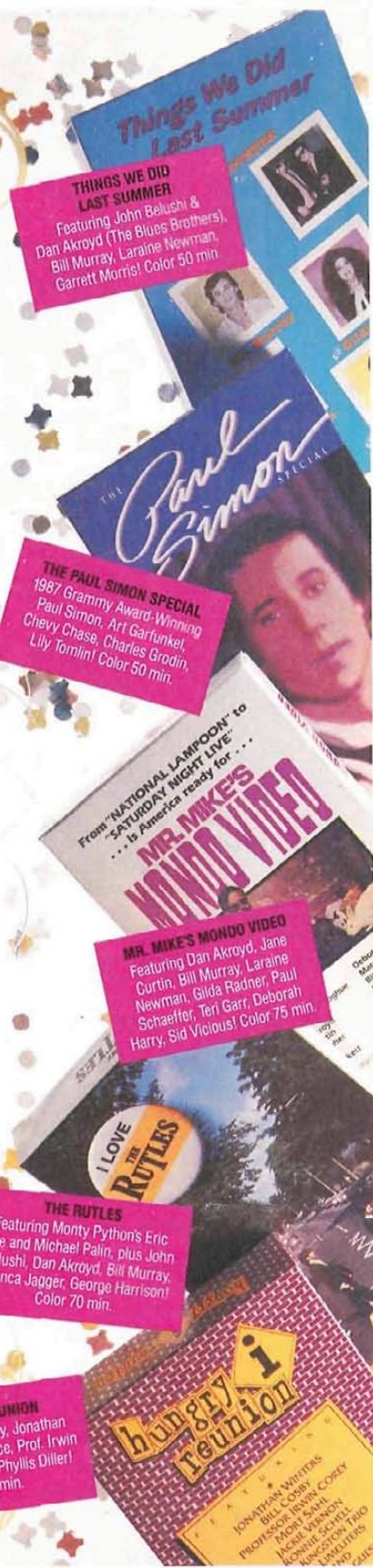
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Featuring Bill Cosby, Jonathan Winters, Lenny Bruce, Prof. Irwin Corey, Mort Sahl, Phyllis Diller! Color 90 min.

hungry for reunion
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BILL COSBY
PROFESSOR IRWIN COREY
MORT SAHL
PHYLLIS DILLER
LUNSTON SULLIVAN
LARRY DRYER
AND GUESTS

DRINKING TIPS

AND OTHER WAR STORIES

by Michael Simmons



The bartender is the drinking man's best friend. He (or she) is the one responsible for delivering the goods. Because of alcohol's obvious intoxicating effects, the bartender has the hapless job of dealing with any mess the drunkard gets himself into, whether it be wetting his pants or attempted murder. In addition, liquor has a way of uninhibiting the inhibited libido, thereby opening up a sexual can of worms. All these crises get dumped in the lap of the poor bartender, who only wants to have a quiet evening and make as much tip money as he can.

The best bartenders I have known combine the wisdom of Solomon with the diplomacy of Henry Clay. I have witnessed a five-foot-two bartender break up a brawl between two drunken hulks without even lifting a finger. There's a technique in talking to a drunk. You can't use logic, because if the drunk were thinking rationally he wouldn't be in the predicament he is in. One has to convince him that, yes, he's absolutely correct in thinking that Jimmy was trying to pick up his girlfriend, even though Jimmy was standing twenty feet away at the end of the bar with his back to both him and his girlfriend, but that by creating a violent disturbance he will be ruining everyone else's evening, he will make his girlfriend cry, and he will endanger the job security of his best friend in the whole wide world at the moment, the bartender himself. I swear to God, I have seen guys who resemble Lou Ferrigno on amphetamine reduced to thumb-sucking teddy bears by bartenders using the old reverse-psychology bit.

Two of the Kings of Bartending work

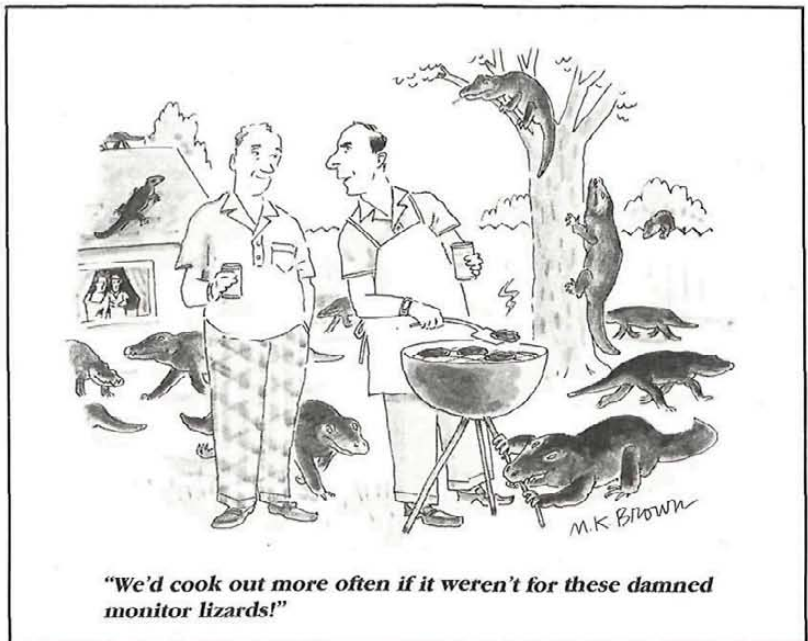
at my favorite drinking trough, Marylou's, in New York City. Gene Fahey is a sometime actor, an old (mid-thirties) New Leftist from Massachusetts. Gene has the patience of a saint. I know because I myself have personally tested it on several occasions. I just wanted to see if he was on his toes (only kidding, Gene). Sometimes I've been known to approach women with all the debonair class of a Richard Speck, all the while drunkenly deluding myself that my appearance is closer to Cary Grant. When the oft-frightened or offended lass runs to Gene for salvation, he has a quiet, evenhanded way of getting me to go sit somewhere else. In Gene's case I think that I have such an innate trust of the

guy that no matter how blitzed I am, that trust remains unaltered.

Martino Petosa has a master's in sociology and the weekend shift at Marylou's. Martino is the Great Persuader. He has a persistent yet kind manner that is irresistible to the drunk with a mind of his own. Martino also has a few tricks up his rolled-up sleeve which he doesn't hesitate to use on overimbibers. One of my favorites is the watered-down-drink trick. If some loudmouth who's had a snootful is getting out of hand, you don't cut him off; that would only exacerbate his already disorderly behavior. So say he's drinking bourbon—Martino merely makes him a water-on-the-rocks with a tiny splash of the brown stuff to give it color. If the guy drinks this concoction for about a half-hour, he can actually reach a state resembling sobriety, all the while thinking he's knocking 'em back like Superman on a three-day binge.

John McHugh is another member of the Simmons Bartenders Hall of Fame. John is also presently doing time at Marylou's. While John possesses all the aforementioned qualities, his diplomatic skills are a little closer to Henry Kissinger's than Henry Clay's. Which is to say he might bomb Cambodia while sitting at the bargaining table. When I first met John he was working at One Fifth Avenue, a legendary bar in New York City. After a couple of messy incidents John barred me from the bar, so to speak. It seems that one evening I ended up in the powder room with an attractive young lady whose boyfriend was a former member of the N.Y.P.D. and presently owned a bodyguard ser-

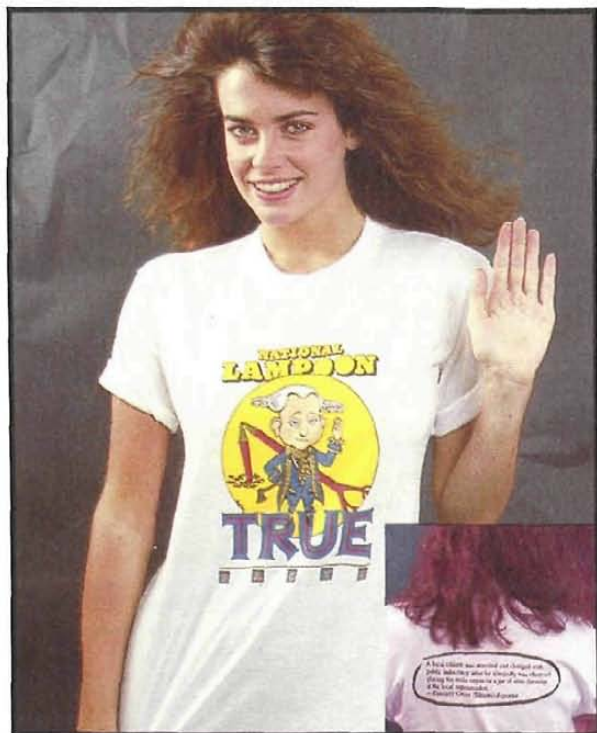
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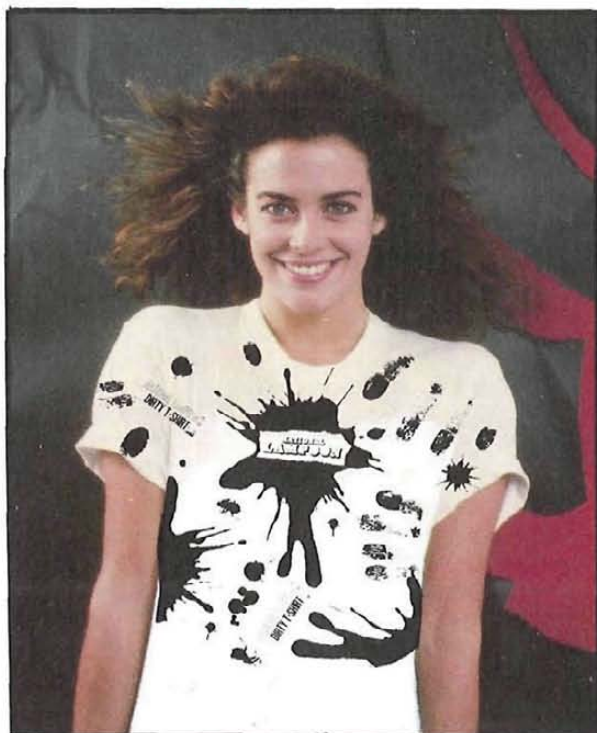
"We'd cook out more often if it weren't for these damned monitor lizards!"

Who Says We Don't Give Two Shirts?

National Lampoon, the folks who invented the steam-powered harmonica, now bring you the latest innovation in simply great T-shirts:



National Lampoon's True Facts T-shirt



National Lampoon's Dirty T-shirt

And here's the gimmick: for the back of the National Lampoon's True Facts T-shirt, you can pick from any of the following:

- (A) WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, MONTANA—Four riflemen firing a ceremonial salute at a military funeral accidentally shot the minister. —*San Francisco Chronicle*
- (B) MANCHESTER, IOWA—To deter wandering in the halls, authorities at West Delaware High School required each student on his way to the bathroom to wear a toilet seat around his neck. —*Washington Post*
- (C) After an eighteen-month study, the British Academy of Science recommended to Parliament that British rock stars be prohibited from selling their semen to commercial sperm banks. —*UMKC University News*
- (D) A local citizen was arrested and charged with public indecency after he allegedly was observed placing his male organ in a jar of slaw dressing at the local supermarket. —*Downers Grove (Illinois) Reporter*

There's the choice, dictatorship. You see?!? Clever, right? Isn't it great to live in a democracy where you can choose your own T-shirt? (The NL Dirty T-shirt is a

dictatorship. You get no choice. Only what we tell you.) Order today, because this might not work and we will stop offering it.

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DRINKING TIPS

continued from page 10

vice. Unbeknownst to me this boyfriend, whose apt nickname was "The Gorilla," happened to be sitting at the bar at the time and wanted to detach my besotted head from my lust-filled body. John showed me the door for my own protection. The next evening I came in, ordered a sour mash whiskey, picked it up to sip it, and dropped it on the floor. Without missing a beat I looked at John and calmly ordered another one. Instead of getting my drink, John and I took the now-familiar walk to the door. A couple of weeks later I was granted a reprieve, and John and I have since become good friends. He puts on this irascible tough-guy act, but I've come to know that in his heart he's closer to E.T. than Attila the Hun. John and I have fun and stimulating conversations about books and movies. He likes everything written or filmed before 1960. I like everything after. And he also gives me rides home at the end of the night, which on many occasions are much needed and greatly appreciated.

Of course, there are a few whose names shall reside in infamy in the Simmons Bartenders Hall of Shame. Back in '81 I used to frequent this soulless ur-

ban-cowboy club called City Limits, located on lower Seventh Avenue in New York. The place was all-Formica and no humanity. One late evening after the bar had closed, I was standing with my friend Kinky Friedman talking to one of the owners, Billy, who was a real nice guy. Some lamebrained jockstrap who was the bouncer for the evening yelled at us to "get the fuck outta here." And we're standing yakking to one of his bosses, who was buying us drinks. Not in the mood to take any shit, I marched over to this frustrated running back and, while "Your Cheatin' Heart" blasted in the background, yelled, "You assholes would throw Hank fucking Williams out of here," and stormed out. (This incident is recounted in Kinky's forthcoming novel *A Case of Lone Star*, available in your bookstores this August.) A couple of nights later, while I was innocently standing at the bar, Ed the bartender (also an ex-cop) grabbed me, dragged me out of the club and around the corner, threw me against a steel grating, and proceeded to strangle me. The cat is about twice my size. All the while he's lecturing me on how I should talk to the people he works with. Finally, under the threat of an assault rap, he relented. Instead of admitting he was wrong he had me permanently barred from City Limits (which was no great loss to me) in or-

der to cover the fact that he had tried to inflict serious bodily harm to me. I later conjectured that Ed had failed bartenders' school and had never learned that attempted murder is not a transgression as minor as mouthing off. City Limits has since closed, which proves that a bar can't exist if it keeps throwing out its best drinks.

There's a humorous footnote to this story. A week after the incident at City Limits, Kinky and I were sitting at the Lion's Head, a well-known writers' bar on Christopher Street. A Bowery bummer tried to get a drink but was denied port by Mike the bartender. The bum stood at the door of the Lion's Head and yelled out, "You assholes would throw Nathaniel fucking Hawthorne out of here!" This really happened, honest.

I've left out a few Bartenders Hall of Famers. Patrick, Colin, and John at O'Lunney's. Mike, Tommy, and Paul at the Lion's Head. Old Mike at the Raincheck Room in Los Angeles. And my favorite barmaid of all time, Harriet-with-the-Tattooed-Tits, who's worked half the bars in New York and is also a brilliant painter and one of the best friends I've ever had. These are all folks who are ready with a smile and a drink and understand that sometimes we all lose it. Some of us more than others. ■

EDITORIAL

continued from page 6

5. Guess jeans.

The open blouse
The parting lips
The lonely spouse
The tightened hips.

Selling jeans has become an erotic art form.

6. Lancôme cosmetics. Where are you going, Isabella Rossellini? You foolish girl. Does sex sell? Does weird sell? Does Isabella sell weird sex?

7. TV advertisements for sugar-free beverages. Twenty-inch waistlines and thirty-six-inch busts, legs long and supple—that's what most people want from their Diet Pepsi. What Fatty Arbuckle did for Coke, lean, firm young girls are doing for Pepsi: the Pepsi Degeneration.

8. Network soaps. From the people who wouldn't bring you condoms comes more faked screwing, undressing, and stimuli than any bluc movie. A bad 8, because they're not selling anything that we can relate to.

9. Any Jane Fonda exercise video. Come on, Jane, you oversexed wench. They're playing your tapes for fat old men at American Legion meetings.

10. The Sears catalog. Macy's, too.

What have things come to? Yes, sex sells—but at what price? Mothers in Des Moines are being sold crotchless underwear through the mails. The country's going to the dogs while the TV preachers are worrying about topless bars and jerk-off magazines. The enemy is in the mails. Is there no end to the smut glut?

Hey, don't tell me all of the above aren't the real Moral Majority.

Matty Simmons

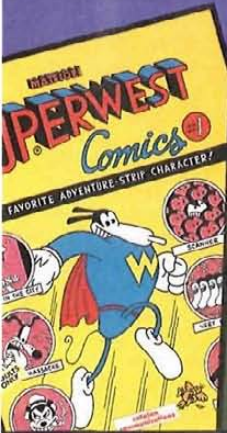
Cover: This month's painting was never actually intended to be used as a *National Lampoon* cover. It was one

of the many treasures discovered in Liberace's attic after his tragic demise. It seems that during World War II Lee commissioned famed portrait painter Shmulke Escondibe to capture the essence of the famed pianist's manhood in oil and acrylic on plywood. The identity of the woman remains a mystery to this day. Some say she is really Ruth "Bababoom" Collins, a USO dancer who was over there entertaining the troops when she met Lee, but we'll never know for sure. What we do know is that Shmulke did an extraordinary job and we are damn proud to display his efforts this month.—P.K.



"Tell her that you love her and you'll still respect her . . . Pass it on."

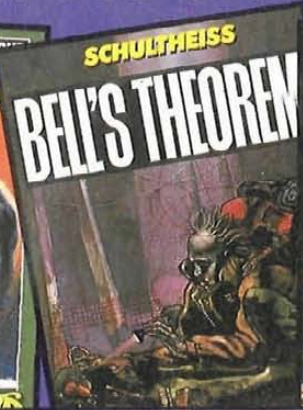
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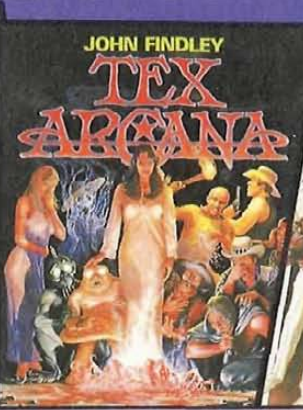
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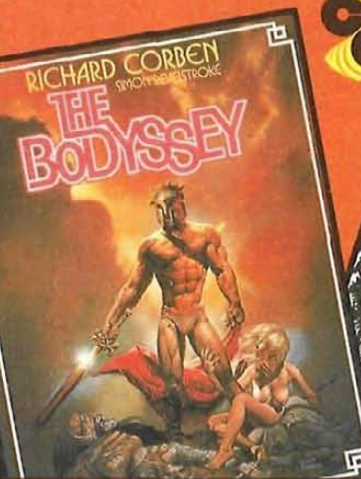


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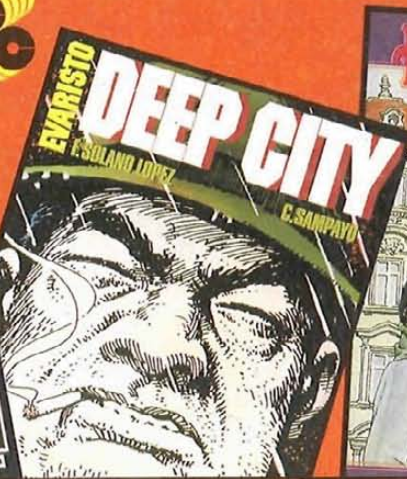
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Zen Bastard

Lenny Bruce on the Loose

by Paul Krassner

The March issue of *Hustler* magazine ran a feature article about a stand-up comic described on the cover as "the new Lenny Bruce." That brings to thirteen the number of comedians I have seen described as "the new Lenny Bruce." But there is no new Lenny Bruce. He was unique and irreplaceable.

These days, when young people think of Lenny Bruce, they think of Dustin Hoffman, who portrayed him in the movie biography *Lenny*. The real Lenny would have appreciated the irony of folks buying the soundtrack album from that film. They could hear Dustin Hoffman playing Lenny Bruce complaining about the district attorney doing his act.

Lenny's first arrest for obscenity took place in San Francisco in December 1962. He had used the word "cock-sucker" to describe one. A couple of decades later, Meryl Streep used the word "cocksucker" instead of "secksucker" in *Sophie's Choice*, and won an Academy Award. Another nominee, Jessica Lange, used the word "cock-sucker" to describe her occupation in *Frances*. We've come a long way, baby.

In the late fifties, the mass media were already translating Lenny's irreverence into "sick comic," although he had not yet been branded "filthy." During my first interview with him, I asked, "Could you be bribed to do only 'safe' material from now on?"

He replied: "What's the bribe? Eternal life? A cure for cancer? Forty-five million dollars? What's the difference what I take? I'd still be selling out."

"Do you think there's any sadism in your comedy?"

"What a horrible thought. If there is any sadism in my work, I hope I—well, if there is, I wish someone would whip me with a large belt that has a big brass buckle."

Around that time, Dr. Albert Ellis was becoming the unofficial theorist of the sexual revolution. In an interview, he told me:

"My own standard is that certain modes of expression, including the use of many of the famous or infamous four-letter words, are unusually appropriate, understandable, and effective under certain conditions, and at these times they should be unhesitatingly used. Words such as 'fuck' or 'shit' are most incisive and expressive when properly employed.

"Take, for example, the campaign which I have been waging, with remarkable lack of success, for many years in favor of the proper usage of the word 'fuck.' My premise is that sexual intercourse, copulation, fucking, or



Springer/Bertmann Film Archives

whatever you wish to call it is normally, under almost all circumstances, a damn good thing. Therefore, we should rarely use it in a negative, condemnatory manner. Instead of denouncing someone by calling him 'a fucking bastard,' we should say, of course, that he is 'an unfucking villain'—since 'bastard,' too, is not necessarily a negative state and should not only be used pejoratively."

"Isn't the apparently inconsistent use of the word 'fuck' due to the fact that it actually has two meanings? One, it means intercourse. Two, it means screw—you know, like in business—I fucked him."

"You're right. But since the word 'screw' has the same two meanings, and since screwing is (in my unjaudiced view) just as enjoyable as fucking, I would want the usage to be 'I unscrewed him' when we meant that I outwitted him or gave him a rough time."

"How about the famous Army saying 'Fuck all of them but six and save them for pallbearers.' There 'fuck' means 'kill.'"

"Yes, and it is wrongly used. It should be 'Unfuck all of them but six.' Lots of times these words are used correctly, as when you say, 'I had a fucking good time.' That's quite accurate, since fucking, as I said before, is a good thing, and a good thing leads to a good time. But by the same token you should say, 'I had an unfucking bad time....'"

Lenny Bruce was amazed that I could publish that and get away with it. At the time, magazines always used dashes or asterisks to indicate that kind of language. At that point in his career, Lenny was still using the euphemism "frig" onstage.

In his hotel room, we had a discussion on the semantics of profanity. I explained that it was not illegal, since the Supreme Court had defined obscenity as material which appeals to the prurient interest. Lenny took out the unabridged dictionary that he carried around in his suitcase and looked up the word "prurient."

"Itching," he read out loud. "It means itching! What does that mean—they can bust a novelty store owner for selling itching powder along with the dribble glass and the whoopee cushion?"

"It's just their way of saying that something gets you horny."

Lenny closed the dictionary, clenching his jaw and nodding his head in mock affirmation of a new sick discovery: "It's against the law to get you horny!"

He asked me to give out copies of the Albert Ellis interview in front of New York City's Town Hall before his concert there that night. As a result, he was barred from performing there again.

"They'll book me," he said. "They made too much money on that concert. I'd have more respect for them if they *didn't* ever book me again. At least it'd show they were keeping their word."

But he was right. They did book him again.

Several months later, *Playboy* magazine assigned me to edit the autobiography Lenny was working on, titled

How to Talk Dirty and Influence People. I was fascinated by the way his mind played with ideas. I was also charmed by a certain streak of naïveté, for Lenny was genuinely surprised that the *Reader's Digest* had rejected his manuscript.

He was staying at the YMCA in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, where he was performing at a local nightclub. I checked in and then met with him in his room. We talked for a while before going out to eat. As we were leaving his room, he asked furtively, standing in the doorway, "Did you steal anything?"

I took my wristwatch out of my pants pocket—which was where I kept it since I didn't like to wear it on my wrist—and placed it on his bureau without saying a word. He laughed one loud "Ha!" and kissed me on the forehead.

That night, after he did two shows, we stayed up talking till morning. At one point we took turns naming all the books that neither of us had ever read. Coincidentally, though, we were both reading books by Nathanael West. I was reading *Miss Lonelyhearts* and he was reading *The Dream Life of Balso Snell*. There was a line in the latter about an old actress with severely shaved armpits that inspired Lenny to improvise on what would later become one of his bits about the female singer who became a sensation by flashing her unshaved armpits at the audience. This was decades before Madonna.

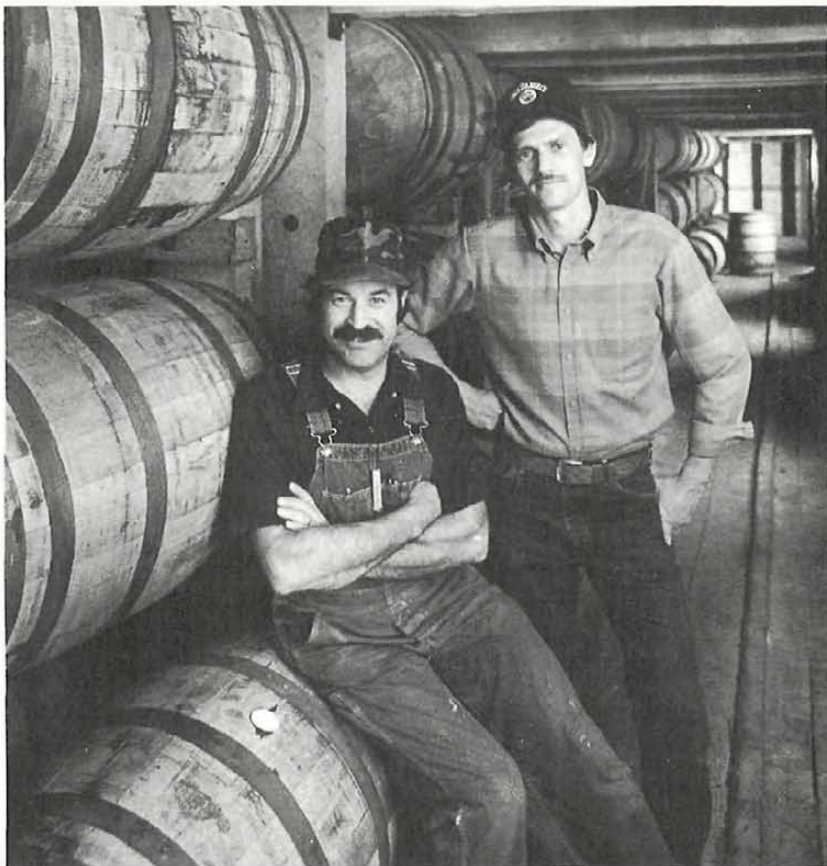
He told me about his fantasy of fucking a deaf-mute. Back in New York, I arranged for a hooker friend to pretend she was deaf. She knew sign language, but Lenny kept trying to make her laugh out loud. He succeeded with a fart and this comment: "And now, boys and girls, we're going to find out how the speed of smell is faster than the speed of sound."

Once we were walking around Greenwich Village, and there on the cover of *Newsweek* was a photo of Caroline Kennedy, the president's young daughter. I remarked, "She probably plays with herself with a bobby pin."

"What a great image," Lenny said. "Can I have that?"

His genius was an uncanny ability to integrate imagery into an absolutely appropriate context. This one became a throwaway line in his hot-lead enema routine, where he talked about how he would never be able to withstand torture: "I'll give away state secrets, I'll even *make up* secrets—Caroline Kennedy plays with herself with a bobby pin—just don't give me that hot-lead enema!"

His tragedy was that he was not
continued on page 69



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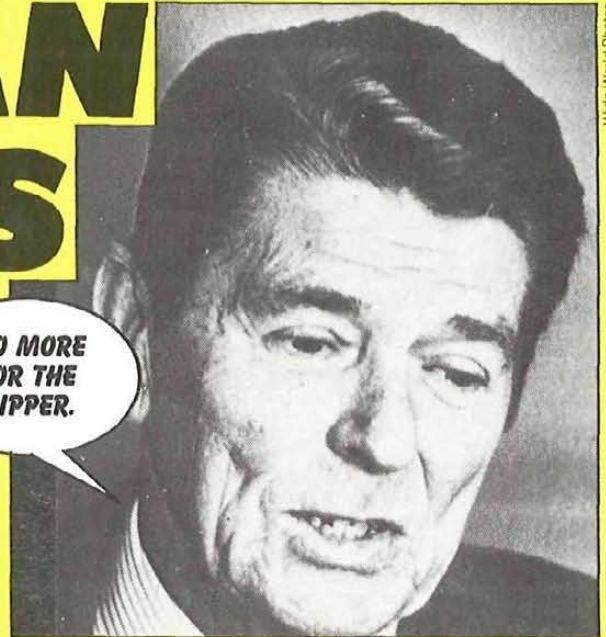
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June 1987

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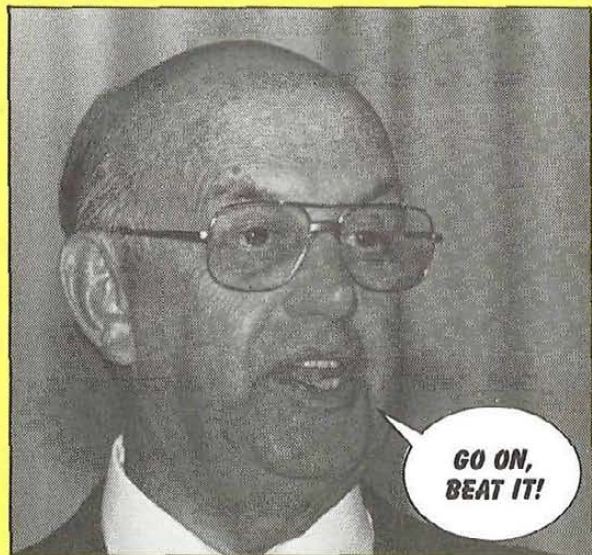


Wide World Photos

Conceding he has not handled the recent Iran-contra arms scandal well, President Reagan, in a vigorous move to prove he is in charge of his administration and the decision-making process, has announced that he will not seek a third term in office. At a surprise

press conference the president said, "Fellow Americans, it is with a heavy heart that I announce I will not be a candidate for a third term in the office of the presidency. If nominated I will not run, if elected I will not serve. Thank you and God bless." —A.S.

Botha to Blacks: Go Back to Africa Where You Came From



Reponding to allegations of racism, South African President P. W. Botha told leading black spokesman Archbishop Desmond Tutu at a nationally televised press conference that "all you damn darkies should just go back to Africa where you came from and leave us the hell alone."

Botha told Tutu it would be best for all concerned if Tutu would simply lead his people away and "spare us all these inconveniences. Do you have any idea of the nuisance you're causing? All the riots, publishing blackouts, costly propoganda, accusations of elitism, and all the American business you've bloody cost us? Moses of Lord, military police don't just grow on trees. You know how much it costs to keep them armed and in uniform? Taxes are skyrocketing. Nobody has any idea what a thornpain in the heinie all this is causing." —D.H.

Contributors:

Edited by:	Ed Bluestone	Richard Levinson
Michael Simmons	Dave Hanson	Andy Simmons
and	Bob Harris	Michael Simmons
Andy Simmons	Michael Jann	Larry Tritten

The Reel Thing

by Maureen Troy

Note: Maureen Troy, who usually writes our film review and gossip column, was tragically killed earlier this month when a film reel snapped, severing her jugular vein. Filling in for her is Deep Throat, gossip columnist for Boff magazine.

Slippery When Wed, starring Amber Lynn and featuring Amber in five other assorted roles, is the first porn film to show both a golden shower and a silver bath. ... *Dairy Queens in Bondage* gives porn newcomer (pun intended) Valentine Flowers an opportunity to perform simultaneous fellatio-cunnilingus on a hermaphrodite. ... Brooke Shields look-alike Yam Danskin debuts in *Fill 'Er Up!*, in which she and Nora Rivera meet and fall in love under Candy Samples's dress. ... Sharon Mitchell is taking a two-month vacation from porn films to have her tongue lifted. ... Cassandra Baize is making a film, *Hard Pork*, in which she plays the part of a woman who can only achieve sexual climax under a football team. ... Lisa Blossom, star of *Unweaned Teens*, says that the best sex she ever had was in the dark with someone who may have been a man or a woman—or both. ... John Holmes is in Switzerland having his sperm recycled. ... Allison Hammer, the hot new star of *Sweet Meat Sandwich*, confesses to a weakness for banana splits that have been prepared by a hunchback. ... Donna Virgo, who was fired from a Chardon commercial for dropping the "C," is making her first X-rated film, *Love Among the Ankles*, about a nymphomaniac-exhibitionist who gets off in crowds. ... The Mitchell Brothers have booked twin sisters into their San Francisco Ultra Room—the sisters will perform an act they claim would make them weightless on the moon. ... Incest between brother and sister in a clapboard shack is the subject of a new film called *My Sister's Splinters*. ... Aunt Peg will star in *Uncle Meg*, playing a transvestite with a multiple personality who doesn't know if he or she's coming or going. ... *A Mouthful of Murray* is being cast by producer Laporte Moon, who is looking for a woman who will touch her tongue to a hot light bulb during a sexual act, a man who can maintain an erection in a hailstorm, and a blonde who doesn't mind getting molasses in her cleavage. ... Hillary Skelter, the star of *Nazi Debutantes*, says that tiny men make the best lovers because they know how to get the most mileage out of the distance between their fingernails and their knuckles. ... —L.T.

THREE HUNDRED DIE IN CONSTITUTIONAL CRISIS

Three hundred moviegoers perished in a raging Cinplex inferno when the theater's projectionist failed to warn them that a fire had broken out in the lobby of the complex.

The man, who described himself as "an opponent of judicial activism," told police that he was only following Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes's famous dictum that freedom of speech doesn't give you the right to yell "Fire!" in a crowded theater.

"I'm real sorry about the loss of life," the man said, "but freedom isn't free, y'know. I bet the people who got burned up would have been glad that I took a stand against excessively liberal interpretations of the First Amendment and judicial usurpations of legislative rights in this, the two-hundredth-anniversary year of our Constitution." —R.L.

W

hat is it? Come on, guess. Pick the magazine up and turn it over and over and shake it gently to see if it rattles. "Hmmm..." you say, "what could it possibly be?" Give up? Why, it's *money!* Yes, fabulous, wonderful money—secret treasure of the moderns. Isn't it nice? We knew you'd love

it. It goes with everything, and it's always in good taste to have plenty of beautiful, fashionable money. Don't you think so? Say thank you.

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SOCIAL SECURITY CHECKS DIVERTED TO CONTRAS

In testimony made public by the select Senate committee investigating the Iran-contra arms scandal, it was revealed that fund-raising for the contras, as coordinated by Oliver North and the National Security Council, included the mugging of senior citizens for their Social Security checks.

According to the committee, retired senior citizens were lured to the beautiful, remote Sunnydale Nursing Home in scenic Arizona with the promise of sun, fishing, and elderly companionship. Once there they were smacked on top of the head and robbed of all their Social Security money. The cash was then sent to a secret contra bank account located in the Cayman Islands.

The muggers, members of a conservative street gang known as Young Americans for Freedom, were recruited by North himself off the streets of Phoenix. According to officials, "The gang members were efficient, enjoyed

their work, and were committed to the ideals of mugging elderly citizens for the good of the nation."

Suspicion was cast on the operation when an FBI report revealed that the Sunnydale Nursing Home had the highest crime rate in the country. Said a Department of Justice official, "I'd rather camp out on the streets of Beirut than walk around Sunnydale."

"Once a month, the day I cashed my Social Security check, I could count on being mugged," said Sunnydale resident Ruth Thompson. "Once I got mugged in an arts and crafts class, another time during a game of cribbage. If it wasn't for the sunny weather and the fact that I have no more money, I'd leave." —A.S.



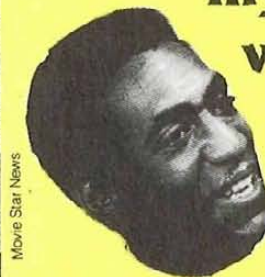
I'm not going to let my family settle for just any old media-issue black-and-white charts and sketched diagrams of Ronald Reagan's polyp and prostate surgeries. Not when I can send away for exclusive full-color videotapes of actual surgery performed on world leaders over the last twenty years.

Send now for this limited-edition collector's series and receive exclusive medical documentaries of Andropov's kidney operation, including video tracking of his dialysis! Plus you get exclusive footage of: François Mitterrand's gallbladder operation! Imelda Marcos's D & C! The intestinal incisions of the Shah! The little-known surgical faux pas that cost the life of Juan Perón! And now, for the first time, exclusive footage of Maggie Thatcher's colitis, and the last-ditch surgical attempts to save the life of Anwar Sadat!

Send for this collector's series now and get never-before-seen bullet and shrapnel removals! Along with—and absolutely free—a full-color 24 X 36-inch color poster of Mao Tse-tung's final X rays, suitable for framing, and complete results of P. W. Botha's recent G.I. series and neurological workup! Plus a framed black-and-white etching of Henry VIII's farewell leeching!

A collection unprecedented and unequalled in world politics! And free with every videotape purchase is a twenty-four-page full-color booklet packed with diagrams and photos of scars, incisions, cross sections, post-op sutures, biopsies—even checkups!

"I wouldn't let my family be without it—neither should you!"



Lucille Ball Disintegrates

WAAHHHHH!

Aging comedienne Lucille Ball crumbled into a fine powder at the announcement of the networks' rejection of her eighty-seventh television series, *More Lucy*.

According to witnesses, the mishap occurred as the veteran actress reached out for consolation and attempted to hug her longtime sidekick, Gale Gordon. Instead of putting her arms around her fellow actor, Miss Ball disintegrated into an even layer of granules.

Ball is survived by her two children, her ex-husband, and her eye makeup, which remained intact after the incident. —B.H.

CRACK KILLS



A public service message from the *National Lampoon*



Peter Kleinman

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SPORTS UPDATE

The Best Collection of Unconfirmed Sports Gossip This Side of Howard Cosell's Dinner Table

by Ed Bluestone

Dissidents in the National Audubon Society are now advocating the legalization of cockfights, which would be refereed by parrots who have been trained to say things like "Break!" and "Keep your pecking above the waist! If I have to tell you again, you're going to lose the round."

•••••

Jockey Steve Cauthen is gravely concerned about the painful methods of killing horses that glue factories have employed in recent years. "Some of these places," says Cauthen, "think absolutely nothing of taking a horse and pushing him down a stairway."

So Cauthen has invented a new way of changing horses into glue painlessly—by hypnosis. It involves taking the horse into a dark room and swinging an illuminated light bulb in front of his face while a hypnotist says, "You're starting to feel sticky."

Cauthen proposes that each tube of glue produced in this manner have a warning on it that says, "Do not snap your fingers in front of this tube."

•••••

Heavyweight champion Mike Tyson is planning to defend his title against children's book author Judy Blume. "I don't like Judy," says Tyson. "I'm a traditionalist who feels that children's literature should center around the metaphorical adventures of anthropomorphic animals in a pastoral setting. This woman's books are filled with unnecessary references to masturbation and contraception. She has emotionally scarred our youth, and that's why I'm out to kick her ass."

"Tyson is a liar," responds Blume. "His hostility toward me stems not from my work but rather from the time he asked my opinion of a short story he'd written and I replied, 'Three fingerprints hardly constitute a story.'"

•••••

Diving champion Greg Louganis is preparing to open a Suicide Assistance Center at which potential suicide victims can learn to make a graceful appearance as they dive to their demise from atop tall buildings. "Last impressions are terribly important," advises Louganis. "There's plenty of time to look like a mess after you've hit the ground."

•••••

Jackie Robinson was not the first black man to play major league baseball. "He was really white," admits Dodger owner Peter O'Malley. "Had there been too much resistance to a black man playing in the major leagues, we would have had Jackie remove the blackface and say, 'I'm really white. . . . It was all a joke. . . . What is everyone getting so excited about?'"

"We had that option, but never needed it. Instead, Robinson got stuck having to spend his life as a black man. We used to make sure that he and his family were freshly painted every year before spring training."

"Did this embitter Robinson?" we asked.

"To an extent," O'Malley responded. "After all, the poor guy could never shower until the press had gone. He was always afraid his color might run."

Nicaragua Announces Sequel to *Amerika*

In response to ABC's controversial miniseries *Amerika*, the Nicaraguan government has announced that the state-run Sandinista television station will soon begin production on a miniseries entitled *Nikaragua*. It's the story of what life would be like if the small nation was overrun by the United States. According to the producer of the miniseries, "In the show, the Nicaraguan people will be forced to eat only fast food, sing rock songs with disgusting lyrics, and lose their jobs to foreign competition."

—A.S. & M.S.

NEW STUDY REVEALS: AMERICA'S DIET IS PASTRY- DEFICIENT

A startling new study commissioned by the American Society of Pastry Chefs shows that the diet of the average American is seriously lacking in what a spokesman for the group calls "the fifth essential food group—pastry!"

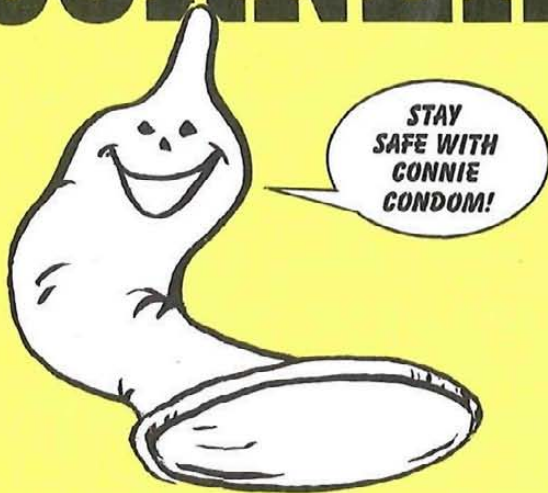
The spokesman added, "We knew the problem existed, but we weren't aware how pervasive it had become. We now believe that fewer than two people in ten are receiving the minimum daily requirement of pastry, and that's a real tragedy. Especially in a country where pastry is relatively plentiful and a great value, too."

The group plans to launch an advertising campaign to educate the public to the dangers of "prolonged substandard blood-pastry levels."

The ads will feature happy families gathered around a dining room table eating "nutritious, delicious, and less-expensive-than-you-might-think" pastry under banner headlines proclaiming, "Pastry Deficiency Is No Piece of Cake" and "Combating Pastry Deficiency: It's As Easy As Pie."

—R.L.

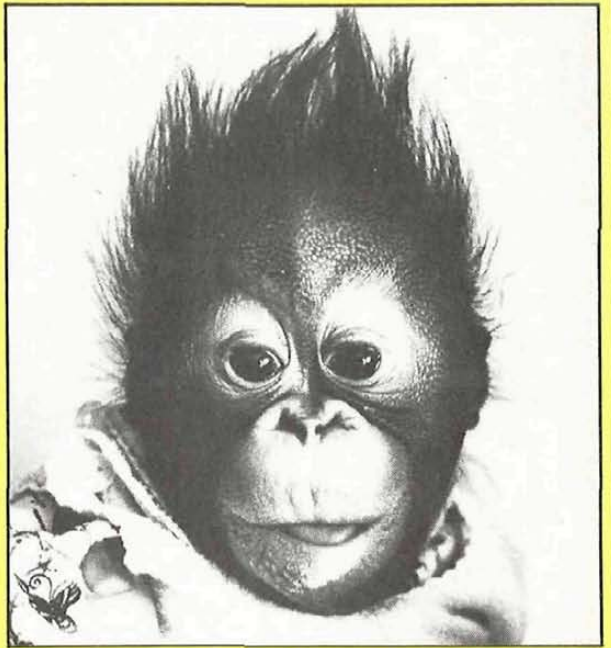
CONDOM CORNER



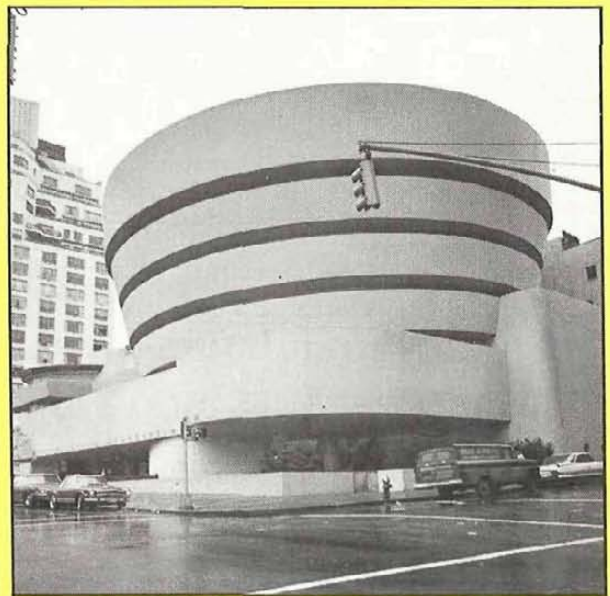
What's the rub on rubbers? All the recent research has turned up a bevy of interesting findings.

- Although it is widely acknowledged that condoms have proven effective in thwarting the spread of the AIDS virus, many people do not know that condom users also report a dramatically lower incidence of heart disease, dandruff, gout, mange, gangrene, melanoma, and acne than men and women who do not employ condoms.
- Condoms have also proven effective in guarding against any potential pleasure associated with sexual activity. Many people say that using a condom is like taking a shower while wearing a raincoat; the only man in history who reported an increase in pleasure was wearing a condom while performing cunnilingus on his wife.
- It has been established that condoms are unreliable as a means of birth control. Most physicians, in fact, advise patients wishing to avoid pregnancy to use condoms in conjunction with a diaphragm or the Pill; of five hundred condom users questioned in a recent survey, the only ones who reported a lower rate of pregnancy were gays who wore them to prevent the spread of doodie.
- In psychological tests conducted at the Yale Hall of Sexual Kinesis, it was determined that most women do not care for colored or striped condoms, or the ones that look as if they have a sea anemone affixed to the head. As one woman said, "It's like sleeping with a side-show, like at the magic moment he'll blow party favors and confetti out of his heinie. Anyway, it's not like I've got eyes in the back of my ovum."

—D.H.



A twelve-million-dollar paternity suit filed by Koko the Gorilla has named boxing promoter Don King as the defendant. King denies having ever even met Koko. Shown above is Matthew Saad Zippy King, the alleged offspring of the King-Koko liaison.
—M.J.



In an achievement he says "will redefine the future and the origins of art," the artist Christo, best-known for shrouding an island with toilet paper, has teamed up with real estate developer Donald Trump to convert New York's Guggenheim Museum into a giant bowling alley. Architect Frank Lloyd Wright originally designed the museum so that visitors could take the elevator up the equivalent of some six floors and then browse while walking down a 1,200-foot spiraling ramp; now the hall they walked will be traveled by bowling balls moving at speeds of up to forty-five miles per hour.
—D.H.

TRUE

F**A****C****T****S**

**Edited by
John Bendel**

According to the *Los Angeles Times*, "Air traffic controllers at Los Angeles International Airport (LAX) prepared for a full emergency when a private pilot radioed them, frantically reporting that he could hardly breathe and barely see." LAX, the fourth busiest airport in the country, was shut down for twenty minutes during the crisis.

"All of LAX's runways were cleared, departing jetliners were ordered to stay put, and in-bound flights were instructed to circle so that the ailing flyer could land ahead of them. Fire trucks and ambulances rolled when it appeared he was about to fall from the sky."

However, when the pilot, thirty-two-year-old Theodoros Favricanos, finally landed, he stepped from his "rented, single-engine Cessna in a white top hat and white tuxedo, complete with a pink carnation. Then he declared that he was calling a press conference to announce the formation of a new religion." (contributed by Gary J. Prebula)



Washington State senate candidate Dan Gahn cut campaign costs by using

two-cent stamps instead of twenty-two-cent stamps on his political mailings. All but a few of Gahn's fund-raising letters cleared the post office with the two-cent stamps.

"I'm sure there was no intent to defraud," said postal spokesperson Ruby Hawks. "We figured it was just an honest mistake on his part."

"Think of it this way," said Gahn's campaign manager, Bruce Patterson. "If you had a choice between spending five cents for postage or fifty cents for postage, which would you choose?"

Gahn, a Republican, reportedly commented: "It worked." *Seattle Times* (contributed by Tim Cridland)



According to the Hanover, New Hampshire, police log, a woman called to report that her refrigerator was whistling. "Complainant advises she would whistle back, but has false teeth and can't pucker up anymore," the complaint log said. *Boston Herald* (contributed by Dennis O'Sullivan)



A computerized hunt for traffic scofflaws in Orange, New Jersey, turned up the name of Paul Monacelli, and a warrant was issued for his arrest. Monacelli is Orange's mayor. (*San Diego Tribune*) (contributed by Tony Slad)

Pauline Davis of Ontario, Canada, believed she was the woman referred to in the Book of Revelation, chapter 12, of the Bible—"a woman clothed with the sun, with the moon under her feet and a crown of twelve stars on her head."

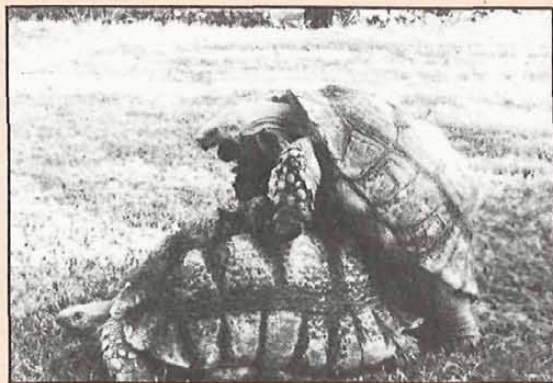
In May of 1983, Davis, then forty-one, began living in a North York park because, according to Scripture, "the woman fled into the wilderness where she hath a place prepared of God, that they should feed her there a thousand two hundred and threescore days." Davis considered it a bid for world peace.

For the next three years, reported the *Toronto Star*, area residents often saw Davis "standing on islands in the middle of expressways or on bridges, dressed in a white gown, waving a white flag, and wearing a crown of stars representing the twelve tribes of Israel."

"Davis has survived bitter winters and floods, as well as assaults by vandals, rats, and insects while living in a series of canvas and plastic shelters alongside the Don River. . . . She was even burned out this summer."

However, at the end of "a thousand two hundred and threescore days," nothing

Turtle Sports or Turtle Porno?



Turtles "Gerald and Rita" were photographed doing something. You decide what. (contributed by Jeffrey Abbott)

happened and Davis ended her vigil.

"I just need a couple of days to get myself together," she said. "I'm getting too old; I can't stay here without a reason." (contributed by Stephen Weir)



Private taxi owners in Bulawayo, Zimbabwe, have begun charging fat people double fares. The cabbies complain that fat passengers take up the space of two thin people and cost them business. *Los Angeles Times* (contributed by Debbie Clark)



An article in *The Economist* reported that Iraqi officials, in a move to keep soldiers from surrendering, are "ceasing to issue white underwear." (contributed by Ross Fraser)



New York City thieves broke into a van belonging to Morris Katz, who is known as the "world's fastest painter," and stole two hundred to three hundred of his paintings. Also stolen were cartons of his book entitled *Paint Good and Fast*.

Katz, who has produced over 150,000 paintings and is noted in the *Guinness Book of World Records* as "the most prolific painter of salable works in the world," said of the theft: "It is a great tragedy in my life."

The stolen paintings represented about "three or four days' work." *Chicago Tribune* (contributed by Steve Phillips)



The following letter appeared in the syndicated advice column "Dear Abby":

"Dear Abby: These so-called holidays are being blown up way out of proportion. Last June, a grandfather waited until evening, and still no Father's Day card, so he wrote a note expressing his despair at being forgotten. First he shot and

killed three members of his family, then he killed himself. Sad? And worse yet, he had the date of Father's Day figured one week too early, so he killed three people and himself for nothing. Signed: Ann Pratt, Homer, Mich." (contributed by Edward Isern)



Robert L. Hentley of Dorchester, Massachusetts, was arrested in the Osco drug-store in Waltham after he tried to steal \$115 worth of Preparation H. According to Waltham's *News Tribune*, "Hentley was seen stuffing packages of Preparation H into the pockets and sleeves of his jacket." (contributed by Janet Conway)



Guests at a wedding reception in northeast China heard a scream from an adjoining room and rushed in to find the bride and groom unconscious on the sofa. Both were taken to a hospital, where the bride was declared dead. According to the *Edmonton (Alberta) Sun*, the groom had been kissing his new wife on the neck at the time of the inci-

dent, and doctors decided "the passion, intensity, and length of the kiss caused heart palpitations which killed the bride." (contributed by Lovette Cherniwchan)



According to British Columbia's *Quesnel Cariboo Observer*, a Quesnel man fined three hundred dollars for having no valid auto insurance was named Hap Hazzard. (contributed by Dolores Demmett)



Ohio State University researchers, led by Gerald A. Winer of the psychology department, conducted tests of more than seven hundred people "from elementary students to high school teachers," asking nonsense questions such as "Why isn't a horse a bicycle?" Most people tried to answer the question as though it made sense. Few pointed out that horses and bicycles are simply different things.

One question asked of nine adults was: "When do you weigh more, with your eyes open or shut?" All nine picked either open or shut. None pointed out the inan-

ity of the question.

What does the research mean? "To tell you the truth," said Winer, "we don't know what to make of it." *Louisville Times* (contributed by Nancy Langford)



Players for the Stroitel Cheropovets soccer club in the Soviet Union "denounced their manager, Gennady Gagarinsky, for corruption because they suspected he was holding back for himself the money they had given him to use in bribing referees." *Montreal Gazette* (contributed by David Haywood)



Don Ratchford, principal of East Gaston High School in Mount Holly, North Carolina, requested that Pepsi-Cola be substituted for Coke at the school's football concession stands because Coke failed to service its vending machines.

The Coca-Cola Company responded by sending in a work crew to remove the electronic scoreboard they had donated to the school in 1984. *Sporting News* (contributed by Chris Sweitzer)

IMPORTANT STUFF BEING TALKED ABOUT IN THIS BOX!

Attention, contributors! We'll give each contributor the sensational new "True Facts" T-shirt for every submission used as well as a credit. For every photo used, we'll give each contributor a T-shirt plus ten dollars in genuine American currency, which roughly equals four pounds of salami at the deli across the street. You'll also get a credit, which is roughly equal to a salami sandwich. Make sure to include the shirt size you want (S-M-L-XL) with every group of True Facts or True Facts photos sent us. As you can see, these lovely T-shirts, as modeled by Carol Burnett, are indeed... lovely T-shirts.

Send your contributions to
True Facts, National Lampoon
635 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022.

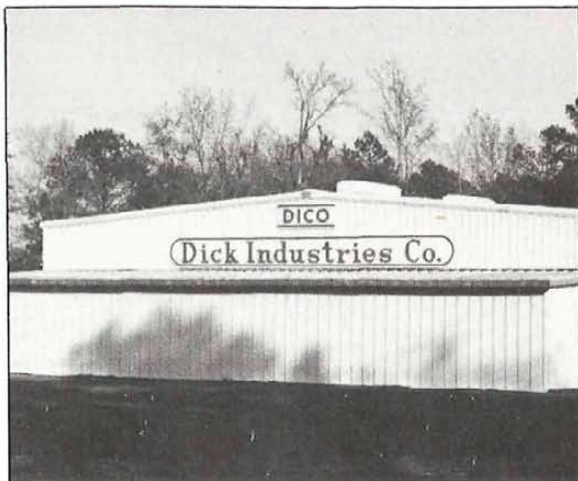


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S I G N S . O F . T H E . T I M E S



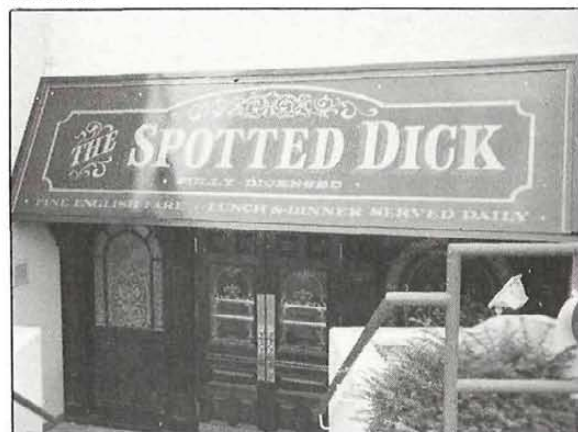
Brent Smith



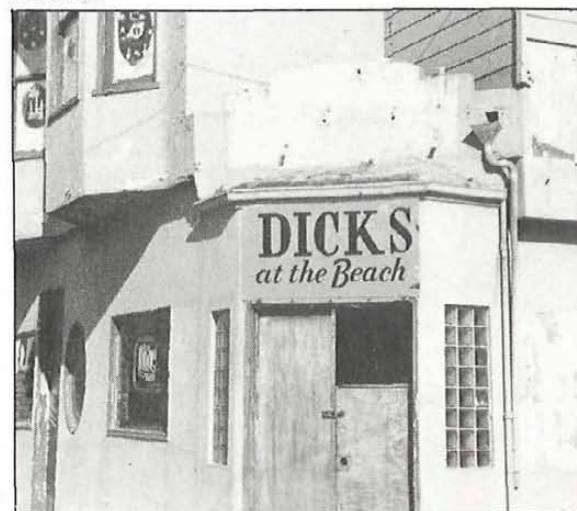
John S. Kent



Bruce Combs



Renee Glicker/A. Sadar



Dave M. Gootee



Ivan Tabac



Mary Mason



R. J. Swanson



Barbara Hamon



Lars Jacquette



Doug Kuizema



Alex Wohl

A National Lampoon Exclusive

V A N N A
W H I T E
N A K E D

by Ed Subitzky



First of all, in order to head off lawsuits (or at least make them less likely), let us state, right here at the outset, that Vanna White did *not* come into

the *National Lampoon* offices and let us take naked pictures of her. Nor did we discover naked pictures of Vanna White that some old boyfriend took years ago and that ended up hidden away in some musty, long-forgotten attic. Nor did we bribe our way into one of those private film vaults in Beverly Hills where you can find naked pictures of famous actresses who wouldn't dream of posing for them now but were perfectly happy to do it when they were just starting out (sometimes accompanied by unusual leather objects and extremely lucky German shepherds). Why, we didn't even send a sneaky photographer to rent a room opposite where Vanna White lives and take naked pictures of her with a pendulous, infrared-sensing 2,000-millimeter telephoto lens. No sir, if the lady even takes off her clothes when she gets into the shower, you couldn't prove it by us.

But we're going to show you naked pictures of her anyway.

And exactly how are we going to accomplish this? By relying on one of the most powerful techniques of inference known to modern science, a methodology used in investigative endeavors of virtually every kind.

We're speaking, of course, of statistics.

Call it what you will—the probability theory you slept through in college, the law of averages, or simply “covering all your bases”—there's nothing like the tried-and-true scattershot approach to give one at least a passing glance at the truth. Even if you can't know precisely what the real data are, at least you can be reasonably positive that you're hitting on it somewhere.

So that's what we offer you herewith. We've taken the stunning face of Vanna White, just as it stirs our hormones daily on television's *Wheel of Fortune*, and through the magic of modern photo assembly we've placed it on a variety of actual photos of naked female bodies. Naturally, we've chosen bodies that are consistent with what we *can* see of Vanna—the right height, the right general shape, and so on. For the parts we can't see, we've selected a random sampling of plausible physical characteristics. We've chosen breasts ranging all the way from pert to pancake, from upstanding to ski-slope sweeping; nipples ranging from the size of tennis balls to the diameter of Canadian quarters, and with shapes that are round and oval, symmetrical and irregular; thighs running the gamut from innocently skinny to lusciously full and muscular; and so on. We've even allowed for an arbitrary array of birthmarks and those other little flaws that, we're sure, must appear even on the bodies of beautiful women celebrities when they're naked.

So look carefully at each of the pictures presented here. You can be assured that, according to the most elementary probability theory—the same theory that lets insurance companies tell you how long you're going to live and enables pollsters to predict the outcomes of elections months in advance—one of them is likely to be pretty close to the mark. We aren't kidding. You may approach this page with a high level of statistical confidence. Somewhere in this group, you're bound to be looking at a pretty decent match for Vanna White naked. And the next time you're watching *Wheel of Fortune*, wink slyly at the screen. You'll almost be able to imagine her blushing back at you. As a *National Lampoon* reader, you'll know what's really going on underneath that flowing gown, and you'll be able to visualize every last ripple of heavenly flesh as it turns over those letter squares that spell out—for you—I'VE SEEN THIS LADY NAKED. ■





CANES AND WALKERS '87!

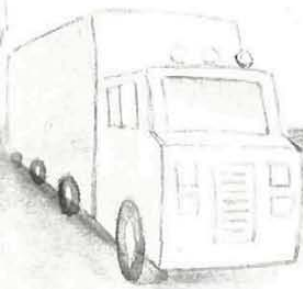
THE COMMODORE II Oldsters ahoy! Navigate a course down the street in the walker with a salty air. ● Optional anchor for quick stops ● Compass ● Used by Admiral Zumwalt in his final days

WALKER WAIKINI Every outing's a luau when you're behind a snap-on plastic grass skirt! ● Gimballed holder for glass of planter's punch, teeth, or both!

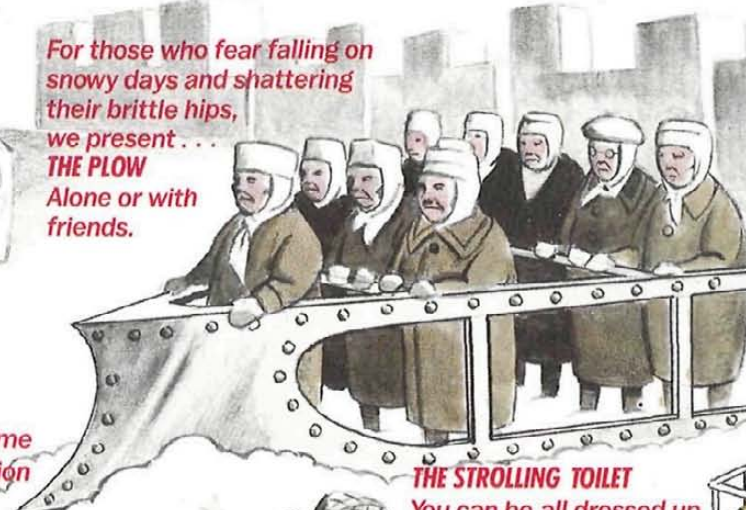
URINAL-ON-A-STICK Combining the beauty of hand-rubbed malacca with gleaming white porcelain. This is elegance.

END TABLE CANE For those who like to take a bit of home with them when they go out! Offers the stability of four legs. ● Optional candy dish

THE FORWARD LOOK IN MOTION-ASSISTANCE UNITS!



For those who fear falling on snowy days and shattering their brittle hips, we present... **THE PLOW**
Alone or with friends.



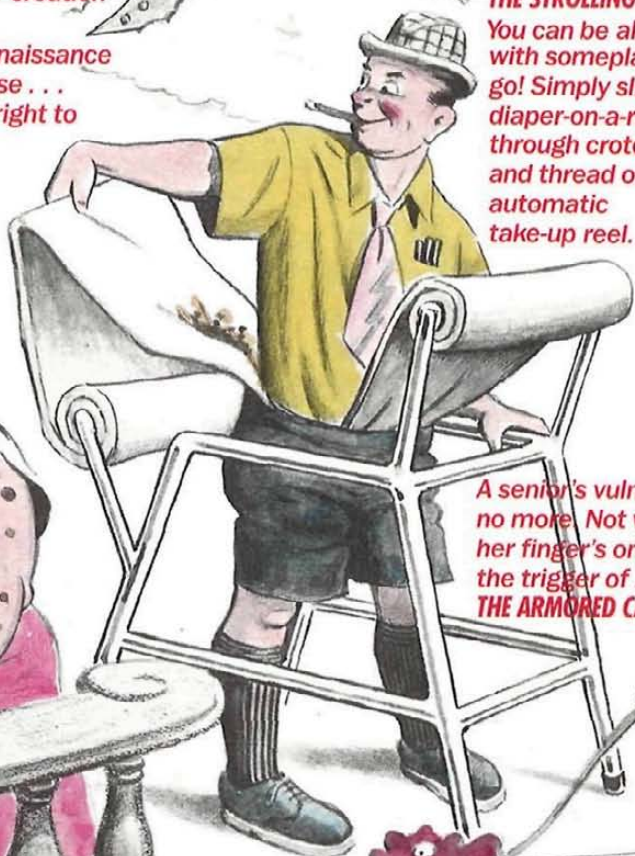
She lives alone... so what does she need to buy? Two bananas? There's room for two bananas and milady, too, in... **THE SHOPPER**
● Shown with optional racing slicks



THE JULIET. A WALKER.
Offered for the first time — a dramatic re-creation in fiberglass of an Italian Renaissance balcony. Because... seniors have a right to romance!



THE STROLLING TOILET
You can be all dressed up with someplace to go! Simply slip diaper-on-a-roll through crotch and thread onto automatic take-up reel.



A senior's vulnerable no more. Not when her finger's on the trigger of... **THE ARMORED CANE!**



by Ron Barrett

by Michael Corcoran

HOW TO TALK TO FAMOUS PEOPLE

“Omigod, isn’t that. . . .?” It is. What started out as just another day has suddenly turned special due to the unexpected presence of a Famous Person. Your legs melt like Gumby’s in the microwave. Your heart pounds and your eyes enlarge. You want to call your best friend but there may not be time. You move toward the Famous Person cautiously, as a hunter approaches a deer. You get rid of your copy of *The Catcher in the Rye*. You try to calm down by telling yourself that they put their pants on one leg at a time, then remember seeing on *Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous* that many celebrities now use a hydraulic device to lower themselves into both trouser legs simultaneously. Nervously and insecurely, you cross the big room, feeling like the Elephant Man as a seventh-grader going to ask a girl to dance. You know that the Famous Person’s rejection will probably prevent you from having children, but you bravely proceed. Then finally, like the Chuck Norris Film Festival, like the night you saved on a hotel by walking around all night, finally it’s over. You’re standing next to a Famous Person. Now what?

You’ve come to what would be called “the moment of truth” except that truth has almost nothing to do with what you’ll say to a Famous Person to try to spark a conversation. If all goes well, this could be the highlight of your life up to that point. There’s just too much at stake to risk it on the truth, so go with what you think will work. The opening line is the hinge that’ll either open the door or slam it shut, so you’re advised to study the following examples of good and bad openers:

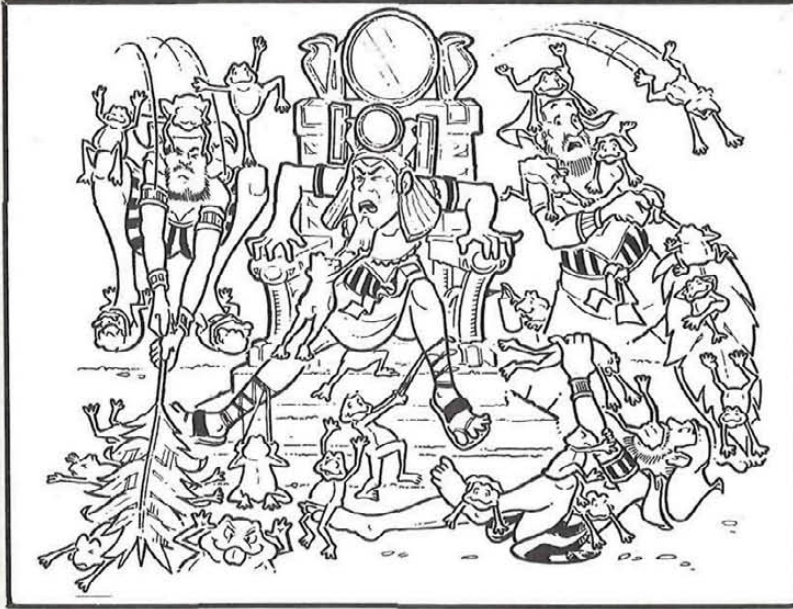
FAMOUS PERSON	GOOD OPENER	BAD OPENER
Martina Navratilova	Cold enough for ya?	So what does your husband think about you being away from home so much?
Claus von Bülow	Hi! You look familiar. Didn’t I see you on the cover of <i>Vanity Fair</i> ?	Just between you and me, there are a bunch of guys out there who would love to do what you got away with but they just don’t have the guts.
Muhammad Ali	Whaddya say, champ, ready to return to the ring?	(In a sarcastic tone) Whaddya say, champ, ready to return to the ring?
Chey Chase	Excuse me, do you know what time it is?	I hear you’re not going to be back on <i>Saturday Night Live</i> next year. That’s too bad, but maybe now you’ll be able to make a movie or two.

FAMOUS PERSON	GOOD OPENER	BAD OPENER
Katharine Hepburn	My, what a beautiful shirt you have on!	Omigod! I thought you were dead!
Sean Penn	Is that real leather?	Say "cheese."
Barbra Streisand	Smoking or non-smoking?	I thought <i>Yentl</i> was a really good movie except for one thing.
Sally Field	Hey, you <i>were</i> Norma Rae.	Hey, you <i>were</i> the Flying Nun.
Elizabeth Taylor	Pardon me, but you have a little bit of ketchup on your eyelashes.	Does the Betty Ford Center have cable?
Emmanuel Lewis	Excuse me, young man, but could you direct me to the nearest <i>adult</i> clothing store?	Do you have the same thing that Gary Coleman's got?
Jim Nabors	I just want to tell you that you sing "Tie a Yellow Ribbon" the way it ought to be sung.	Listen, I'm really sorry about what happened to Rock Hudson. If you don't want to talk about it, I'll understand.
Woody Allen	N/A	Do you ever, even for a second, picture Frank Sinatra making animal noises in your ol' lady's ear?
David Lee Roth	My God, you're gorgeous!	Hey, man, keep on rockin'. That latest Van Halen record is the best yet.
Phylicia Rashad	Was it a boy or a girl?	Aren't you in that hit TV series about an inner-city black family where the dad's not only still around but he's a doctor, and the mother's a lawyer and the older kids are away at college, not prison? Yeah, that's right, you're on <i>Amazing Stories</i> .
James Michener	Mr. Michener, I just love your fiction.	I've seen your picture on a book jacket. John Irving, right?
Larry Bird	I just love your TV commercials. I'd bet you've got a great future as an actor.	Are you any relation to the kid that played the banjo in <i>Deliverance</i> ?
David Byrne	I just bought your new album.	I just saw your new movie.
Any member of the Boston Red Sox	We'll get 'em next year.	You guys would choke on sherbet.
Traci Lords	Is that your copy of <i>Reader's Digest</i> over there?	Can I shake your hand, or would I be violating about fifteen federal laws? or Anyone who calls it "child" pornography never saw you in action.

BIRTH OF AN INDUSTRY

by Ed Bluestone

Illustrated by Ted Enik



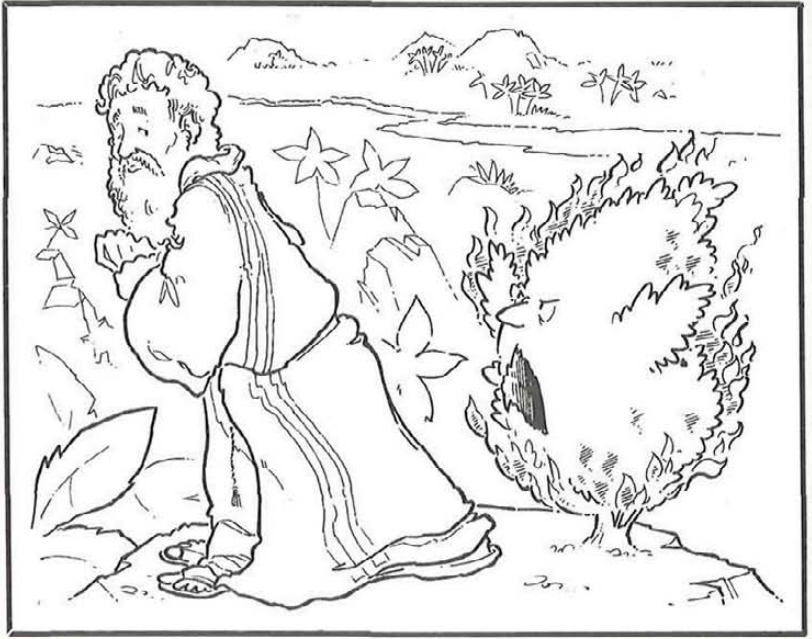
THE date is October 12, 3067 B.C. Pharaoh has just refused to release the Jews from bondage, saying, "Without them around, what will I do for accountants?"

Angrily, God unleashes frogs on Egypt.

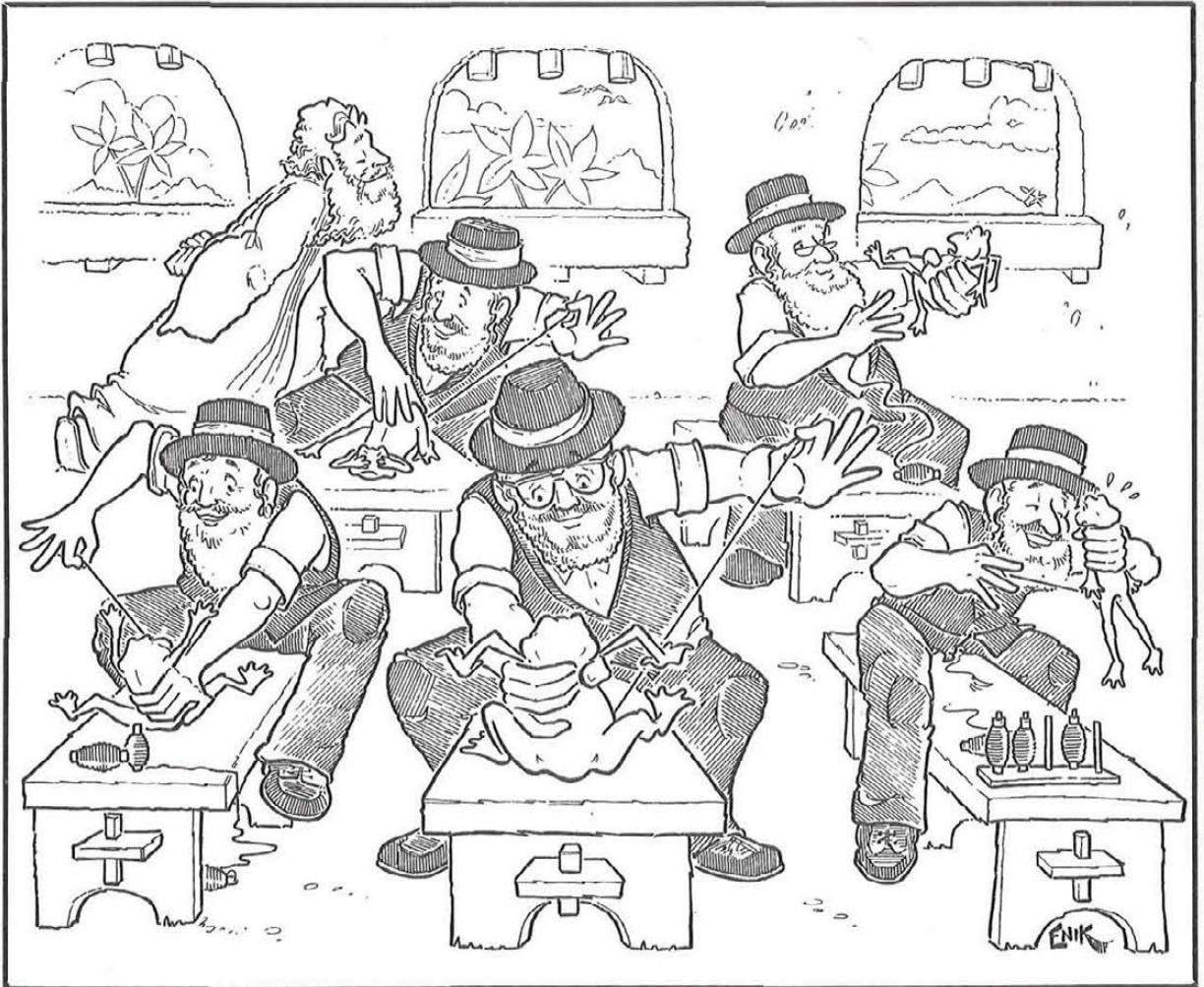


BECAUSE the frogs are working for Jews, Moses says they have to be **CIRCUMCISED!** All the rabbis of Israel spend a month chasing frogs with **NAIL CLIPPERS.**

THEN God tells Moses that
frogs are **BORN CIRCUMCISED**
and the rabbis are doing
a lot of **DAMAGE!**



THE next day, Moses passes
out needles and thread,
ordering the rabbis to
REVERSE EVERYTHING!



And that week of sewing has come to represent the beginning of the garment industry.



How I Invented the Titty Bar

by Joe Bob Briggs

Drive-in Movie Critic of Grapevine, Texas

All my great ideas happen in the car. I guess it was about 3:30 in the afternoon on Highway 285 south in southern New Mexico or West Texas, I can't rightly remember which one, and I was starting out on my grown-up life and thinkin' about the meaning of time and space and whether it's possible to multiply more than 12 times 12 in your head without gettin' sick when I noticed a giant bulge in my pants shaped like a baby rhinoceros. I talked to God about it and decided what I needed was a mate. I wasn't too particular about it. I'd accept any mate God sent me, only I told God a few things to put on her so I'd recognize true love when it come along.

I knew she'd be the kind of woman that had inner beauty. She'd have so much inner beauty that you'd be able to see it on the outer.

She'd be full of virtue. She wouldn't

go to bed with me on the first date, unless I got her drunk and slapped her around a little bit.

She'd love long walks in the park, and she'd find some idiot to go do that with her.

Other than those things, I wouldn't care—any bimbo God wanted to send me, it didn't make a flip to me. And also she had to have hooters the size of Wisconsin.

I tooled down 285, looking for hitchhiking sluts, figuring God would put one on the side of the road for me, but all I found was this skinny little hippie goat-roper with some peach fuzz on his chin and a jacket that said **ARISE!** on the back shoulder, and he was carrying a two-ply No. 10 Safeway grocery bag under one arm and a can of Beenie Weenies under the other arm and he was thumbing a ride when I went by him. And so I pulled over and stopped and looked back at him, and I rolled

down my window and yelled, "Is all you got to eat a can of Beenie Weenies?"

And he just kind of nodded his head. And I said, "Can I have some of em?"

And that's how I met Rhett Beavers. Years later I'd replay this incident over and over in my mind, and I'd say, "Rhett, why were you carrying the Beenie Weenies like that when you had a Safeway bag?"

And Rhett would say, "They're better than Spam."

That's how I knew Rhett was my kind of guy. He talked in philosophy all the time, cause he'd been to Mescalero to see the snake doctors and cat dirt-on-a-biscuit and do whatever else they do to scare the prairie dogs, and so anytime I had a question I could just ask Rhett.

"Where you goin' with that haircut?" was the first thing I asked him when he

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MARNIN ROSENBERG IN BAD LUCK WITH WOMEN

©87

SCRIPT BY JOSH ALAN FRIEDMAN
ART BY DREW FRIEDMAN

THURSDAY WAS "JAP" NIGHT IN GREAT NECK.



SAY, MARNIN,
WHEN YA GOIN' ON
THE DATING
GAME?
HAW!

AH, THE UNTOUCHABLES--HUNDREDS OF STRESSED-OUT PROFESSIONAL VIRGINS WHO PERPLEXED REGULARS LIKE MARNIN AND HIS PAL LARRY.

CUCUMBER'S WAS INDEED AN ETHNIC BAR. THE JAPS HAD A TOUCH OF FANNY BRICE IN THEIR GENES. THEY WERE MARNIN'S NATURAL ENEMY.

MARNIN DECIDED TO STRAIGHTEN A FEW OUT.



YEAH, IT'S BEEN TWO LONG WEEKS SINCE I'VE GOTTEN LAID--TWO WEEKS AS OF FIVE YEARS AGO.



WHY DON'T YOU ALL JUST GROW UP.... OH, FORGET IT...

TO CAP OFF THE EVENING, THE GIRL WHO HAD BROKEN MARNIN'S HEART AND DENIED HIM SEX DURING A BRIEF CALAMITOUS AFFAIR KHAMMED HER TONGUE DOWN LARRY'S THROAT.

DYING INSIDE, HE HAD TO ESCAPE THE BARS AND FIND A WOMAN. FIRST HE TRIED THE PERSONALS.



WARNING! WARNING! BRAIN DAMAGE, B-R-A-I-N DAMAGE!

WHAT THE !?



I'M UNEMPLOYED. I USED TO WORK AT A CARPET STORE IN QUEENS FOR A WHILE.

AND WHAT DO YOU DO?

OH, UM--HEY, I'LL CALL YOU BACK SOME-TIME.



I'M STILL GETTING OVER A PAINFUL BREAK-UP WITH MY BOYFRIEND. HE LOOKED EXACTLY LIKE MICK JAGGER.

IF VOMIT-FACE JUNKIE-HEADS TURN YOU ON, I'M NOT FOR YOU.

BUT THEN ONE DAY MARNIN GOT WIND OF A SERVICE THAT HE HOPED WOULD CHANGE HIS LIFE.

WITH A LUMP IN HIS THROAT, MARNIN BOLDLY SET SAIL TO SEEK RELIEF FROM A LIFE OF INVOLUNTARY CELIBACY.



WE MET AT CASANOVA DATING. NOW I HAVE SEX ON A DAILY BASIS. WHY DON'T YOU TRY THERE?



HELLO. I REALIZE THERE ARE AVERAGE-LOOKING GIRLS OUT THERE WITH GREAT PERSONALITIES, BUT WHY SHOULD I START WITH ONE? I WANT 9'S OR 10'S.

FEELINGS. NOTHING MORE THAN FEELINGS.

END LONELINESS OVER-NIGHT

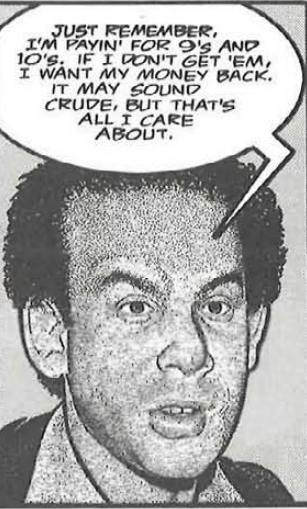


THE POINT I'M TRYING TO MAKE IS, I WANT A GIRL WITH A GREAT PERSONALITY; BUT IF SHE'S NOT VERY ATTRACTIVE, SHE HASN'T GOT A CHANCE IN HELL WITH ME. SO I MIGHT AS WELL START WITH THE KNOCK-OUTS AND WEED OUT THE BAD PERSONALITIES FROM THERE.



I THINK WE HAVE JUST WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING FOR, MR. ROSENBERG. THE FEE'S \$500 FOR A NINE-MONTH PERIOD, WITH A GUARANTEE OF SIX DATES PER MONTH.

MARNIN SHELLED OUT \$300 IN RENT MONEY AS A DOWN PAYMENT.



JUST REMEMBER, I'M PAYIN' FOR 9'S AND 10'S. IF I DON'T GET 'EM, I WANT MY MONEY BACK. IT MAY SOUND CRUDE, BUT THAT'S ALL I CARE ABOUT.

ALAS, MARNIN WOULD HAVE ACCESS TO GIRLS BEYOND THE HOMETOWN HORIZON...WHILST AWAITING PROCESSING, MARNIN EXPOUNDED UPON GREAT NECK WOMANHOOD.



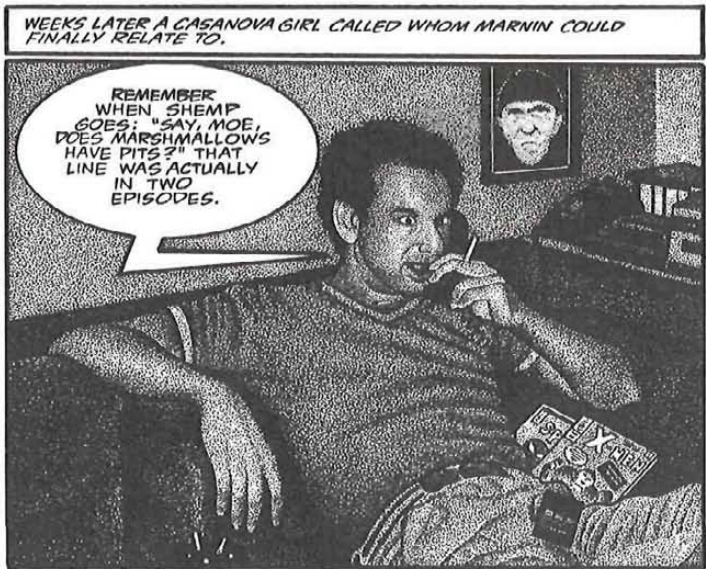
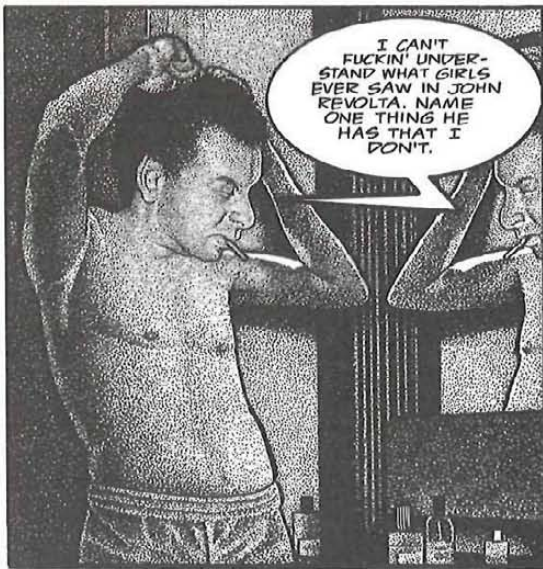
FUNNY HOW THEY ALWAYS ACT AS IF THEY SMELL USED KITTY LITTER SOMETHING'S ALWAYS WRONG, AMISS.



THEY'RE MATERIALISTIC. YOU GOTTA LOOK MACHO, HAVE COKE, LOTSA MONEY, A REAL NICE CAR, BE AN EGOTISTICAL JERK. THEY LOVE THAT.

YOU CAN'T SELL A CAR TO A JEW OR AN ITALIAN--THEY'LL EAT YOUR HEART OUT. MY LOT SELLS ONLY TO NIGGERS. THEY DON'T ASK QUESTIONS, AND DECIDE IN A MINUTE.

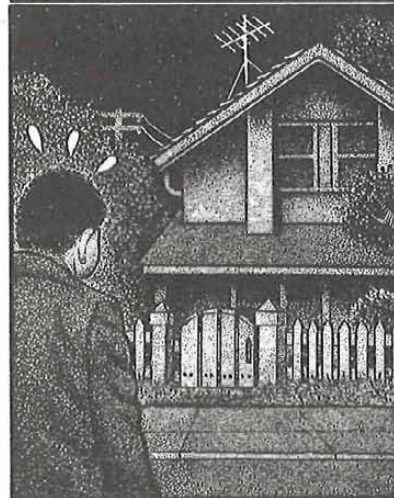
GOT ANY TOOT-TOOT, HON?



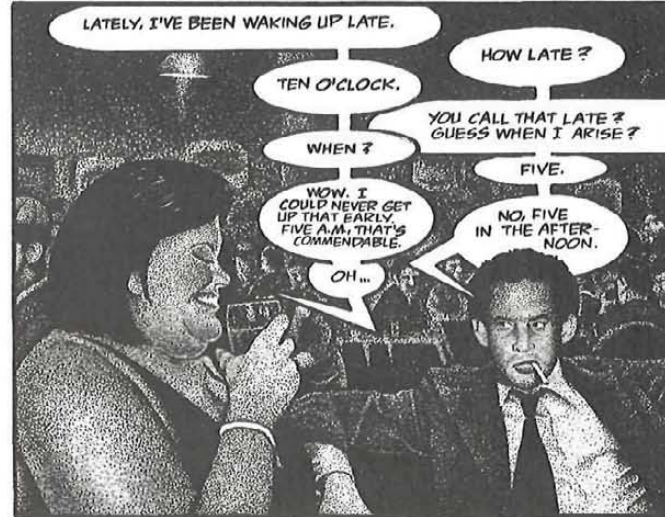
THAT SATURDAY, MARNIN DROVE AN HOUR TO RONKONKOMA. HIS HOPES AND DREAMS WERE SET ON A KNOCKOUT, AS PROMISED.

THE DOOR OPENED AND HIS HEART SANK.

THE WAITRESS AT THE BISTRO WAS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN MARNIN HAD SEEN ALL YEAR.



MARNIN'S DATE WAS A 32-YEAR-OLD "FASHION DESIGNER" STILL LIVING WITH MOMMY AND DADDY.



MARNIN'S NEXT CASANOVA EVENING WAS MUCH THE SAME.



WHAT A SWEET COUPLE!

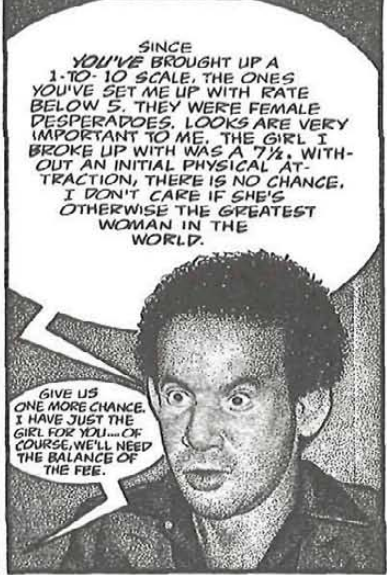
SHIT!

REELING FROM SEVERAL DISASTERS, MARNIN RETURNED.



WHAT YOU'VE SET ME UP WITH IS TOTALLY UNACCEPTABLE. I DON'T GIVE A DAMN IF YOU THINK I'M A MALE CHALVINIST PIG.

IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR A PERFECT 10 OUT OF PLAYBOY OR PENTHOUSE, YOU'VE COME TO THE WRONG PLACE.



SINCE YOU'VE BROUGHT UP A 1-TO-10 SCALE, THE ONES YOU'VE SET ME UP WITH RATE BELOW 5. THEY WERE FEMALE DEGENERATES. LOOKS ARE VERY IMPORTANT TO ME. THE GIRL I BROKE UP WITH WAS A 7½. WITHOUT AN INITIAL PHYSICAL ATTRACTION, THERE IS NO CHANCE. I DON'T CARE IF SHE'S OTHERWISE THE GREATEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD.

GIVE US ONE MORE CHANCE. I HAVE JUST THE GIRL FOR YOU... OF COURSE, WE'LL NEED THE BALANCE OF THE FEE.

SO MARNIN HUNG IN THERE, CONFIDENT THE ODDS WOULD SWITCH IN HIS FAVOR.



ARE YOU HERE TO GIVE ME LOVE?



NO? THEN HOW ABOUT A BLOWJOB, FELLA?

NYAHHHH!

PERHAPS THE DATING GAME JUST WASN'T FOR MARNIN.



KEEP MY MONEY, JUST LEAVE ME ALONE -- NO MORE CALLS.

WE HAVE OTHER GIRLS WHO WOULD BE PERFECT FOR YOU.

YOU HAVE NOTHING BUT SPASTIC DOGS.

ANOTHER HEARTY NIGHT WITHOUT GIRLS OR SEX IN THE 'BURBS, JUST TRYING NOT TO LOCK EYES WITH OTHER STRIKEOUT KINGS ACROSS THE BAR.

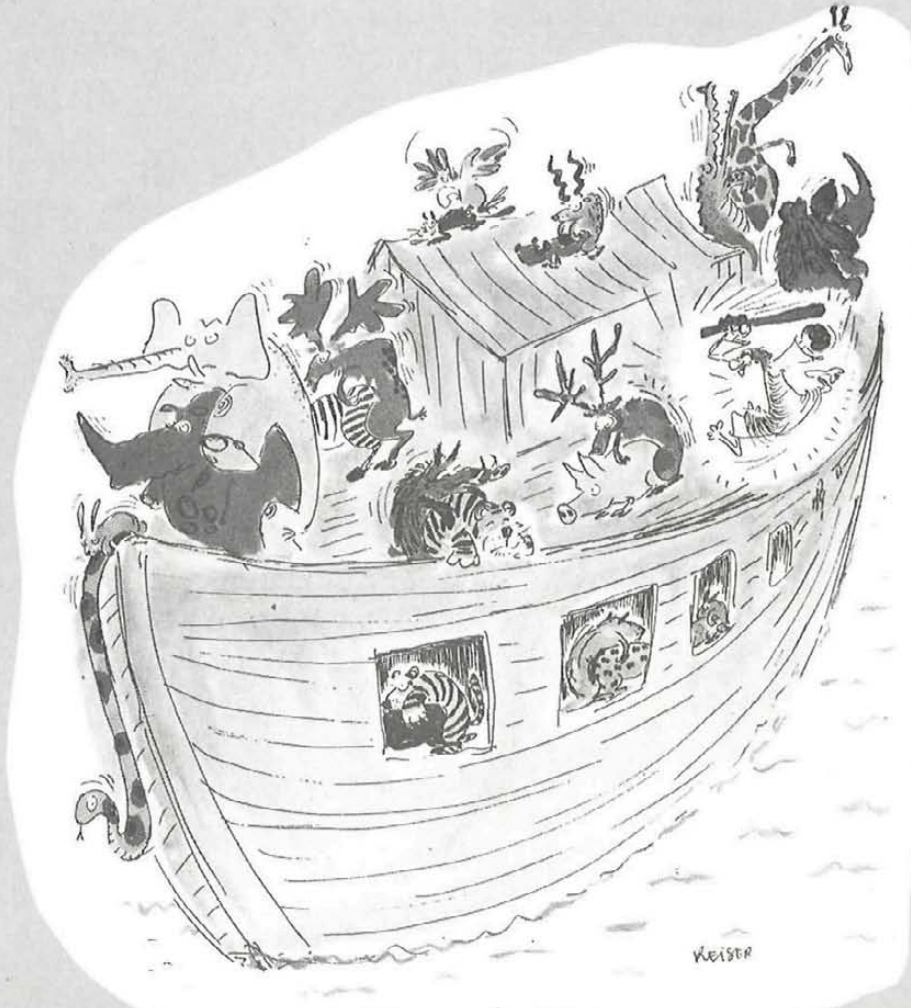


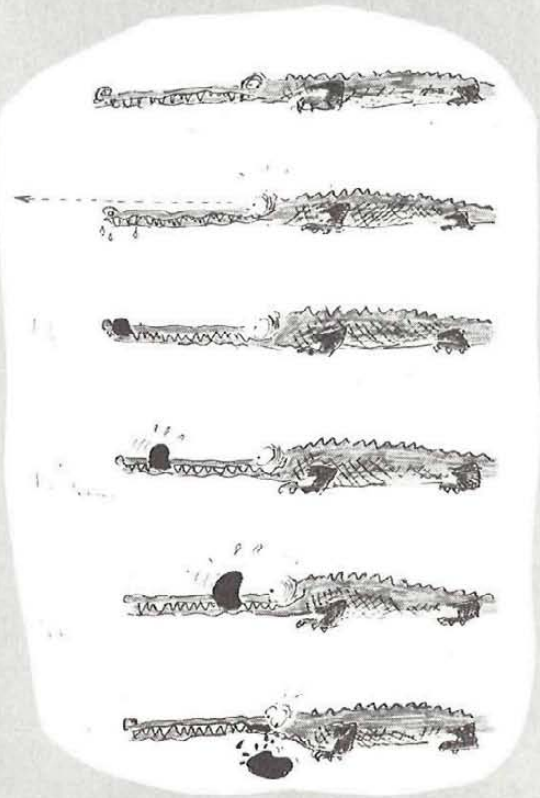
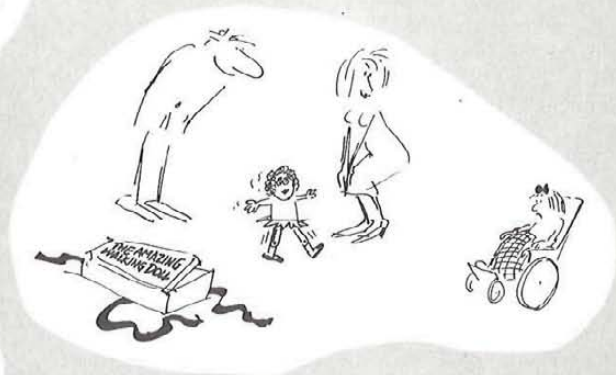
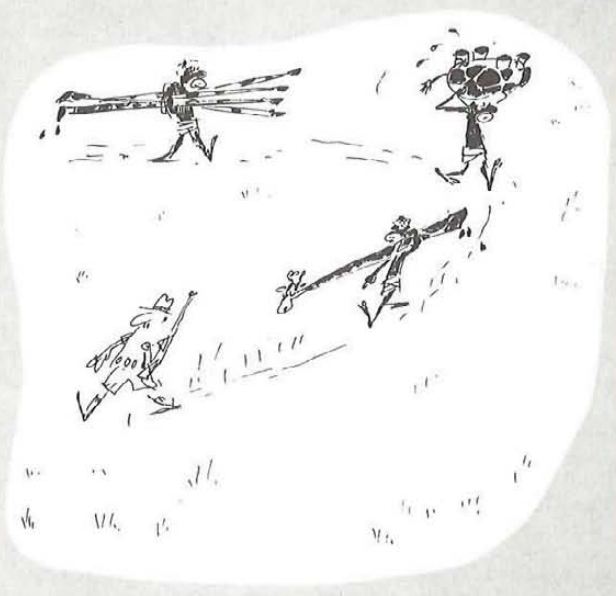
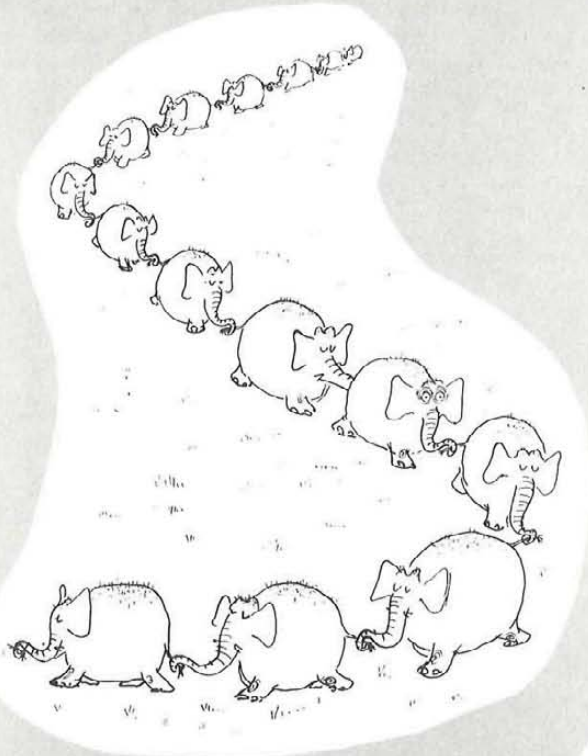
SO, HOW'S GREAT NECK'S MOST ELIGIBLE BACHELOR?

END

When cartoonist Jean-Marc Reiser died in 1983, he left behind a legion of avid European readers. In his French homeland, his twelve collections each sold close to half a million copies; subsequent translations into ten different languages also enjoyed considerable success. Until now, though, his work somehow escaped English translation and U.S. publication. National Lampoon is pleased to present the American debut of

REISER





TITTY BAR

continued from page 37

got in the car. Rhett's hair looked like he was doing zebra autopsies up there.

"Sonora. Goat Capital of the World."

"You kiddin me?"

"Sure," he said. "All that desert's good for is raising mohair sweaters."

"What you lookin for in Sonora?"

"Goat knowledge."

"That's a coincidence. I'm lookin for God to send me a wife."

Rhett looked pleased.

"Did He say He would?"

"Before I answer that," I told him, "I need to know if you been saved or not."

"They said I was saved in Ko Rea, but I don't know if it counts."

"Yeah, it probly counts. Were you saved by a white man?"

"He said he was."

"It counts."

"So," Rhett said, "if I been saved, then what did God say?"

"He didn't say jack. I told Him what I wanted, told Him to put hooters on her so I'd see her comin, and you're the only thing I picked up for two hunnerd miles now."

"Where'd you get them cutaway speakers?"

"Northside a Lubbock."

Rhett and me could talk all day like this, discussing the meaning of life. We never did say, "Hi hire yew" or nothin, we just started in talkin and we been talkin ever since. We talked all the way through Pecos and Fort Stockton and down to Langtry and Del Rio, and then Rhett got a little nervous and lit up some polio weed and I couldn't help noticing when his face started resembling a piece of baloney that's been sittin on top of the refrigerator for six weeks and so I said, "Beavers, you get that stuff from one of them Apache witch doctors?"

And Rhett said, "Grow it in my backyard."

"You know you can get freeze-dried for doing that? It's American law that you can only do that in Mexico."

"My backyard's in Mexico."

"Oh."

Rhett always abided by the law, even when he got arrested.

"Rhett, what you think about this wife deal?"

"You wanna marry somebody?"

"No, I just want a wife."

"I know one wife," Rhett said, "but she's married."

And so that's when Rhett and me de-

ecided to go lookin for nookie together.

There was only one problem. We're talkin late fifties, and there was so much makeup out there on the market that you couldn't hardly examine the merchandise without spraying Lysol on ever bimbo you met and then scrubbing em clean to the bone. Like one time I met this girl named Phoebe Box, and she had long blond hair like Lassie and a face that made Tuesday Weld look like Monday morning and a chest that looked like she spent all morning setting up two Army tents in there.

You should of seen her the next morning. She was in so many pieces we had to go out and buy an Erector set to figure out how to put her back together again. Her blond hair was evidently built in one of the oil refineries down on the coast, cause when she tossed it under the bed all the roaches died of fumes. By the time she finished washing her face, we had to have the entire geology department at Texas A&M come out and identify the rock formations in the sink. And the worst part of it was, she *did* have two Army tents set up in there.

All I got to say is, I wish I could make like Ray Milland in *X—The Man with the X-Ray Eyes*, when he throws some chemicals on his face and then goes to all these wild parties and stares through the bimbos' dresses while they're doing the Frug, cause it makes you disgusted right away and you don't have to waste a bunch of gas money on spoiled meat. What I'm trying to say is, there ain't no good way to do it.

But then I got this idea. Actually, me and Rhett got this same idea at the same time, cause we were driving up towards Sonora and starting to see some Angora goats out there on the rocks, dreaming that someday they'd be rubbing up against Jayne Mansfield's Playtex triple-Ds, and all of a sudden I remembered this scene in *Bell, Bare and Beautiful* where Virginia Bell puts these little whirlybirds on her garbonzas and starts making a hurricane.

"Yeah, I remember it," Rhett said.

"One thing about Virginia Bell, she had the biggest boobs in the greater Cincinnati area and everbody knew it."

"Yeah."

"And the *reason* everbody knew it is she could flop em on cue."

"Yeah."

"They were more than just boobies."

"Lots more."

"They were *performers*."

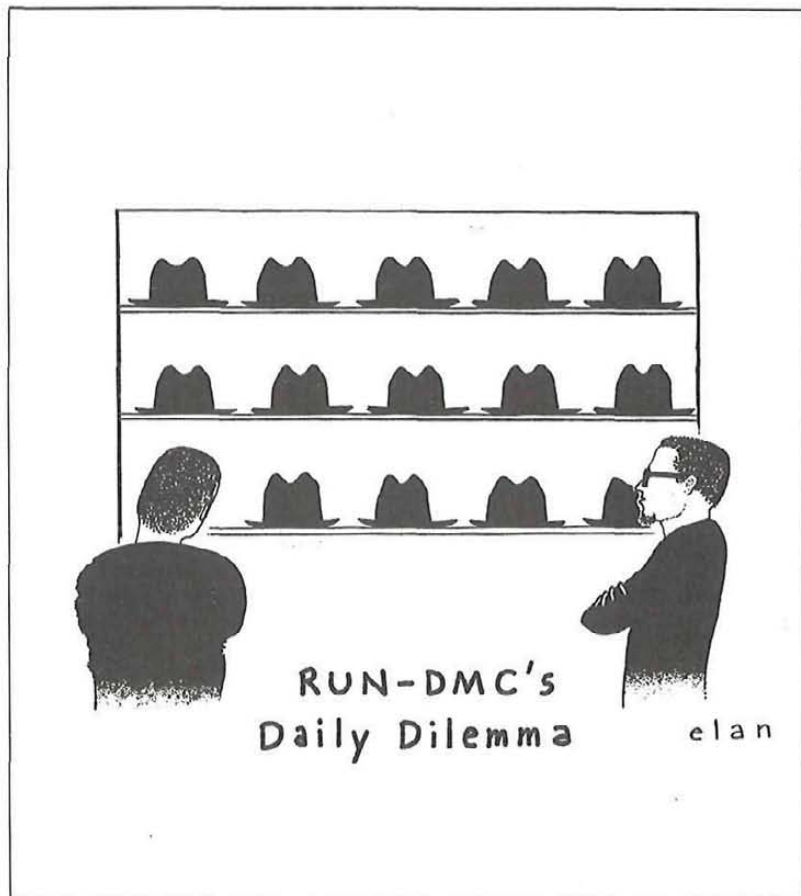
Rhett didn't say nothing.

"Virginia Bell has so much talent up there she needed three agents."

"I could of handled her," Rhett said.

"Are you an agent, too?"

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On a sunny August afternoon, just off the interstate on Route 129, near Athens, Georgia: I stopped for a Nchi cola, and while resting in the shade struck up a conversation with a beautiful and incredibly old woman. We talked about many things, and as the afternoon light began to fade into that soft Georgia evening, she told me an amazing story.



She claimed to be the goddess Aphrodite, thousands of years old and no longer at the height of her powers. She spun a remarkable tale, enough for two magazine articles. (Editors take note.) To my gentle reminder that she appeared to be nothing more than an ancient black woman, she answered, "Honey, that's why they call me Afrodite." These are her stories. The

TALES of AFRODITE

as told to Rick Meyerowitz

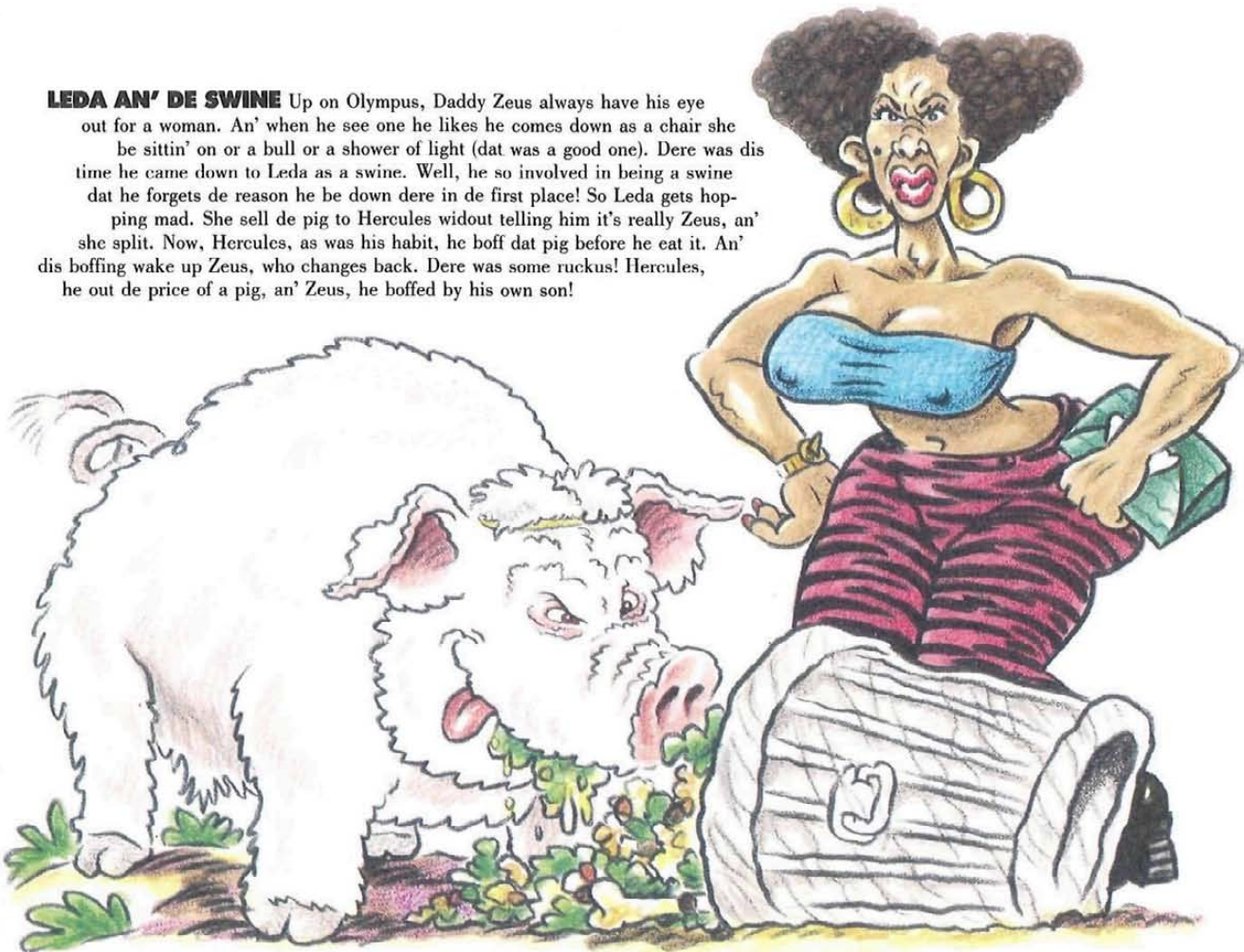


THESEUS AN' DE MINOTAUR Theseus he a strong-headed type. He love de womens an' he love to dance. He have de most beautiful feets in de land. Now, Theseus wanted to dance at de best place for dancin': de great disco in de Labyrinth. But who should be de bouncer at de door but dat hairy beast, de Minotaur! Now, most people wouldn't go near de place 'cause dey afraid de Minotaur gon' bite dere heads off. But Theseus, he have a plan. He walk right up to that ol' beast an' say, "Hey, look up dere!" An' when de Minotaur turn his big head, Theseus stick him with his knife. Heh, heh. Well, sir, dat be de end of de Minotaur, an' for a long time after dat dere be dancin' in de streets.



NARCISSUS fell in love wid hisself, he always be lookin' in de mirror an' makin' eyes an' little kisses to hisself. He had dis coat made from one hundred kittens dat he liked to wear. One day he so busy starin' at his reflection dat he try to put on a lion instead of his kitten coat. Dat lion ate him all up 'cept for de teeth. An' dat's dat!

LEDA AN' DE SWINE Up on Olympus, Daddy Zeus always have his eye out for a woman. An' when he see one he likes he comes down as a chair she be sittin' on or a bull or a shower of light (dat was a good one). Dere was dis time he came down to Leda as a swine. Well, he so involved in being a swine dat he forgets de reason he be down dere in de first place! So Leda gets hopping mad. She sell de pig to Hercules widout telling him it's really Zeus, an' she split. Now, Hercules, as was his habit, he boff dat pig before he eat it. An' dis boffing wake up Zeus, who changes back. Dere was some ruckus! Hercules, he out de price of a pig, an' Zeus, he boffed by his own son!





DE SMORGASBOAR In de ol' days dere was all kinds of combination beasts around. Besides centaurs an' minotaurs dere was de *Jumble-aya* an' de *Miscellanium*. But de terriblest of all was de *Smorgasboar*. He had more parts dan a Swiss army knife, an' he didn't know how to use 'em! Dat's why he could chase de poor little *Tunacorn* all day an' not catch it. He was only six inches high, like one of dem little Mexican dogs. But I tell you, dat six inches was all trouble!

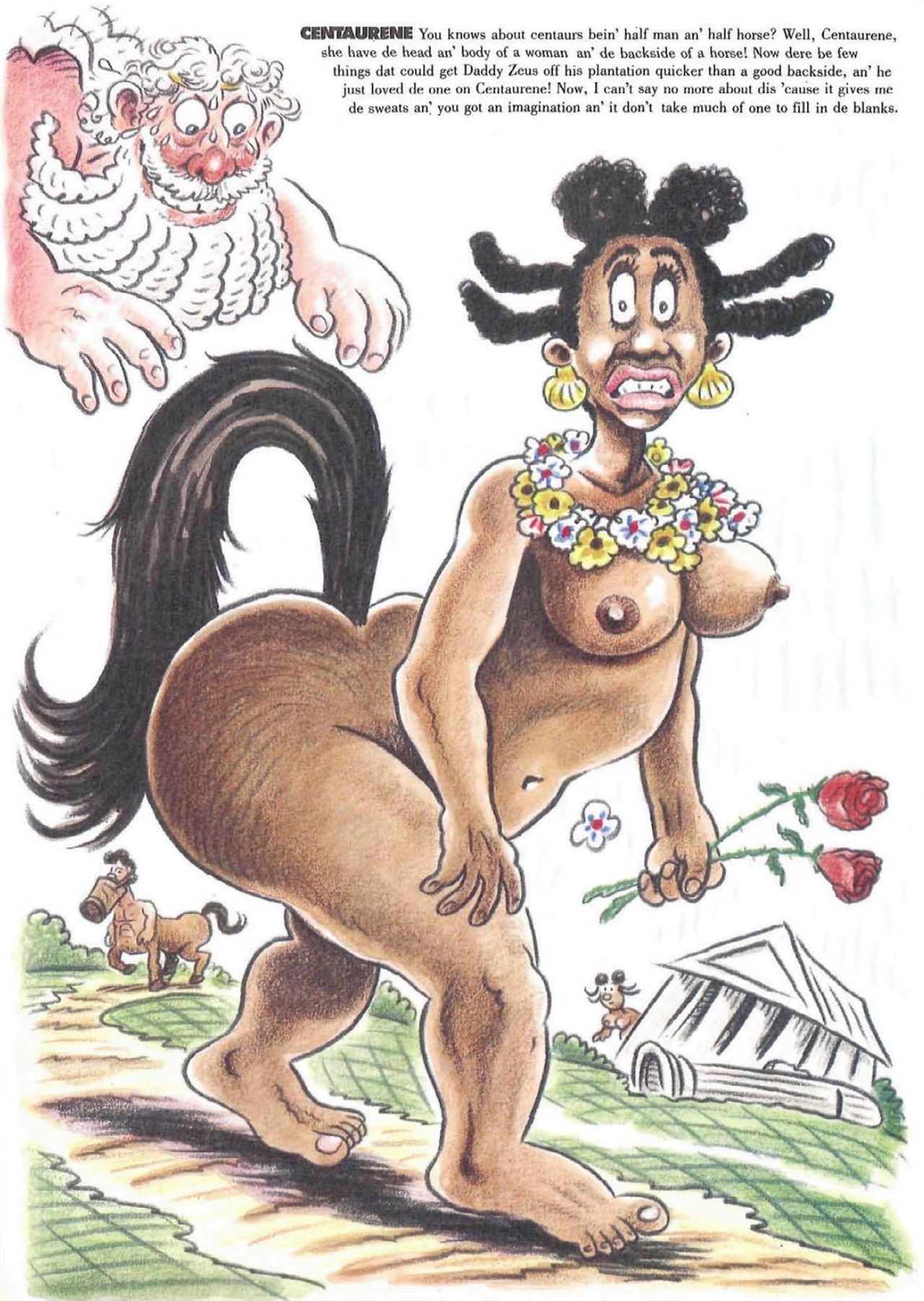


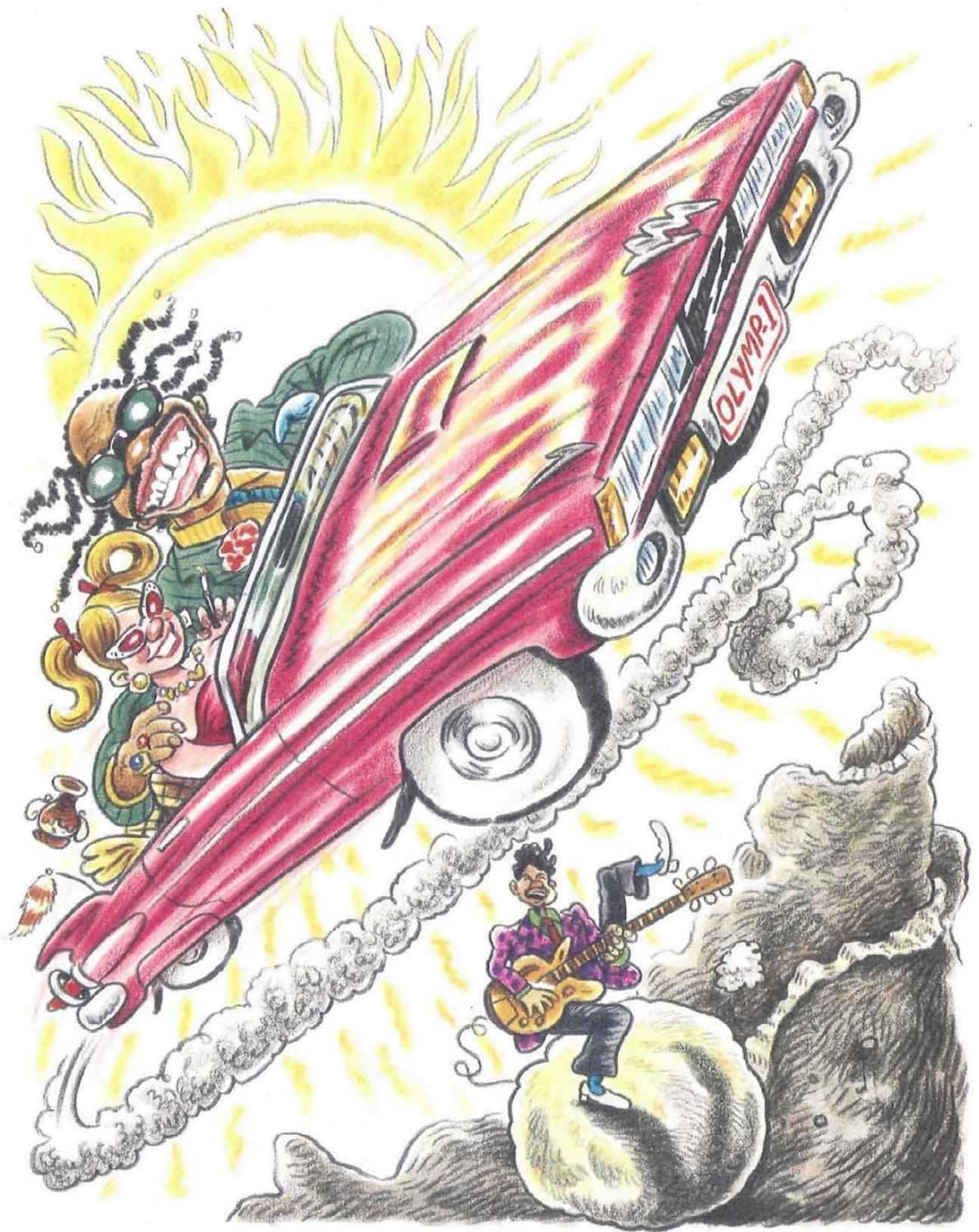
DE CYCLOPS live way off de coast on an island, an' he sing a song dat make de people hold dere ears an' cringe. Sometimes when he sing volcanoes erupt. Kerpop! Kerblooey! No one wants to see or hear de Cyclops sing, an' so finally he drown himself in de ocean an' all de peoples be very relieved.



DIONYSUS AN' DE WINE STILL Dionysus made de best wine in dese parts. All de people favor it. But up on Olympus in his big plantation house Daddy Zeus be watchin' an' thinkin'. "I'm the straw that stirs the drinks around here," he say. An' quick as you can say "Taxman!" Kerblam! He send down a lightnin' bolt to break up dat still. But de lightnin' just make de wine better dan ever. De people all buy from Dionysus now, an' Zeus, he can't do nothin' about it. 'Cause he shot his bolt.

CENTAURENE You knows about centaurs bein' half man an' half horse? Well, Centaurene, she have de head an' body of a woman an' de backside of a horse! Now dere be few things dat could get Daddy Zeus off his plantation quicker than a good backside, an' he just loved de one on Centaurene! Now, I can't say no more about dis 'cause it gives me de sweats an' you got an imagination an' it don't take much of one to fill in de blanks.

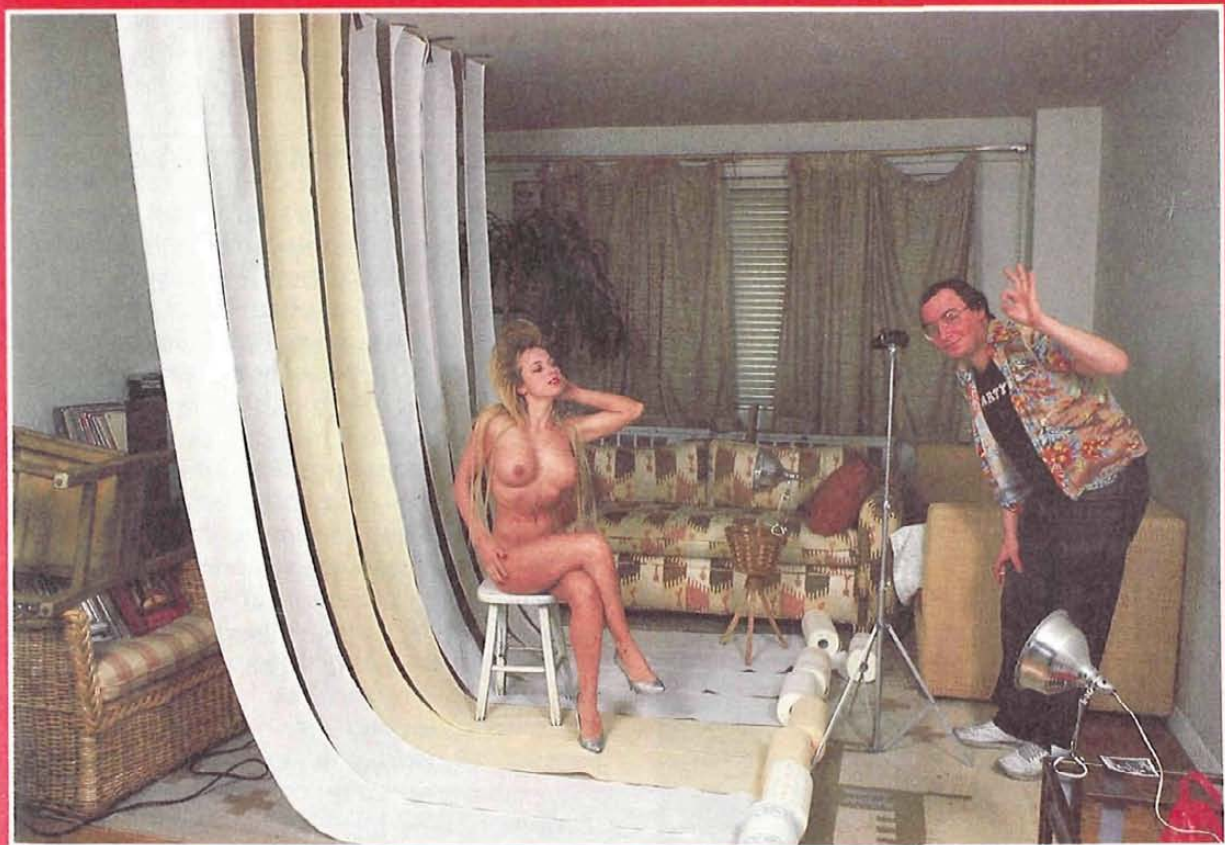




APOLLO loved music an' he loved light an' he loved women. But mostly he loved fast chariots. So one day he borrowed Daddy Zeus' pink chariot, de one wid de four hundred horses hidden under de hood, an' he takes it for a ride. But he don't tell Zeus an' den he forgets to bring it back, an' someone take de white sidewalls an' dey strip dat car clean! Daddy Zeus be steamin' mad, 'cause insurance ain't been invented yet. An' Apollo he don't show his face on Olympus for a long, long time. **SISSYPUS** He was nothin', just de inventor of rock 'n' roll dat's all. He stuck wid dis big rock. An' all day long he rock dis rock up de hill, an' all night long he roll it back down again. Lawdy Miss Clawdy! He was some man!

How to lure women up to your apartment and get them to take off their clothes
by pretending to be an expert in the field of . . .

EXOTIC PHOTOGRAPHY



by Len Skapp

I NTRODUCTION

This is not a handbook for the experienced photographer. This manual is a guide for the eager amateur, the enthusiastic novice whose all-consuming appreciation of the female form will take them to any lengths to get a bitch to part with her britches.

The art of exotic photography is a much maligned skill. It conjures up images of sleazy, back-room perverts conning unsuspecting women out of their clothes. This picture is, more often than not, the truth. The actual art of exotic photography is not so much the creative process of photography itself but rather the ability to navigate beautiful young women into a state of undress.

Unfortunately, though, the exotic photographer must often endure the assaults of any number of effete detractors. "Lenny," friends have said to me, "your techniques are beautiful, but are your methods ethical?" There are armies of mealymouthed Mississippi ministers ready to claim that photographing the naked female body is the consummate act of moral depravity, and herds of neurotic, hard-on-hating feminists who claim that I am using the camera as a means to debase and dehumanize the female sexual form to sate my semen-fueled male ego.

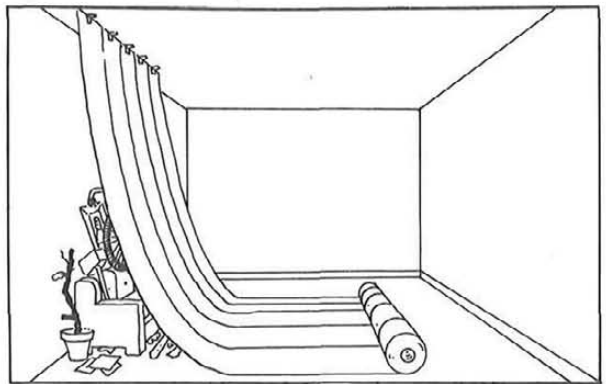
To all of these I say, Jesus fucking Christ, calm down, the camera isn't even loaded. We are not talking about photographs which could cause shame to the model in future years, and we are not talking about material which could encourage a heathen activity like masturbation. We are only dealing with the fleeting ethereality of an erection—and anyway it's my damn erection, so stop whining and let me do with it what I please. Exotic photography is only a way of attempting to maximize my exalted celebration of the Lord's finest work, i.e., girls who are buck-naked.

As God himself once said, "I hope We don't run out of light."

Lenny Skapp

SETTING UP THE SHOOTING SPACE

The most important spot in the exotic photographer's studio is the actual area used for shooting. It is referred to as "the set," or "the seamless," or the "studio floor." Whatever you call it, just make sure that it looks like a legitimate work area and not the living room of a horny no-talent dipstick. To accomplish this illusion, move all of your furniture and possessions against one wall, preferably one with no windows. Next, get about a dozen rolls of plain white paper towels. Attach the end of the roll to the ceiling at one side of the room with some Scotch tape. Unroll it so that it covers your belongings without actually touching them. Repeat this procedure until your room resembles the one pictured below.



SETTING UP A "DARKROOM"

One of the prerequisites for appearing to be a photographer is something resembling a professional darkroom. Installing a real one can cost many thousands of dollars, and you'd get no use out of it since you aren't going to be developing any film anyway. So the heck with all that technical stuff, what you really need is a room (generally a bathroom spray-painted flat black) that upon first glance could pass for a darkroom. Believe me, the bimbos that you're going to get to come up to your studio don't know an enlarger from an old accordion, which is precisely why I recommend an old accordion as an enlarger substitute. Under a red light, they'll never notice the difference. Try gluing an old shot glass to the middle "C" for that lens-like effect, then hang the whole contraption by attaching the hand strap to a desk-lamp neck.

Another important part of your "dark-room" is trays filled with "photographic chemicals." You can create this illusion by simply filling some of those flat Tupperware containers with any yellowish fluid. Your own urine will be fine. It even has that sort of annoying odor that is generally associated with the development process. You're almost done now. All you need are a lot of springs, coils, batteries, and rolls of film scattered about the room and a fifteen-watt red bulb to light the whole scene. (Helpful hint: Leave the bathroom/darkroom door open about five and a half inches so that when the "model" comes you can whisk her past it while pointing and saying, "And in there is the darkroom. I just got a new B3500 LSR convexer, it's great, I'll show you how it works sometime.")

HOW TO RECRUIT PROSPECTIVE MODELS

I live in the Naked City. In New York there's a babe in every bar, on every block, who's dying for "exposure." Wherever you reside, the best place to meet future Playmates is your local nightclub, or, if you're from a more rural area, even your local tavern. I know a fellow out in Idaho who used to find his models at the annual Kiwanis Club Christmas bash.

You need to find a place where you can get a woman by herself. Husbands and boyfriends have a knack for getting in the way of any proper model-photographer interview. Therefore I find ladies' rooms to be the best location for the initial come-on. Where else can you get undivided female attention?

There are a few tips to remember when approaching your prospective model. Naturally you tell them that their "look" is just what the public is looking for. "You'd be perfect for the *Sports Illustrated* swimsuit issue," you exclaim. Or tell them that "Clairol has been looking for a girl who's just your type." I always swish a little on a first meeting. If they think you're gay they won't be as suspicious of your motives. And don't be too complimentary. Women enjoy the occasional put-down. "Girl, you really should lose some weight, but I think I can use you anyway." This tack will make you seem less aggressive.

If they balk, tell them that modeling in the raw did wonders for Madonna and Marilyn Monroe. If they don't buy that I inform them that "Angie Dickinson posed nude and look where she is today." If they continue to appear dubious just remind them of the Burt Reynolds centerfold in *Cosmopolitan*. That always gets them.

Never stare at their bodies. It's best to gaze studiously into their eyes as if you were examining a Picasso. And carry a professional-looking business card. Here's a sample you can cut out and use:

Professional Exotic Photography

(Your telephone # here)

(Your name here)

"All in the name of art"

Member, International Exotic Photographers Association

HOW TO FALSIFY A PORTFOLIO

In order to convince the model of your artistic prowess, it's advisable to carry a professional-looking portfolio of "your" photographs. I use famous nudes by well-known photographers in my own portfolio. Here's a sample:



LIGHTING

Perhaps the most important aspect of photography is lighting. I have, over the years, developed my own unique lighting system, which is both economical and romantic at the same time. I use the oldest method known to man: fire. That's right—pure, clean, bright fire. Over the past decade I've experimented with birthday candles, menorahs, church candles, etc. But by far the most satisfactory have been scented "Love herbal aphrodisia" candles. They're available in most occult bookstores. The effect can only be felt if there are sufficient fumes. To calculate how many candles you'll need, simply figure one candle for each two pounds of body weight. Therefore, if your model weighs a hundred pounds, you'll need fifty candles, and so on.



DEALING WITH SHY MODELS

Sometimes a model comes along with very little experience, and understandably enough, she acts a bit shy. She stalls when you say, "Okay, let's get those clothes off," and she starts thinking that maybe this whole thing wasn't such a good idea. When this situation occurs you must act quickly or, as the fishermen say, "they'll just nibble, then swim away, unless you get that hook through the cheek right away." Be sure to have plenty of "disrobing helpers" on hand. I find that a few shots of bourbon ingested in conjunction with one or two 400-milligram Quaaludes and a few "lines" of cocaine seem to round off the rough edges in the model's frantic mind, and the results are usually more than satisfactory.



The Illustrated Last Will and Testament and Scrapbook of *Liberace*

As dictated to Larry Sloman and Andy Simmons
Illustrated by Frank Springer

I, Wladziu Valentino Liberace, known to my millions of wonderful and adoring fans throughout the entire world as simply Liberace, being of sound mind and warmed by the thousands of delightful memories that God has bestowed upon me, his humble servant and personal pianist, declare this to be my very special, visually delicious last will and testament and scrapbook to be enjoyed by my lawyers and my millions of wonderful and adoring fans throughout the world who never got a chance to meet me in person. To do true justice to my fun-filled tour of life, I have engaged a celebrated illustrator to faithfully re-create some of the more spectacular highlights of my career, and to portray the real me. I pray that this will, once and for all, stop the rumormongers in the press from dragging my personal and private life through the mud. You have no idea how hard it is to get mud off white ermine! Right here I can add a whole bunch of technical gobbledygook about codicils and executrixes and fiduciaries, but what's fun about that? So instead . . . ON WITH THE SHOW!



The first person I want to mention in my will is Myrna Dobzinski, of the famous Flying Dobzinski Family. Myrna was the first one to introduce me to the wonderful world of show biz when, being just a tot, I wandered away from home and found my way to the local circus. I was mesmerized by everything about Myrna—her showmanship, her performance style, and most of all . . . those clothes. Talk about your sequins! Everything about her raiments screamed FUN! FUN! FUN! It was then that I knew my true calling. I would either be the greatest showman of all time or be a tailor. So to Myrna I bequeath all my sequin outfits. Enjoy and break a leg, bubie! That is, if you're still alive.



Wartime—and I heeded my country's call by enlisting in the Marines. I had the enviable task of traveling around and entertaining my fellow grunts. Well, I had barely unpacked after landing at the beautiful South Pacific paradise known as Iwo Jima when a couple of fellow doughboys asked me to lend them a hand. I said, "Well, wait a darn minute. You can't just stick that tattered old flag anywhere. This takes time and thought. Let me think. It would look lovely up against a chartreuse palm tree background. On second thought, maybe over there next to those beige rock formations. Or even by that bleeding, saffron-hued Japanese soldier. What I'm saying is, this needs planning and effort. Rome wasn't decorated in a day." Well, while we were arguing, the sergeant got hit with some sniper fire, so we just stuck the flag in the ground and ran for cover. That was the day I met Miyako, a frontline geisha, who helped me pass those hot, tropical nights and taught me origami. We met by the bank of a stream. I was collecting flowers for my sergeant, and she was trying to drown herself. To her I bequeath my famous red, white, and blue American flag hot pants outfit. Sayonara, Miyako.

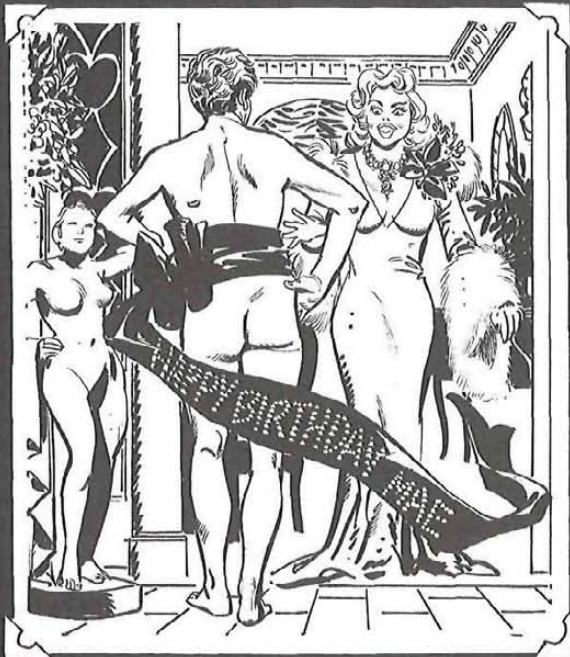


After the war, New York was a gas, a big bubble waiting for me to blow it. I fell in with a really hip, fast crowd—the jazz scene. Those were the days when I enjoyed playing the black keys more than the white ones, if you catch my drift. Every night I'd bang out tunes with the great Fats Waller, and then, when everyone left, jam on the one and only Miss Ella Fitzgerald. She'd run her hand through my locks of hair,

saying, "Lee, how do you get those curls?" Well, I would sit her right down next to me, tie on a smock, and we'd play "beautician" for hours on end, curling and teasing our hair till our scalps could practically do it themselves. So, Ella, I bequeath to you a weekly permanent for the rest of your life from my personal hairdresser, Mr. Rickey.



If one woman ever threatened my bachelorhood, it was Sonja Henie. We had a torrid romance that lasted a year. We shut ourselves off from the world, enjoying only each other's company. But what I loved most about her was her giant skate-in closet. It brought a sassy new dimension to dressing and undressing. And she had almost as many clothes as I did. Since I can't skate, I would sit on the floor for hours trying on her bright, spectacular outfits, outfits that brought to mind that wonderful Dobzinski girl. The only thing was, all the time we'd be doing that, I'd freeze my little bum off! My ice queen has since skated off, but till the day she died we remained the very best of close, close friends.



What will would be complete without a mention of my own little chickadee, Mae West. I'll never forget the time that I was gift-wrapped and sent to her place as a surprise fiftieth-birthday present. She opened the door, took a gander at my birthday offering, and asked, "Is that a candelabra in your pocket or are you just happy to see me?" And then she made some crack about it not being lit, or something. Mae, if you're reading this from on high, I'm dying to come up and see you sometime.



Isn't life funny sometimes? There I was in Pittsburgh and I noticed that one of my outfits was slightly soiled around the cuffs, and the valet couldn't get it cleaned in time for my show, so I went out to get a gallon of dry-cleaning fluid, and who do I bump into in the lobby on the way back but Queen Elizabeth. We got to talking, and it seems that she too was having a problem with her robes, so I invited her up to my suite for a little robe-cleaning soiree. She was the nicest person imaginable, and very good with stains. We must have had a great time, because I woke up in the hospital four days later with a ROYAL hangover. To Queen Elizabeth I bequeath my robes and the rest of the gallon. But Liz, a word to the wise—this time keep that window open.



To Scott Thorson, my ex-chauffeur, \$400,000. Now shut up and get the hell out of here.

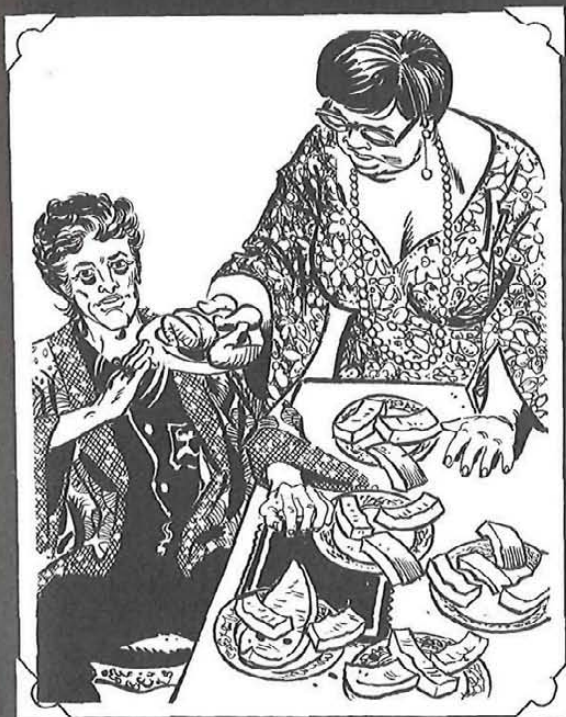


It seems that my life was just full of queens. I met another queen named Elizabeth that year, as regal in her own way as the monarch of England. We were staying at the same hotel in London, and we met when I bumped into Liz and Dick in the elevator. They invited me to their room for drinks, and before you could say "gin and tonic" Liz whipped out her makeup case and we started painting away like three little Van Goghs. I was particularly interested to

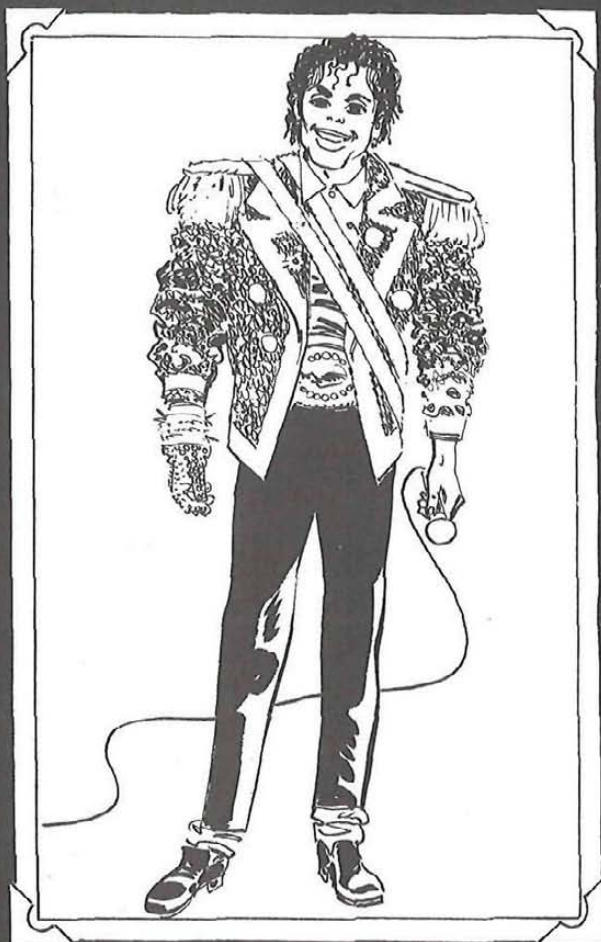
find out how Liz got that fabulous black-and-blue-shadow effect during the Cleopatra shooting. It was easy, she said. Eddie did her left eye and Richard did her right one. So, Liz, my favorite show-biz queen, I leave you all my special Max Factor makeup, although if you ask me I don't think you have to do a thing with that face. . . . Well, maybe just a little touch-up on the crow's-feet around the eyes and a simple tuck under the chin, but that's all, really.



May I digress? This is the ceiling in my bedroom in my Hollywood Hills home. Some people put those tacky mirrors over their bed. I commished a \$50,000 replica of the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, starring guess who as the lead cherub. I hope I never fall.



The road in search of the Fountain of Youth is a hard and bumpy one. And I lost more than just a hubcap along the way. To reduce my weight and maintain my youthful beauty, I went on a sad watermelon diet. Just a few at first, but, as I soon found out, there is no such thing as "just a few watermelons." I got hooked. Ella, with whom I maintained a close relationship over the years, was a doll and tried to force-feed me. She told me horror stories of how the watermelon diet had ravaged members of her race. But I turned a deaf ear. Well, the rest is history, as they say. I've lost close to a hundred pounds. I'm so weak it now takes me a minute and a half to play "The Minute Waltz." So to help combat my dread condition, I hereby bequeath the bulk of my estate to creating a foundation to combat AWDS (Acquired Watermelon Dependency Syndrome). All I can say to any aspiring young piano students who feel tempted to taste of this forbidden fruit is: just say no. Don't do it. Watermelon is wack.



Finally, I have something to reveal. Ella and I shared a secret which we kept from the world for years. His name is Michael and he's our son, and I'm proud of him and love him dearly, so there. To Michael I hereby bequeath the remainder of my wardrobe from my homes in Hollywood, Palm Springs, and Las Vegas. May he someday grow into these clothes.

THE END



"IT'S THAT GODDAMN
NECROPHILIAC AGAIN!"

CARTOONS OF A SEXUAL NATURE THAT

I COULD HAVE EASILY SOLD TO 'PLAYBOY' FOR
MORE MONEY, BUT WHAT THE HELL!

© copyright 1987 *rodin*

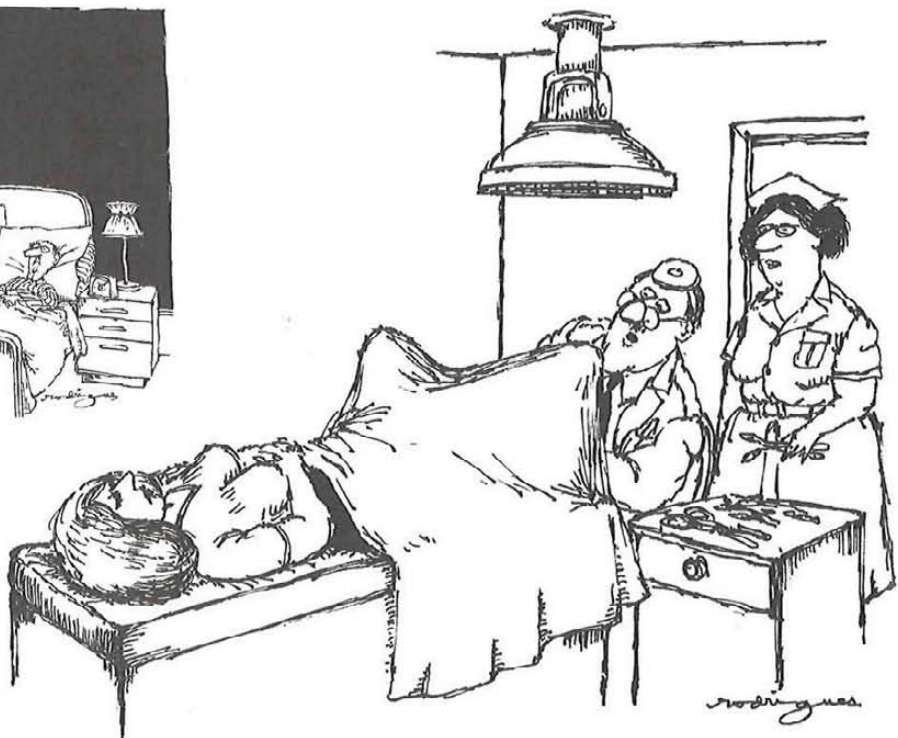


"...ARE YOU IN ANY OF THE
FOLLOWING HIGH-RISK GROUPS,
SIR—FILTHY SLOBS,
CRUMMY PIGS, OR
SCUMMY BUMS?"



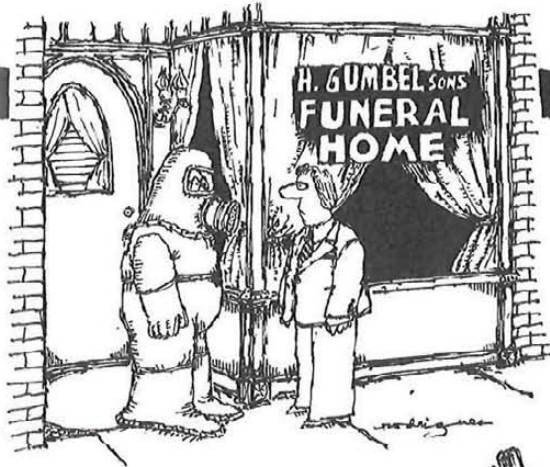
- 321. AM I SEXY, WILL YA?
- 322. NO, YOU SAPI!
- 323. ARE YOU KIDDING?
- 324. NO WAY, JOSE!
- 325. OH, DON'T BE TIRESOME!
- 326. I'M AFRAID NOT!
- 327. WHAT-ARE YOU NUTS?!!
- 328. HELL NO!
- 329. OUT OF THE QUESTION!
- 330. OH, LEAVE ME ALONE, WILL YOU!
- 331. GET LOST!
- 332. NOT TONIGHT, BUSTER!
- 333. NO, PLEASE!

"I MUST SAY, MISS FREDETTE,
WITH ALL THIS AIDS, HERPES,
AND CHLAMYDIA GOING AROUND,
IT'S REFRESHING TO SEE A GIRL
WITH JUST AN OLD-FASHIONED
DOSE OF THE CLAP."





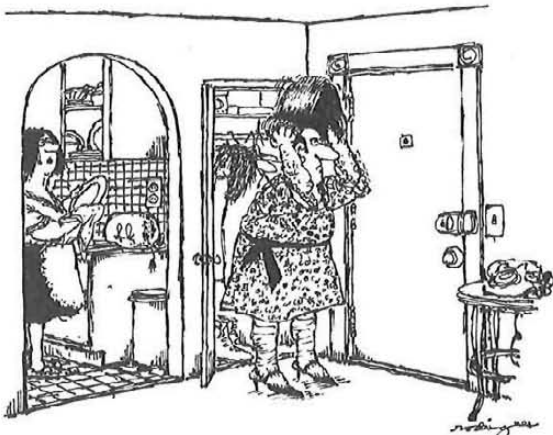
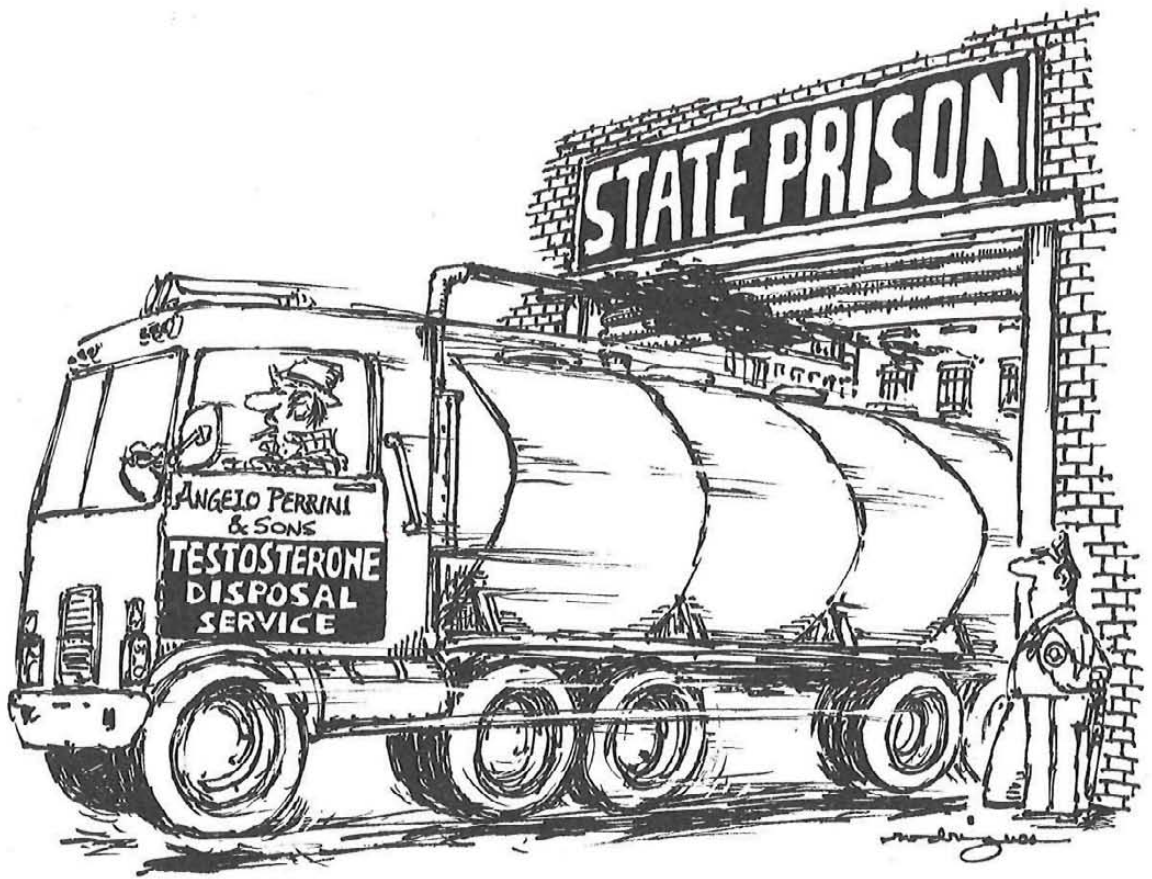
"...YES, YOU'RE ON AN OIL TANKER 1400 MILES EAST OF NOVA SCOTIA. THE RECEPTION IS VERY BAD, SIR, I'LL TRY IT AGAIN. FIRST I'LL TAKE OFF MY BRA-YES, MY BRA! THEN MY PANTIES—WHAT? MY PANTIES, PANTIES! PAPA-ALPHA-NOVEMBER-TANGO-INDIA-ECHO-SIERRA, PANTIES!"



"DO WE ACCEPT AIDS VICTIMS?
I DON'T KNOW, YOU'D HAVE TO SEE
MR. GUMBEL ABOUT THAT,
I'M JUST THE BOOKKEEPER."



"...C'MON, LET'S GO, LET'S GO! YOU'VE BEAT UP
THE QUEER, NOW LET'S GET BACK TO THE SHIP."



"DO YOU HAVE CLEAN PANTIES ON, JOE?
SUPPOSE YOU GET IN AN ACCIDENT..."

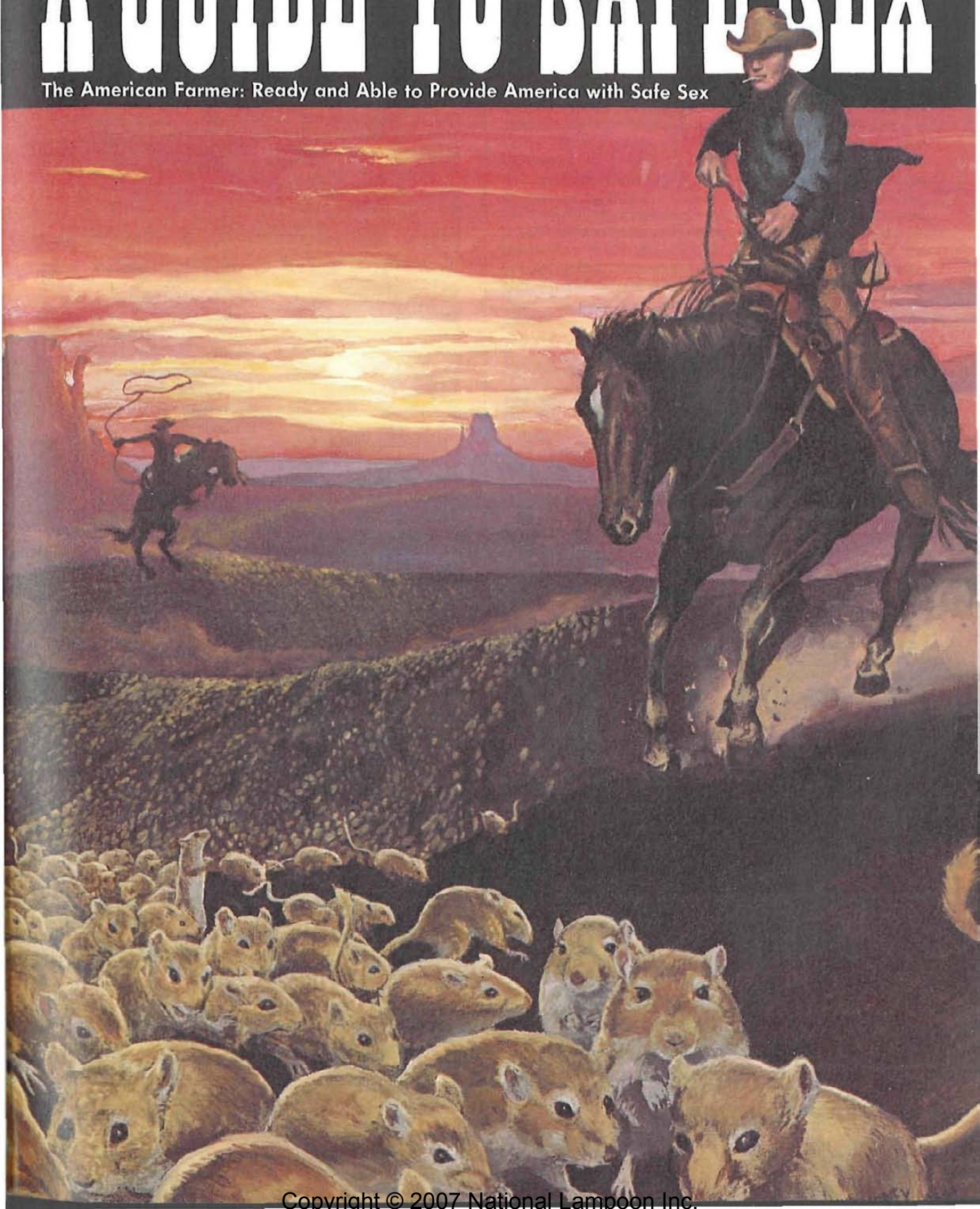


"IF YOU GOT BLUE CROSS-BLUE SHIELD,
THEY'LL REIMBURSE YOU FOR THAT ONE...."

The United States Department of Agriculture presents

A GUIDE TO SAFE SEX

The American Farmer: Ready and Able to Provide America with Safe Sex



How American Agriculture Can Ease the Grim Scourge of AIDS

In the last thirty years, heightened awareness of the ameliorative properties of sexual activity has led Americans to encourage and savor, rather than begrudge and curse, their libidos, and they have grown to cherish the transactions involved in the process of arousal and satisfaction. But now the AIDS virus has swollen from the status of an exotic disease to the proportions of an epidemic, and experts agree that if Americans do not dramatically modify their sexual habits, the Grim Reaper will darken the door of every boudoir coast to coast.

So what does all this mean? Is America going to have to schedule football games to make Friday nights exciting? Are we just going to slam shut legs which have been held ajar as far back as memory stretches, to the extreme delight of all concerned? And zipper up zippers, sew shut the back flaps of the Dr. Dentons, and trade in diaphragms for Army-issue chastity belts? No! Of course not. While we realize that we can no longer cave in to our every desire, we know that to suddenly deny our need for a fulfilling sexuality would be gruesome folly. And this is America, a land built on Yankee ingenuity and boundless resourcefulness, where no obstacle is insurmountable.

The first thing that savvy Americans are learning is that just because a sex act doesn't involve another human being does not mean it can't be exciting and fulfilling. Far from it. And in their newly awakened appreciation, they are discovering that some of their very best masturbational opportunities are provided by the world of American agriculture.

Though the packaging is not always as chemically irresistible as it would be with a human of the desired sex, you never met a cucumber or eggplant that whined that it couldn't stay hard if it didn't have your ankles handcuffed to the shower rod, or a slab of veal that was having its period or a headache or needed gifts of Godiva chocolates and jewelry to get

ready. In the world of vegetables, unwavering potency and abundant lubrication are constant states of existence. As the Mexican proverb proclaims, the passion of a lover is as fickle as the west wind, but an inanimate object will *chicharte* you till the cows come home.

And so women and gays, their promiscuity curbed by the fact that sex with humans can be lethal but their inherent biological craving to be penetrated undaunted, are flocking to supermarkets and fruit stands in search of safe but sexy love-mates, joining penetratee-starved men in combing the aisles in search of feasible balm for their aching loins. And they are discovering a grander spectrum of alternatives than most stud farms could hope to offer—from drop-dead gorgeous gourds to regal-postured cucumbers—which are transcending their wildest dreams.

Why American Agriculture Is Ready and Able to Satisfy the Sex Needs of a Nation

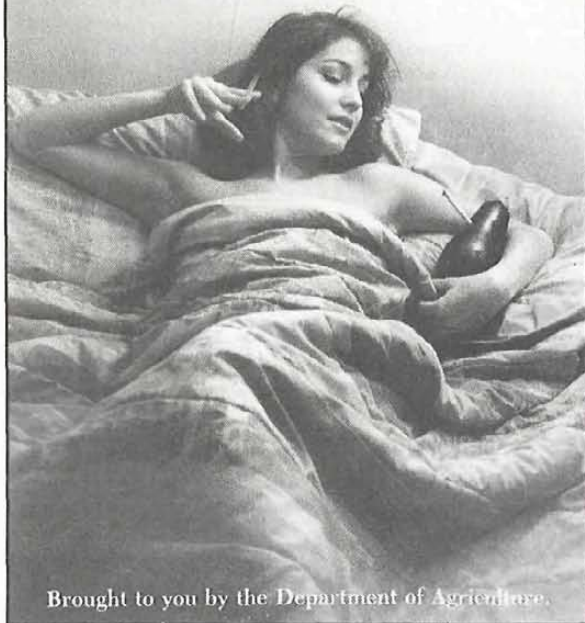
Dr. Edward McMelligott, chairman of the United States Department of Agriculture, admits that the future of American farming was bleak until the onset of the AIDS epidemic. Machines able to do the work of a hundred men had destroyed the agricultural job market, exotic but inexpensive imported products had greatly diminished American agriculture's market share, and farms were foreclosing at a record pace. Now the chance to furnish America with sex partners has spawned a broad array of bright new opportunities for America's farmers, and many of them have already completed the switch to farming the so-called love crops. These farmers have distinguished themselves with their courage and foresight and now, for the first time in years, they are finding themselves being rewarded with market success.

"Don't get me wrong," adds McMelligott, "it's not like I'm happy to see all those buttfuckers and cocksuckers kicking

A Comparison of Agricultural Products to Other Inanimate Objects As Penis Substitutes As Rated by a Leading Consumer Magazine
PENILE COMMODITY OR FACSIMILE

TESTED TRAIT	Endurance	Variable size availability	Sheer life	Cleaning ease	Injuries/deaths reported per 10,000 hours of product use	Gears or speeds	Clitoral access	G-spot efficiency	Prostate efficiency	Fantasy incidence of object during other forms of sex	Bisexuality	Realistic taste and smell	Overall sensory rating	SPECIAL FEATURES
Zucchini squash	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	○	●	●	Durable skin; a dusk-to-dawn
Broccoli	●	○	●	●	●	●	●	○	●	●	●	●	●	Nature's French tickler
16-oz. beer can	●	●	●	●	○	●	○	●	●	●	●	●	●	Also in bottle or pony keg
Corn	●	○	○	○	●	●	○	●	●	●	○	●	●	On the cob; also giblets or creamed
Assorted Italian sausages	●	●	○	○	●	●	○	●	●	●	●	●	●	Realistic feel and ethnicity
Wrenches	●	○	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	Monkey or ratchet; adjustable
Drinking glasses	●	●	●	●	●	○	○	○	○	●	○	○	○	Various ridges; clit-happy mug handles
Bean sprouts	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	Gentle touch
10" dildo with raised capillaries	●	●	●	●	○	●	○	●	●	●	○	●	●	Detachable heads; four speeds
Broom	●	●	●	○	●	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	Various heads
Candles	○	●	●	○	●	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	Wide range of sizes; also, many comply with religious holidays and festivities
Cucumber	●	●	○	○	●	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	Still the classic
Teabags	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	Decaf and Red Zinger available
Hatchet	●	○	●	●	●	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	Slick, hard handle; penetrating head
Typewriter roll-bar	●	●	●	●	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	Automatic return

SAVE A FARMER, SLEEP WITH A VEGETABLE.



Brought to you by the Department of Agriculture.

the bucket—but as far as the agriculture industry goes, this AIDS thing happened at the perfect time. This Hershey Virus thing—what we in the world of agriculture refer to as the cock blight—could damn well save American agriculture.”

How the Record Number of Oats Going Unshown Is More Than Being Made Up For by Record Harvests of Corn, Squash, and Tomatoes

As would be expected, these canny planters are at the cutting edge of the new technology, experimenting with the sexuo-agricultural equivalent of genetic engineering. Farmers and agricultural technicians are developing squash hybrids that are longer, thicker, and curvier, and resist withering during immersion. Several companies, including Burpee, are even breeding in warts, ridging, and vein networks.

And other techniques are evolving at a feverish rate. Following the example of horny home horticulturists who've found it's more fruitful to converse provocatively with your plants than to just talk aimlessly or chitchat about the weather, progressive farmers who formerly raised vegetables to classical music are now switching to romantic music and serenades, having discovered that beefsteak tomatoes and corn raised to "Moon River" respond to sexual advances far more vigorously than those raised to intellectual music. And as agricultural sexuality expands, more and more infrapsychology looks to musical pre-orientation of sexual partners—for instance, a demographically trained zucchini will have skin that instinctually tightens to the baying of Jim Morrison, and it will be a perfect match for a mid-thirtyish woman who has done

the most bountiful lubricating of her life to the same song.

Agricultural technician Dr. Franklin Mescot has been working closely with a small team of gynecologists, proctologists, and sex therapists whose efforts have been focused specifically on the development of larger squash hybrids. Mescot says he is finding that the bulk of his efforts are being channeled into the homosexual market; he explains that while a sexually hungry woman may chew up her nails when she thinks about nineteen inches of action twelve inches around, she has limits to how much she can actually house. Mescot says that most pre-partum women will utilize a vegetable within a certain size range, and women who have emitted children will select larger sizes, but also within a definite range. On the other hand, Mescot explains, it is a fact that with each sexual episode a homosexual's anus loses elasticity, resulting in his needing more and more phallic girth to experience past levels of friction. As an example, a heterosexual male age thirty-five experiences a substantial stimulus at his first intrusion by a proctologist's finger; to achieve the same amount of friction, the average thirty-five-year-old gay male would require a pumpkin. "As facilitators of what we call expansive agriculture," he says, "it is our duty to furnish them with progressively larger endowments as they desire them."

Meeting the Connubial Needs of an Entire Nation

Cynics will inevitably point to the fact that, although American agriculture was once able to provide food for the whole nation and then export a large surplus, weaknesses in our ecosystem ultimately allowed imports to assert themselves and command a large market share. Now, it is asked, does America have what it takes to satisfy the nation's sexual cravings?

The answer is a resounding yes—in fact, American farmers can satisfy the world's desires five times over. Indeed, *New Flogger* magazine, in a recent article entitled "Whoreti-culture," dubbed the Great Plains states of Kansas, Nebraska, and Oklahoma "the sex basket of the world."

The New Sexual Agriculture: What It Means to Women

With men "out" and foreign objects "in," women have mounted their pursuit of the elusive G-spot with renewed vigor. For women whose lovers had penises which weren't the shape of a fully opened Swiss army knife and the size of a hound and were unwilling to strap on something that was, the G-spot was as nebulous and uncharted as a spleen. Now, with a license to furrow, the booming sexual agriculture industry is pursuing this elusive honeypot with abandon.

For conventional intercourse, almost all vegetables, especially the stockier root and vine-grown squashes and tubers, are excellent penile substitutes. The key is finding one which is commensurate with the phallus in your fantasy and is safe and clean. To simulate cunnilingus or rimming, women can use a slab of liver or calf tongue, cut to the approximate shape and size of a human tongue, and manually use it to mime the motion of a man's tongue.

To reduce the hazards of your sexual experience and make it that much more worry-free and exhilarating, follow these helpful tips (remember—safe sex is good sex!):

1. Do not select a vegetable bigger than anything you could birth. It may be tempting, but Mother Nature didn't intend it—that's why over 200,000 women and gays last year were ad-

mitted to hospitals for removal of pumpkins, VCRs, office furniture, Yugos, and partially eaten Wolverines.

2. When masturbating with root vegetables, be sure the tubers are grown in an area environmentally free of both acid rain and toxins. A recent survey reported that women who masturbated with root vegetables grown in counties with high counts of ascorbic toxins suffered a higher incidence of uterine and cervical infections.

3. Avoid products pickled in brine or vinegar, as the wincing can outweigh the gasps. As an example, garlic dill chips, especially crinkle-cut, are definitely more pain than the pleasure is worth.

4. Wank only with organically grown vegetables, because, over extended periods, pesticides can leave an accumulation of chalky, numbing paste around the labia minora which, although it does repel aphids, can dull nerve endings and act as a sealant.

5. When masturbating with leafy or flowery vegetation, make sure to carefully rinse out all sand, silt, and insects.

6. During harvest season, it is advisable to douche with a mixture of hydrogen peroxide and DDT to deter the cross-pollination of germs and resulting invasion of plant diseases into humans, as happened to a Montana woman who reported that her genitalia had been ravaged as a result of the recent gourd blight.

The New Sexual Agriculture: What It Means to Men

While seagoing or lonely males have traditionally enjoyed the companionship of liver, tomatoes, gored fish, and a panoply of other orificial substitutes, now all men, terrified by the knowledge that the stiffness of 1 percent of their bodies could lead the rest of them into rigor mortis, are joining in the taking of agriculturally nurtured sex partners.

And now modern science allows them to enhance their pleasure even further. Using microwave ovens, men can heat mashed potatoes, melons, or cheese sandwiches to accurately simulate the 140 degrees a vagina attains during intercourse.

Gays, of course, have the best of the worlds of both men and women. They can thrust into the satiny bowels of a cantaloupe while simultaneously garaging a zucchini—a veritable smorgasbord of bliss. Recently, in a story the *Los Ange-*

les Times predictably headlined "Fowl Play," a Malibu drag queen was photographed pumping a Rock Cornish hen while he impaled himself on a turkey leg.

Male masturbators share several characteristics with yesterday's extra-personal seducer: they emphasize youth and taut skin; they prefer maximum genital friction; they find sex with first-time partners the most exciting; and to them all the produce looks better at closing time.

When having sex with agricultural produce, men should keep the following in mind at all times:

1. When having sex with frozen vegetables, be sure to allow them adequate time to thaw before penetrating. Do not thrust imprudently into microwaved or oven-heated vegetables—use a swizzle thermometer to first check the interior temperature, as scalding can permanently dull the lush nerve networks which comprise your member.

2. When having sex with meat and meat by-products, you can heighten your pleasure by leaving the meat raw or cooked to rare or medium-rare specifications, as it will be closer to its natural state. When shopping for meat keep in mind that different cuts serve different purposes: while a lean cut generally makes for more healthful eating, it feels more like an anus and less like a vagina than a fatty or marbled cut. Also remember that organ meats more closely simulate the sensations associated with oral sex than chopped meat or loin cuts. If possible, avoid breaded, batter-dipped, salted, or spiced meats, as they can cause chafing and skin irritations.

3. Insist on farm-fresh or flash-frozen products, as moldy or blighted vegetables or spoiled and rancid meat can be dangerous purveyors of bacteria and body toxins.

4. When using liver to supplement an inflatable doll, do not attempt to preheat the doll in a microwave. Rather, preheat an appropriately sculpted liver insert and fit it in the desired orifice.

Agricultural Technology: Retooling for the New Sexual Revolution

Many struggling companies best known for their heavy farm equipment are retooling to meet the new genital furor, converting tractors, threshers, and even mining equipment to accommodate consumer needs for masturbational technology. John Deere is one corporation deploying several new

THE USDA PRESENTS: A GUIDE TO DATING GERBILS

THE MEETING... YOU JUST HAPPENED TO BE STROLLING DOWN ELM STREET WHEN THIS WOLF IN GERBIL CLOTHING CAUGHT YOUR EYE.



GETTING READY FOR THE BIG DATE... YOU'VE TALKED, EXCHANGED GOSSIP, FOUND YOU HAVE FRIENDS IN COMMON, AND DECIDE TO SHARE A NIGHT ON THE TOWN. BOTH OF YOU GET READY TO PAINT THE TOWN RED.



GETTING TO KNOW ONE ANOTHER... AFTER TAKING IN A SHOW, ENJOY A SCRUMPTIOUS, CANDLE-LIT DINNER AND GET TO KNOW EACH OTHER JUST A LITTLE BETTER.



A Comparison of Agricultural Products to Other Inanimate Objects As Orifice Substitutes As Rated by a Leading Consumer Magazine

ORIFICAL COMMODITY OR FACSIMILE

	TESTED TRAIT													SPECIAL FEATURES	
	Endurance	Variable size availability	Shelf life	Cleaning ease	Injuries/deaths reported per 10,000 hours of product use	Microwavability	Gears or speeds	Clenching aptitude	Moisture per sq. inch	Fantasy incidence of object during other forms of sex	Realistic taste and smell	Overall sensory rating	Ability to bring ice-cold post-coital beer		
Tomato	○	○	○	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	Thoreau's secret
Mutton potpie	○	●	○	○	●	●	●	○	●	○	●	●	●	●	Rich, gooey, and chunky
Assorted Danish	●	○	●	●	●	●	○	○	○	●	●	●	●	●	Baked fresh daily
Crisco vat	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	Thick, enduring viscosity
Chicken parts in a Baggie	○	●	○	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	An unsung Sappho
Rotten mangoes in a Baggie	○	●	○	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	A summer favorite
Peanut butter in a Baggie (gay)	○	●	○	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	Also available in crunchy
Baked potatoes	●	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	With butter or sour cream 'n' chives
Cheddar nut log	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	Malleable; a fucking Amazon
Venus flytrap	●	●	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	Nature's finest action blowjob
Egg salad	○	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	○	○	○	○	○	○	Wetter than a WAC
Pig's knuckles	●	●	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	Nature's finest handjob
A good runny Brie	●	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	Great at room temperature
Cantaloupe	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	Easy to core, and holds shape of core
Smallmouth bass	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	Pursed lips

- EXCELLENT
- VERY GOOD
- GOOD
- FAIR
- POOR

lines of home sexual paraphernalia, including the Dear John series, which features the Home Forklift Fuckthrustrer™, compatible with a variety of attachments, among them the latex-covered ClitSmack™ and the laser-guided G-Spotter™. Also on line for summer sales is American Harvester's Hammering Hubby™, equipped with a series of huge relentless attachments guaranteed to sow anything left unsown on the honeymoon. A growing number of international companies are also marketing homosexual and ambisexual companionship, such as Texaco's Big Gay Giddy Borer™, Continental's Jumbo Johnny Crotchbobber™, Universal's BuckingPud Heinie-Pryer™, and United Jackhammer's HappyJack III™, 3,500 hp of gas-powered stud.

to a lack of demand for beef products caused by a health-conscious America often find themselves with thousands of head of cattle on their hands. In other times they might have been forced to declare bankruptcy. But once again, the world's "sex crisis" has happily engendered a superlative alternative for the cattle rancher who still has thousands of grazing acres at his disposal. The mighty answer to the farmer's mighty plight comes in a mighty small package. We are, of course, discussing . . . the gerbil: friend to the rancher, friend to the lusty.

The Rancher and Tunneling

Ranchers whose cattle sales are falling precipitously due

The road away from high-risk sex has wended its way to the front doorstep of the safe, hygienic little rodent, which, in its Arab and Asia Minor homeland, is affectionately termed "verbo," or "flesh of the loins," which pertains to the fact that it enjoys being crammed up people's anuses. This is also known as "tunneling."

Many an experienced gerbilophile is well versed in the ways

HAVING YOUR SEX AND PETTING IT TOO!



of "tunneling." Tunneling is the act of allowing the little fuzzy animal, with those scampering tiny paws and that cute way it twitches its pert little nose, to enter and roam freely the uncharted, misty, dark recesses of the various human orifices.

What began in the gay communities of our urban centers is now enjoyed by the heterosexual camp. The pleasurable sensation comes when the gerbil's sleek, furry body scurries frantically about as it attempts to free itself from within the bowels of its human domicile. So enjoyable is the sensation that a devoted tunnelinguist might go through as much as a six-pack of gerbils a night.

Nonetheless, the farmer may well gaze upon his great big steer, then at its far tinier mammalian cousin and wonder, "Sure, they're great in bed, but is raising gerbils cost-effective?" In many ways, gerbils are far more cost-effective than the mighty steer. For example, in return for one steer, the rancher should easily expect to collect a thousand gerbils. Hence, if a rancher owns five hundred head of cattle, he can exchange the entire herd for a half million gerbils! Not only that, they breed quickly. Within a year, a ranch will be fencepost to fencepost with adorable, romping, sex-crazed gerbil carpeting.

You might be wondering, "Aren't a few million gerbils an awful lot of gerbils?" Yes, they are. But remember, tunnelinguists go through many of them a week. They need constant replenishment. Frequently the gerbil expires inside the vagina or anus due to embarrassment or suffocation, many times brought upon by the animal itself when it holds its nose for an extended period of time.

What about upkeep? Gerbils' needs are minuscule. They eat very little, and if they get sick you simply throw them away. They're disposable. In fact, the only cost the rancher must bear is a few of those spinning wheels gerbils love to run around on. This promotes friskiness, as well as building

strong paws, both of which are requisite to enjoyable tunneling. And in this growing and competitive field, the rancher with the friskiest gerbils will be on top for many years to come, or until there is a cure for AIDS.

One of the major challenges the gerbil rancher will have to face is convincing a wary public that cramming a gerbil up one's anus or vagina is a fun thing to do. Many even complain about sticking toilet paper there. Changing the public's palate toward such a sexual delicacy may indeed be a slow process, meaning hard times for the rancher at first. But perseverance should show results as Americans take to the cute, furry little creatures with a vengeance. Before long, excited Americans will be cramming gerbils up every conceivable orifice in a nationwide orgy of bestial pleasure!

To aid in adjusting America's libidinous taste buds toward "the gerbil experience," the Department of Agriculture has devised a *Guide to Dating Gerbils*.

The Future of Sex

Ultimately, of course, both intrahuman and agricultural sexuality will be replaced by what socio-sexologists refer to as a "Star Wars" sexuality, in which loins of all shapes and sizes will be pleased by guided and heat-seeking missiles, crotch-launched warheads, cluster bombs, and a variety of other SBI technology. Scientists will develop a panorama of light, portable, meat-rich genital substitutes, and every person on earth will be furnished with a custom-made, lifelike sexual robot. Sexual incompatibility and dysfunction will be things of the past, and sex will be safe, clean, and available at the touch of a button.

But until that day comes or AIDS is remedied, the source of America's sexuality will be its farms. And the USDA will be on its knees before you, bringing you the sexiest, most delicious vegetables in the world.

Having Your Sex and Eating It Too

Margie "Cobblersbelly" Timmins, culinary consultant to the USDA Task Force on Safe Sex, is the author of the acclaimed cookbook Getting Off at the Bake-Off.

Cooking in the Kitchen and Cooking in the Boudoir

When selecting a fruit or vegetable for a special evening, an important thing to remember is not to be too influenced by the cooking part of the evening, and likewise, don't let your choice be completely dependent on the romance part of the evening. Sometimes at the farmer's market I'll spot a zucchini and I'll say, oooh, I'd just love to jump on that cute thing's bones, but then I'll realize, hey, the skin is a bit yellowy and waxy near the stem, and it would be too sinewy for the soufflé I have planned. Similarly, I may find a summer squash in the bloom

of ripeness, tender and golden, but just not lengthy enough to clobber my womb the way I need. I compare the selection of a vegetable, frankly, to the way I used to think of men—there must be the proper balance of brains and body.

Squash is my favorite vegetable by far. They're actually better in pumpkin pies than pumpkins—smoother and sweeter—and they can fuck any girl till she begs for mercy. Ask anyone—when I've got a good meaty squash in my oven I'm grinning from ear to ear.

Here is a list of some of my favorite foods for men and women both: zucchini in cream sauce, beets in fish sauce, creamed tomatoes, crack of lamb, starfish salad, tongue sandwich, It-looks-so-much-like-a-taco plate, pepperoni tartare, corn John Holmes, and orifice Rockefeller.

Produce from America's farms rated from 1-10 as a lover, as a meal, and for versatility

COMMODITY	NUTRITIONAL VALUE	SEXUAL PROWESS	VERSATILITY	COMMENTS
Corn	8	9	17	Hung like a horse and no cholesterol
Mackerel	9	9	18	Streamlined shape and ribbed gills make it a sensate savage; also yields an excellent fillet
Carrots	9	8	17	Tapered contour allows maximum penetration; oodles of vitamin A
Liver	10	10	20	Very high in thiamine and just can't get enough of your big, hard cock
Summer squash	8	9	17	Naturally high in fiber and hung to humble Manute Bol
Bread	7	2	9	High in carbohydrates but gets soft just as you get going—as with their male counterparts, Italian and French do better than American
Grated cheese	10	2	12	High in protein but a crummy pumper
Gourds	9	9	18	The warts are decorative and mineral-rich as well as being capable of covering vaginal terrain you never imagined existed

Note: Cucumber ineligible as last year's winner of the USDA's coveted Noshanshtupp Award.

ZEN BASTARD

continued from page 15

merely being hypothetical. He had once turned somebody in to the police—a sleazy dope dealer—in order to save himself from going to prison on a drug charge. One man's hot-lead enemy is another man's prison. Although the fellow may have earned his fate, Lenny was tortured by his own awareness. When he said onstage, "Have a little *rachmones* [sympathy] for that guy behind bars who can't kiss and hug a lady for twenty years," he was talking to himself more than to the audience.

"I am part of everything I indict" was the closest he could come to a public confession.

Hanging around with Lenny Bruce was tremendously stimulating because you could just watch him turn fantasies into reality.

Once, driving around Chicago, we passed a religious novelties store with a portrait of Pope John in the window. Lenny went in and bought it. A short while later, we passed a parochial school in the midst of letting out all these little Catholic girls in their pristine uniforms. Lenny beckoned a pair of them to the car. "Hey, come here, I got the real thing, look!"—and he popped the pope up to the car window.

"Their parents," he said later, "only warned them against taking *candy* from strangers."

With one particular incident, Lenny literally lived out one of his own insights. He had talked onstage about the difference in sexual conditioning between men and women. A guy would do it to a chicken, to mud, to anything. If he got his leg chopped off in an automobile accident, he would still make a play for the nurse in the ambulance on the way to the hospital. If the guy's wife called him an animal for that, he would justify his act: "I couldn't help it;

she had a cute ass."

Well, Lenny was staying at the Swiss-America Hotel in San Francisco. Hugh Romney, whom Lenny called "the perfect entertainer," was working with a satirical troupe, The Committee. (He later became Wavy Gravy of the Hog Farm.) Hugh was dealing LSD at the time. He wandered around North Beach with a chromium lunch box that had green velvet lining and a thermos filled with soup. He kept his supply of LSD on the inner lining. DMT, too.

Hugh laid a couple of hits of acid on Lenny, who had never had any before. Hugh figured Lenny would just give it to someone else; not take it himself. He also left some DMT in his room, with a note saying: "Please smoke this till the jewels fall out of your eyes."

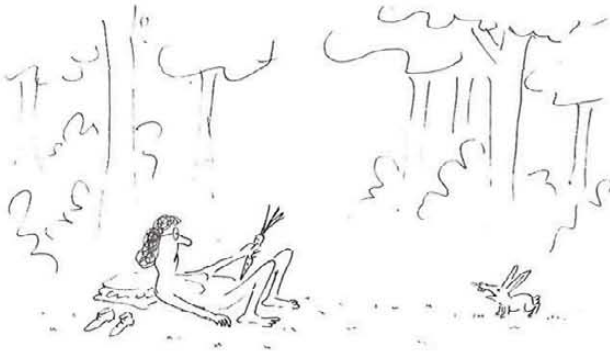
Lenny came by later, saw the package on his dresser, took the two hits of acid, and smoked the DMT till the jewels fell out of his eyes. He said that he had never seen color before in his life, only blacks and whites and grays.

He was talking with great animation, standing on a window ledge. Suddenly he fell backwards. It was an accidental fall, but once he realized that he was committed to it, he called out in mid-air: "Man shall rise above the rule!" Then he hit the pavement below.

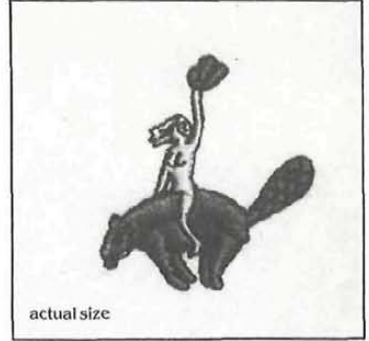
Eric Miller had been in the hotel room. He was a black guitarist who sometimes worked with Lenny in bits such as "How to Relax Colored People at a Party." Now Eric was on the sidewalk trying to comfort Lenny. A black man was not supposed to embrace a white man. The cops dismissed it as interracial faggotry.

The window of that hotel room was broken by a perfect imprint of Lenny's body, his pose outlined in glass like a Bugs Bunny cartoon. Both ankles and his pelvis had been broken, but he asked the nurse if she would please give him some really good head.

When Lenny had finally completed



"When you're finished with it, can I have it?"



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writing his book, I sat in the office of the publisher's lawyers. They wanted to avoid libel, so they kept changing the names of any person who might bring suit. One of these was someone Lenny had mentioned in passing. Her name was Blowjob Betty. The lawyers were afraid.

"You guys must be kidding," I said. "Do you actually believe anyone is going to come out and admit her name is Blowjob Betty?" My protest was futile. They changed Blowjob Betty to Go Down Gussie. "I sure hope someone named Go Down Gussie sues for invasion of privacy."

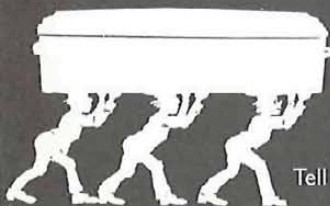
Meanwhile, the arrests continued. New York District Attorney Richard Kuh recommended in court that no mercy be granted to Lenny Bruce because he had shown a "lack of remorse."

"I'm not here for remorse, but for justice," Lenny responded. "The issue is not obscenity, but that I spit in the face of authority."

A friend of mine who dated Richard Kuh swears that he took her back to his apartment and played Lenny Bruce records for her. That was a long time ago, of course. Today that district attorney would play the Dustin Hoffman version of Lenny complaining that the district attorney was doing his act. ■

Nineteen New Ways to Be Offensive at a Funeral

by Ed Bluestone



1

Tell the widow that the deceased's last wish was that she have sex with you.

2

Tell the undertaker that he can't close the coffin until you find your contact lens.

3

Punch the body and tell people that he hit you first.

4

Tell the widow that you're the deceased's gay lover.

5

Ask someone to take a snapshot of you shaking hands with the deceased.

6

At the cemetery, play taps on a kazoo.

7

Walk around telling people that you've seen the will and they're not in it.

8

Ask the widow to give you an enema.

9

Drive behind the widow's limo and keep honking your horn.

10

Tell the undertaker that your dog just died and ask if he can sneak him into the coffin.

11

Place a hard-boiled egg in the mouth of the deceased.

12

Slip a whoopee cushion under the widow.

13

Leave some phony dog shit on top of the deceased.

14

Tell the widow that you have to leave early and ask if the will can be read before the funeral is over.

15

Urge the widow to give the deceased's wooden leg to someone poor who can't afford firewood.

16

Walk around telling people that the deceased didn't like them.

17

Use the deceased's tongue to lick a stamp.

18

Ask the widow for money which the deceased owes you.

19

Take up a collection to pay off the deceased's gambling debts.

Nineteen New Ways to Be Offensive at a Wedding

by Ed Bluestone



1

Show up with a baby and claim he belongs to the newlyweds.

2

Cover yourself with glue to improve your chances of catching the bouquet.

3

Offer to show people pictures of the bride fucking a dog.

4

Tell people that you knew the bride before the sex-change operation.

5

Tell the bride that the only reason you can look at her is that you used to be a proctologist.

6

Instead of a standard gift, give the newlyweds a gift certificate to a drug rehabilitation clinic.

7

As you move down the receiving line, spit on each person.

8

Ask the bride's mother to give you a handjob.

9

Give the bride some Binaca, and tell her it kills the taste of sperm.

10

Propose a toast to the bride's nose job.

11

Steal the cards from the wedding gifts so that no one can tell who they came from.

12

Walk up to various guests and demand to see their invitations.

13

After the bride throws her garter start people chanting, "Throw your bra Throw your bra"

14

Tell people that the groom had to be given Quaaludes to keep him from backing out.

15

Tell the rabbi there's no money to pay him, and ask if he'll settle for shtupping the bride.

16

Assure the bride's mother that the groom is "hung like a horse."

17

Return a bra which the bride left in your car.

18

If there's a hunchback at the Jewish wedding, tell him that he has to wear one yarmulke on his head and another on his hump.

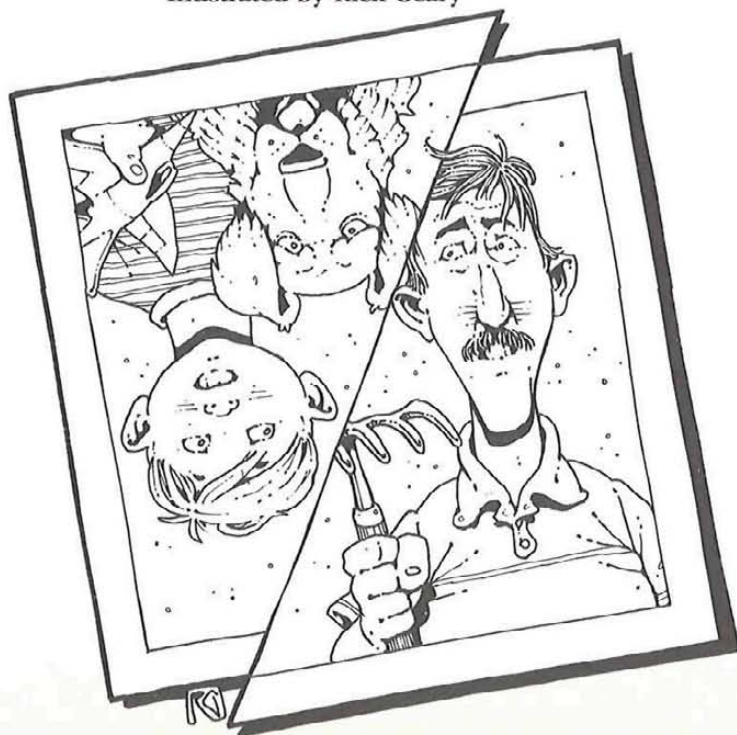
19

When the bride is coming down the aisle, push the organist out of the way and start playing "The Lady Is a Tramp."

They Do Things Differently There

by Chris Miller

Illustrated by Rick Geary



Moran was in a lousy mood, and nothing was helping—not a movie, not a drink, not a long walk, hot bath, or good book. He prowled the house, muttering. His wife, sympathetic, put on black stockings and Opium for him, but even that didn't help; he gave her a kiss and a hug of appreciation, though. At wits' end, he resorted to a little moving meditation in the backyard—raking leaves, poking the tomato plants, weeding the fennel. Normally, this was foolproof; the smells, the colors, the clowning of the squirrels would get him out of himself and he'd feel better. Not today. Even the imminence of his special, long-anticipated birthday dinner, set for tomorrow night, didn't cheer him up, despite the promised attendance of all his best friends, and the wine they had somehow found for him, a precious, terribly expensive 1961 Château Petrus. In fact, the imminence of his birthday was the heart of the problem. Because this birthday was different. This one was the Big Four-Oh.

Too depressed to move, he stood there with the rake, gazing sightlessly into the middle distance, ruminating. What a demanding, unfair, and relentless proposition life had turned out to be! For some reason, he'd expected it to be like Marx Brothers movies, full of madcap adventures and fun. Instead, it was full of responsibilities. And not ones that lasted a few days or a week, either—*permanent* responsibilities. When had that terrible yoke first slipped around his neck? When he'd married? Taken on a career? Shit, you could go all the way back to high school—the homework, the tests, the demands of athletics. . . .

Even then, there'd always been something demanding his attention, something he was supposed to be doing instead of what he wanted to be doing. There were so many things he was supposed to be doing that he'd had to make lists of them so he wouldn't forget any. The years passed; the lists grew longer. By now, they'd taken over; *they* determined the content of Moran's life, not him. He hadn't spent a spontaneous day since he was a kid.

Indeed, that was how far back you had to go to find the kind of life for which he currently yearned. Reviewing his childhood, he remembered whole weeks of spontaneity. You just got up in the morning and did whatever you wanted. All day long! *Day after day!*

But childhood was gone. You couldn't go home again. Children have fun; adults have responsibilities.

Take his wife. Make no mistake, Moran loved his wife. She was sweet,

pretty, smart, great in bed, and gave Moran all kinds of emotional support; he would have been lost without her. But marriage entails responsibilities. The flip side of getting support is giving it, and Claire needed plenty. She was one of those women who, in her early thirties, had decided to "find herself" and was currently slogging through law school. Moran respected that, but it meant he had to do most of the shopping, cooking, and cleaning. And the thing about shopping, cooking, and cleaning was, you could never finish them. The refrigerator refused to stop emptying out. Dust balls magically reappeared. It was relentless.

As were the bills. Moran and Claire, a year ago, had bought a cute little house up in Laurel Canyon. It had a fireplace, a nice pool, and a great view of L.A.—they loved the place. But now, every month, Moran faced a mortgage payment. It, too, would not go away, not for twenty-nine more years. It was part of their nut. They had a nut. Every month they had to disburse certain



amounts of money. *Had* to. Which made it necessary to work. Not desirable or nice. Not optional. Necessary.

So he slaved away at the piano, composing jingles for a chewing gum company, semi-willing collaborator in the rotting of the world's teeth. This meant long hours in the studio, fifty weeks a year, writing these peppy little tunes about gum. It wasn't easy. How were you supposed to feel peppy about gum? How were you supposed to feel *anything* about gum? Furthermore, he wasn't paid enough, and his boss was an asshole.

Moran, at one time, had brimmed with grand ambitions. He'd aspired to write and perform great pop music, to become another Dylan or Marley, one of those guys. Hadn't happened. He'd wanted heroic challenges against which to test himself. He'd wanted glory. Instead, he'd . . . just sort of hung in there—worked pedestrian jobs, made okay money, fallen in love, gone to movies, bought underwear, had dinner with people. . . . What he'd done with

himself was equivalent to owning a fine racing car and only driving it to the supermarket and the dentist. He deserved to throw perfect games, win Oscars, explore unknown lands. Instead, he took out the garbage, kept the cars working, fed the cat, emptied the dishwasher. . . . He was stuck fast to the terrible tar baby of domestic bliss.

Well, *former* domestic bliss; nowadays, domestic *woe* was more like it. Moran and Claire wanted children, wanted desperately to raise a family, but this, too, was proving difficult; he'd been trying for a year to impregnate her, without success. He had to do humiliating shit at the doctor's, beat off in jars. Strangers peered into his wife's vaginal recesses, blasted Moran's sperm up her with what looked like bulb basters. Nothing worked.

It was a bad situation, and they couldn't shake it loose; it kept being there the next day. Moran felt deep-seated insecurity about this evident lack of potency on his part. What kind of man couldn't knock up his own wife? She'd never said so, but she had to be resenting him. He watched her closely, scrutinized her behavior for signals. His anxieties were taking the fun out of their sex life.

On top of everything else, the eighties appeared to be developing into a major bummer. As Reagan's second year in office neared its end, the pattern was emerging—pricks and sons of bitches in charge everywhere, decency out of fashion, kindness and compassion abandoned. Intense competition and an obsession with winning seemed to dominate national life.

The arts were in trouble. Theater was dying. No one was writing great novels, painting great paintings, blazing new trails in jazz. Where were the Faulkners, the Picassos, the Charlie Parkers of today?

The educational system had failed. His country's foreign policy involved chumming it up with tyrants and torturers. Sports was about money. There were no great leaders, and none in sight. *The center wasn't holding.*

Yet, all around him, people went about their lives, acting as if everything were fine. How could they be so sanguine? Where were all those courageous souls who'd hurled themselves against the barricades in the sixties? *Now* was when they were needed. But they were silent, seeped back into the general culture, reincarnated as yuppies. The only ones who seemed in touch with the truth were the Rastafarians, down in Jamaica. In their stoned way, they saw the world for what it was, or had become. Babylon. He lived in the heart of fucking Babylon, man.

He wanted to split, find a remote



corner of Mexico, put up a hammock. He could see himself there, bearded, knocking back tequilas, making up the days as they went along. But how could he go to Mexico? He didn't have time. Duties, cares, concerns, worries, and commitments—those were what he had.

He wanted to renegotiate his contract, take it to arbitration, *something*. But there was no agency to apply to, no ombudsman to put things right, so he sighed and began at last to yank dispiritedly with the rake at the scatter of yellow, waxy leaves carpeting this part of the yard.

"Hey, Mr. Moran, look out!"

The words had scarcely registered when something whooshed by him at nose level, arched sharply downward, and exploded in his leaf pile, blowing Moran over backward. His depression burned off as fear and anger battled for top billing on his emotional marquee. He turned to see Dougie Kruth, the kid next door, rushing up.

"I'm really sorry, Mr. Moran. Are you okay?" Dougie peered anxiously at Moran through his thick glasses.

"I'm fine, Dougie. Almost experiencing death is really fun. Is this another of your science experiments, or have you joined the PLO?"

"I've been attempting to develop a more efficient form of laser-guided ground-to-air missile and, ah, seem to have encountered a small glitch."

"You mean it doesn't work."

"Oh, the missile works fine. The *laser* screwed up. You won't tell my father, will you?"

Super-bright, Dougie went to some kind of special school where the youngest other student was twenty-three. Dougie was ten. It was thought that someday the boy's unique explorations might greatly benefit mankind. To date, they certainly hadn't benefited Moran. The left side of his home was pocked and scarred from the impacts of former experiments. When the boy constructed a broadcast energy generator, Moran and Claire were given Afros that wouldn't go away for a month. Becoming fascinated with gene-splicing, he'd infested Moran's basement with blue, sucking things that almost killed the exterminator. Now it was ballistic missiles; Moran only thanked God the kid hadn't yet figured out warheads.

"No, Dougie, I won't tell. Just aim it over at the Mastersons' next time, will ya?"

Dougie gave him a grin . . . and then the oddest thing happened. The boy seemed to lose focus. He looked, for a moment, like two Dougies, one superimposed on the other. And then he was one again . . . but he was holding something. As to what the object was, Moran had no visual referent for it. It glowed and hummed. It looked like a Tinkertoy on LSD.

The boy blinked. His eyes fixed on

Moran, and an enormous grin spread across his face. "Oh, boy," he said. "Made it! Phil—Jesus Christ, look how fucking young you are! Where's your beard?" He burst out laughing.

Moran felt disoriented. The glowing thing had just . . . appeared in his hand; Moran was certain of it. As if it had been beamed down by the *Enterprise*. What was more, he'd never seen shy, serious Dougie act this way before. What on earth was he talking about?

The boy looked around. He sniffed, long, luxuriantly. "Fall," he murmured. Squirrels chattered overhead; Dougie glanced up, smiled. "The big pine! It's still here!" He turned conspiratorially to Moran. "It's gonna get bark beetles. Better be careful." Again the boy laughed heartily; the Tinkertoy thing zizzed and puzzed in his hands. Becoming serious, he looked sidelong at Moran. "I'm ten, right? Years old, I mean?"

"The last I heard, you were."

"Oh, boy . . ." His exuberant words dropped off as he sighted something. Moran looked with him. At the window of Dougie's kitchen, a figure moved. "Mom," Dougie breathed. He started off, then turned back to Moran and thrust the twisty, hard-to-look-at Tinkertoy thing at him. "Hey, hold this for me, will you? I'll be right back."

Moran, on automatic, took it.

The boy rushed excitedly to his own yard, then slowed. "I *did* deactivate it, didn't I?" he asked himself. With a worried expression, he turned.

His neighbor wasn't holding the Tinkertoy thing anymore. In fact, the Tinkertoy thing was gone. Phil Moran was looking around his yard in a sort of stunned crouch, a look of fear and panic coming over his face.

"Oops," Dougie said.

Moran woke. He stretched and yawned. How good he felt! No aches, no pains, no sense of dread—it seemed ages since he'd felt this way. He groped for Claire, with the notion of sharing some of his unaccustomed morning vigor with her. She wasn't there. He must have slept late for her to be up and out before him. What the hell day was this, anyway? He sat up . . . and froze.

He was in his room.

But he meant, his *room*. From when he was a kid! There was his brick-and-board bookcase with the Oz books and Captain Marvel comics. There were his toy soldiers, deployed in his crumpled-up rug; his cigar boxes full of baseball cards; the autographed Alan Ladd picture; the plastic models of MIGs and Sabre Jets on his dresser top. . . .

Was he dreaming? He didn't *feel* like he was dreaming. Throwing back the

covers, he swung his feet to the floor, encountered something soft. *His blue bunny slippers!* Scarcely believing it, he slipped into them. They felt as wonderful as he remembered; they'd probably been the best slippers he'd ever had. All slippers ever since, downhill from them. Moran laughed . . . and stopped, shocked. His voice was soprano! He whipped open the door to his closet, checked himself out in the mirror. The earth seemed to heave beneath his feet. He *was* a kid. He was himself at nine, maybe ten years old! Could his hair ever have been so blond? Look at it—big flop of it hanging across his forehead!

"Wurf! Wurf wurf!" The door creaked open, nudged by a snout. "Wurf wurf wurf!"

Moran felt faint. "Max?"

The dog bounded into the room—big, goofy, black and white Max, with his dopey, lovable tongue. Moran hadn't thought about Max in years. As the dog leaped up at him, trying to lick his face, Moran felt himself beginning to cry. "Oh, Max," he said, hugging the dog for all he was worth.

Dong dong dong!

The sound pushed a dusty button in Moran's Pavlovian response center. Knocking on the radiator pipe—that was . . . his *mother*? When Moran had been a kid, that's what she'd done—signaled to him by banging the back of a knife on the pipe his room shared with the kitchen below.

"Phi-ill," a voice called. "Breakfast."

It *was* his mother. Fending off the dog, Moran sat down. What was happening here? He was a kid and his mother was calling him to breakfast. Very normal . . . except he was about to be forty, and hadn't lived in this house in twenty years. He settled on "dreaming" as his best-case scenario. If it wasn't "dreaming," it had to be either "hallucinating"—and he hadn't done those kinds of drugs in years—or "insane," which was simply unacceptable. So it had better be "dreaming" . . .

Gradually, he became aware of a sound, a familiar sound midway between a hum and a whine. He found the source under the bed—the Tinkertoy thing. Well, so much for the dream theory. He inspected the device more closely. A zone in its center seemed to be endlessly swallowing itself. Watching it made him nauseous. He rolled the thing around in his hands, feeling it prickle his skin, and came upon a metal plate with three plastic buttons. One said "Start," another "Stop," the third "Reverse." Shrugging, he pushed "Stop." The device shut off. Inert, it was so ugly he almost turned it on again. Nor did it any longer resemble a Tinkertoy; it looked metallic, dirty,

sharp.

"*Phi-ill!!!*" His mother, getting impatient.

"Uh . . . *coming!*"

He tossed the thing into his closet, searched for clothes. There were some by the bed, evidently yesterday's, the little underpants still nesting in the dungarees. Could he really fit into these tiny togs? He rummaged in the dresser, came up with fresh Jockey shorts, brown corduroys, and a red T-shirt.

When he slipped out of his pajamas, what he saw made him stop dead, frozen with shock: his dick was bald as a cue ball, and, what was more, about the size of a peanut!

Finding himself in his old room hadn't done it. Seeing himself in the mirror hadn't done it. But his minuscule, non-hirsute member finally put

He checked himself out in the mirror. He was a kid. He was himself at ten!

Moran over the top. He accepted it: *He was a little fucking kid!*

"Oh, sweetie, don't you look nice today." His mother gave him a kiss and handed him the orange juice she'd just squeezed. His mother, now shockingly young, younger, in fact, than he was; he'd gotten so used to the older version of her, currently residing in Florida, doing her crossword puzzles and listening on FM to what she called her "Medicare music." She sure had been pretty, with that wonderful, sunny smile. He felt a surge of affection for her.

He tossed back the juice. It tasted sensational. The fried eggs, too—full of flavor. Was this because in 19-when-ever-

it-was, they were still making food without all the chemicals and crap? Or did his child's palate, uncorrupted by years of adult indulgence, simply taste things that way? It didn't matter; he went through breakfast like a starved shark as his mother beamed. She was rolling out dough for a pie, humming snatches of some old song. Warm sunlight spilled into the room; a butterfly meandered by the window. Moran went into a kind of rapturous float.

The phone rang. His mother picked it up, held it out to him. Staring at the old-fashioned black receiver, Moran wondered who on earth it could be; nobody knew he was here.

"Phil? Hey, it's Eric. We getting together today?"

Eric? Moran seemed to be getting floored about every other minute. Eric Marx had been his best friend from the fourth grade on, maybe his best friend ever.

"Sure," Moran said. "Uh, what do you want to do?"

"I thought we were going up to Ryan's Estate."

"Oh, right. Of course."

"Okay, well, I'm leaving now. Meet you at the U.P."

"The what?"

"The U.P. The usual place. What's the matter, your brain has a dead battery today?"

The usual place . . . It came back to him. "Okay, great, see ya."

He told his mother where he was going. "Have fun, dear," she said, washing the dishes, taking care of everything, letting him just walk away.

On the front porch lay the paper, the *Herald Tribune*. Moran, who had grown up here in Oyster Cove, a Long Island town half an hour out from New York, hadn't seen that good old newspaper in a couple of decades. Happily, he sat down on the top step, unfolded it . . . and found out it was Labor Day—Monday, September 5, 1952. Which made him . . . ten and a half. There was a picture of President Truman, and of Eisenhower and Adlai Stevenson, whose election campaigns were now moving into high gear. The Korean War was on; peace talks were still bogged down in Panmunjom. Half-forgotten names startled him—Jomo Kenyatta, Trygve Lie, Frank Costello. The Yankees, eight games up, were at Cleveland, Eddie Lopat going against Early Wynn. The old, great Yankees, before the blot of Steinbrenner. . . .

The air was sweet and fine as he headed up the tree-lined street. Of course—there was no pollution yet, no toxic waste dumps or acid rain. The day was perfect, with a crisp hint of fall, though no leaves had begun to turn. All around him lay the suburban

dream of the fifties—the pretty homes, the nice little lawns, the car in every driveway. It was unspoiled; urban sprawl lay in the future. There was no graffiti, no McDonald's, no joggers. Men mowed their lawns with mowers you had to push; there wasn't a leaf blower, or weed eater, or chain saw to be heard. Or car alarm. Station wagons were paneled with wood! Moran felt wonderful. He felt safe, warm, in perfect health with limitless energy. He wanted to climb a tree, ride a bicycle, throw a baseball. He practically skipped along.

A part of Moran's mind cleared its throat at him. *This is all very well, it stated, but meanwhile we're stuck in some kind of impossible nightmare situation here, and we've got to figure out what's going on.*

Really? thought the rest of him, slowing to a walk. *Couldn't we just sorta . . . enjoy it a while?*

Are you crazy? We don't know what's happening. This could be a psychotic episode or something.

Or the answer to our prayers, God bearkening to our call . . .

That's ridiculous. God doesn't do stuff like this. You and me, right now, have got to determine what did happen, assess the situation, explore responses. . . .

Okay, okay, the rest of him thought sullenly.

Thank you. Now, assuming we're not dreaming or crazy, that leaves Dougie's Tinkertoy thing. I think we ought to . . .

A Good Humor truck turned onto the street, ringing its bells.

"Yyyyyyyyyyy!" cried Moran, running toward it. Good Humor? He hadn't even *heard* of Good Humor in, Jesus, years. Boy, was this great!

The truck stopped. Bud, the nice Good Humor Man who always worked this route, jumped out, beamed down at him.

"What's your pleasure today, m'boy? Lime Humorette? Orange Ice Cup?"

He wanted the cup, they had the pictures of ballplayers on the underside of the lid, under the wax-paper seal you'd peel off—Stan Musial, Ted Williams, Mickey Mantle. . . . He searched his pockets for a dime. They were empty.

"Aw gee!" Moran kicked a pebble disconsolately.

"That's okay, Phil. Pay me the next time you see me."

The man not only remembered his name, but was willing to *trust* him. Moran was awed; transactions of this sort had become so impersonal by his day, with no one trusting anyone. How the world had changed! He accepted the cup, thanking Bud profusely. Under the wax paper, he found Duke Snider.

Well, that was okay, he could trade it to Eric, who was a Dodger fan, for one of his Yankee lids.

Eric, of course, was just a kid, not the forty-year-old music publisher who lived not far from Moran in L.A., with whom Moran *still* hung out, grooving on recent recorded sounds and making each other laugh. What was wonderful was that, ten years old or not, Eric was Eric; his essence was the same. At a college reunion last June, Moran had seen the same syndrome; the cool guys, twenty years later, still cool; the assholes, hopeless as ever. So it was good to see Eric, really very good, like encountering an old friend in a faraway land.

Ryan's Estate had been a robber baron's private domain once upon a time, but Ryan was gone, and the mansion, cottages, and greenhouse had long

His notebook, in his lap, lifted slowly. Moran looked down in disbelief. You could have hung an overcoat on it.

since fallen to ruin. In a few years the land would be developed, transforming the place into another ticky-tack housing development. At the moment, however, it was a wonderland of woods and streams, toppled marble columns and Greek statuary overgrown with wildflowers, and formal gardens choked with weeds. No grown-up ever went there. Among places to play, it ranked number one on Moran's all-time list.

They went to the big pond known as Black Ink. There, on an earlier visit, Moran and Eric had nailed planks onto tree limbs, created a raft. They pulled it from its hiding place and soon were poling themselves to the little island in the middle. There they hung out,

laughed, goofed around. Beneath the canopy of trees it was cool, still, green, and dappled. Moran tasted the air, saw the colors, smelled the smells—the sensory intake was ravishing.

At higher levels of fun, time disappears. Before Moran knew it, hours had passed, and they were leaving. But it was too soon to end the day, so they went to Spector's, the soda fountain across from the firehouse, and drank chocolate egg creams. Then Eric bought them candy: red hots, and wax root beer barrels, and those upside-down bottle caps of cocoa stuff you ate with little, shovel-shaped spoons. Everything cost a penny.

They checked the comics rack. A bunch of new ECs had come in. Eric bought copies of *The Vault of Horror* and *Weird Fantasy*. They went back to Moran's house and lay around the porch, reading, swinging in the hammock, fooling around with Max. After a while Eric went home. Moran listened to *The Shadow* on the radio. The characters said "Say!" and "What the—?"; it was great. Then his mother served him a dinner of charming ingenuousness—hamburgers with catsup and a glass of milk. He ate every bite.

Before bed, he took a bath. Years had probably passed since he'd felt unhassled enough to relax in a tub, but tonight he lingered and soaked and added more hot water as needed and pushed the little battleship around. . . . He had a *great* time. Then, in incredibly comfortable blue flannel pajamas, he crawled between fresh, crispy-clean sheets and lay there in a state of absolute peace, listening through the window to the wind stirring the elm tree. Smiling, he closed his eyes and drifted off.

"Wake up!" He felt his foot grabbed, shaken insistently. "Let's go, dipshit."

Moran opened his eyes. A face leered down at him; he recognized his brother . . . his *big* brother.

"Dad brought me back from camp last night. You were asleep. Glad to see me, fucknose?" Richard grabbed Moran's wrist and gave him an Indian burn. "Ow! What the hell you think you're doing? Knock it off, asshole!"

Richard grabbed a fistful of Moran's pajama top, yanked him close. "Oh, tough guy, huh? You wanna *make* me knock it off?"

His brother was fourteen. He was six inches taller than Moran, and lifted weights. The memories returned in a rush—the years of bloody noses, socks in the bicep, twisted arms, kicks in the ass . . . and his own unending inability to do a thing about them.

"Uh, guess not," he said, grinning sheepishly.

Richard hooked a leg behind him, pushed him; Moran fell painfully to the floor. "Okay, just watch your mouth from now on, homo. And get dressed—Mom wants you downstairs for breakfast."

Today his mother wasn't singing, paid him no compliments. She looked tired, prepared the food mechanically, gave Moran an absent peck on the cheek. Then Moran's father came in, big belled, unkempt, frowning. What a shock to see him; the man had been dead now almost twenty years. But here he was, and in no better mood than her ever. He didn't like the orange juice. His coffee wasn't right. He was sick of eggs. The newspaper had a grease spot. Moran's hair wasn't combed. Richard was making too much noise.

Damn, thought Moran, *amazing what the human mind can screen out*. He'd managed to forget all about his dad and Richard yesterday. How beautiful it had been; how far away it seemed now.

A horn beeped. "Better go, Phil," said his mother. "That's the school bus."

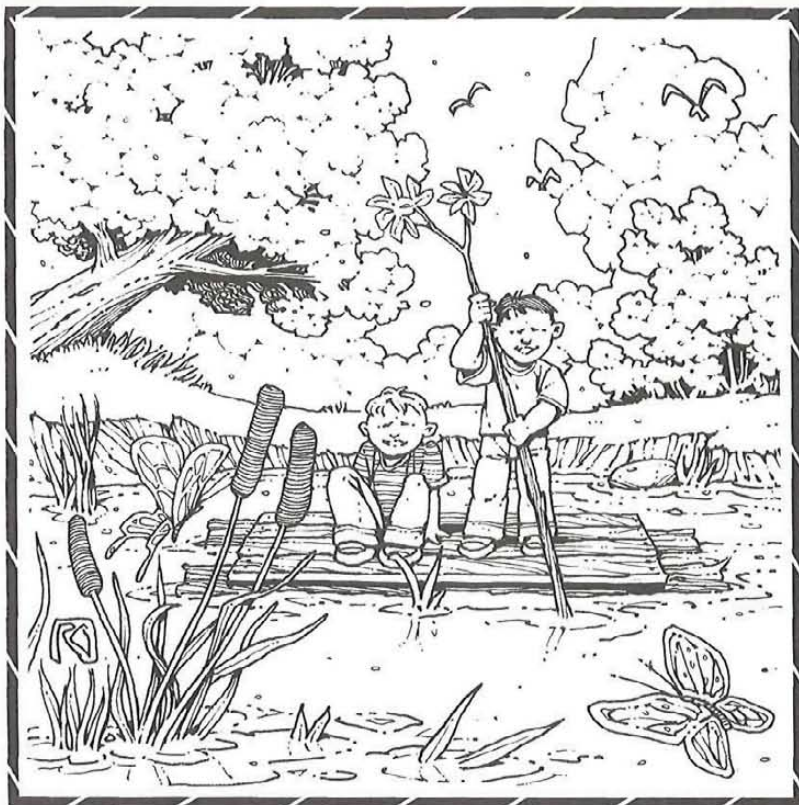
Moran choked on his toast. *School???*

"Seven times three?" said Moran. "That's twenty-one."

"Correct, Phillip." Mrs. Graves's great, stern face turned to the next student in the circle. "Carrie, seven times four . . ."

Moran slumped there. It was hard to say which was worse, his grim familial experiences of that morning or this grinding, boring, deadly day in a sixth-grade classroom. There'd been spelling, geography (the names of the forty-eight states and where they were), and then a recess—the girls played hop-scotch and the boys raced around pretending to fire guns at each other and die. Then lunch was served—peanut butter and jelly on white bread and a milk. He was getting sick of milk. What was worse, he was adjusting rapidly to his youthful palate. The flavor intensity didn't seem so great anymore; he didn't notice it as much. It had become *what* he was eating that had begun to concern him. The bread on his sandwich, for instance. It didn't bounce back; the impressions left by his fingers just stayed there.

He didn't even have Eric to talk to. Eric was in the other sixth-grade class, across the hall, and Moran never saw him; they even had different lunch periods. The day ground on. During a social studies class, Mrs. Graves expressed some political ideas that fell slightly to the right of Attila the Hun. The children around him unconcerned-



ly absorbed this world view as Moran scowled, looked indignantly about.

They were marched to the art classroom; Moran wound up seated by the kid who always drew the same house with the twirly smoke coming out the chimney and the little puffy clouds overhead. Month after month, art class after art class—the same house.

Now they were back upstairs, in a circle of chairs for multiplication drill. It was hot in the room. Moran's attention drifted. Sitting quietly to one side of Mrs. Graves was Miss Goldbudner, the student teacher assigned to Moran's class. She had red lips, plump buns, and more than her share of perfectly brisiered fifties breasts. He sighed. When he'd grown up, that had been how women had looked, all right. By the eighties, such generosity of figure was gone, aerobicized and dieted into extinction. Women were no longer . . . *plush*. Here, however . . . *Damn*, he thought, as Miss Goldbudner crossed her legs, flashing a little thigh.

His notebook, in his lap, lifted slowly. Moran looked down in disbelief. It wasn't a *big* hard-on, obviously, but it was youthfully exuberant and boyishly intense—shockingly so, in fact. He hadn't known whether, at age ten, he could even get one; thinking back, he seemed to remember discovering masturbation a year or so after this. The way things were going, he might have to jump the gun a little; the damn thing

was so up and hard you could have hung an overcoat on it. He lifted the notebook for a peek. An explosion of giggles rang out. Moran looked up, mortified. Three girls—Stephanie Pearlman, Linda Shapiro, and Eunice Levine—were watching him with horrified glee.

The source of their amusement went away quickly. Moran, blushing wildly, felt abashed to the point of paralysis. They kept giggling and peeking and whispering until finally, in some demented attempt to shut them up, he took the notebook away, exaggeratedly clutched his cock, and made faces like a monkey at them.

"Eyewww!" they cried.

Mrs. Graves saw it all, and Moran was out of there, sent home with a note for his parents. The going home part was fine; the note less so. "Perverted?" He was perverted? When she kept a running total on the blackboard of North Korean killed and wounded? He crumpled the piece of paper, tossed it away.

So what did he do now? It was probably best to delay his return home until three-fifteen or so, avoid answering questions. That left him with an hour to kill. *Let's see, he wasn't far from Fowler Street, where the fire station and soda fountain were. Maybe he'd stop in, have an egg cream. When traveling in France, drink local wines; in the fifties—egg creams.*

Over the years, Moran's nostalgia for Oyster Cove had grown. It had become a kind of suburban Camelot to him, better than contemporary life. And so it had looked to him yesterday; what he'd seen confirmed all his memories. But here in town . . . everything was so small. Buildings were dinky, streets narrow, the cars drab and ugly. The classic fifties cars with their rocket ship motifs and two-tone color schemes wouldn't come along for another couple of years yet. All the men he saw wore hats; they looked like characters in old movies.

He went into the soda fountain, climbed onto the stool . . . and remembered he was broke. How the hell was he supposed to live without money? And how did a ten-year-old kid get any? He supposed he was given a weekly allowance, fifty cents or something. On Saturdays, he vaguely remembered. Four days from now. So he couldn't have an egg cream, or a malted, or a pink candy banana, or red hots, or a strip of paper with little candy dots on it, or anything.

Somebody was putting coins in the jukebox. Great, thought Moran sourly. What would we have here? "How Much Is That Doggie in the Window?" "I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus?" That's what people were listening to in those days; there was no rock 'n' roll yet. There were a few rhythm and blues guys—what, Amos Milburn, Charles Brown, Lloyd Price. Fats Domino could perhaps be heard occasionally, his voice higher then. But no rock 'n' roll.

The song came on. "Shrimp boats are comin', there's dancin' tonight . . ." Moran nodded—it was typical. Nineteen fifty-two was June Allyson country. He turned to find out who he had to thank for the bouncy little ditty currently offending his sensibilities, saw it was one of the firemen, taking a break. The guy was sitting at the counter, drinking a lime rickey, tapping his fingers to the music. Fiftyfied, white-haired, brawny, weathered—a baseball manager-looking guy.

Moran's stomach rumbled. He eyed the candy display mournfully. What story could he tell the counterman to get himself a line of credit here?

"S'matter, sonny? Y'hungry?"

Hey, the white-haired guy, taking pity on the forlorn waif. How about that? Well, shit, he wasn't above taking a loan from the nice man. Let's see, he'd have to act like a little kid here. . . .

"Uh, yeah, but I don't have any money, doggone it all." Was that right? Was he laying it on too thick?

The guy winked at the counterman. "Well, why don't I treat you, then, young fella? What'll ya have?"

Moran smiled. "Great. But make it a loan. I'll pay you back after Saturday." To the counterman, he said, "I'll take five of those orange ones. The ones that look like big peanuts."

The counterman gave them to him, in a little paper bag. Moran turned to the fireman. "Thanks a lot, sir. I'll bring a nickel to you at the firehouse, okay?" The guy winked and cocked his finger at him, so Moran waved and left.

It was getting close to three now. Moran set off briskly, chewing on one of the orange peanuts. He crossed Fowler, turned up Third. Halfway up the block, he happened to glance back.

The white-haired guy was following him.

A quease of fear wormed its way through his intestines. He looked straight ahead, walked faster. The guy gained on him easily, closing the gap.

"It's a time travel machine that only takes you to your own personal past, in your own personal younger body."

This is nothing, Moran told himself. Nothing is going on here. I'm just being paranoid.

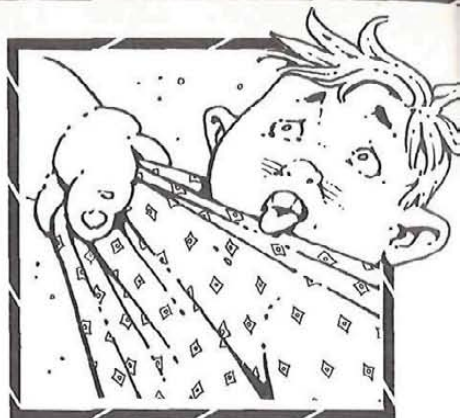
"I want to show you something," said the guy, coming up beside him.

Oh fuck!, thought Moran.

"Listen, I'm in sort of a hurry right now. I'm really running late, and . . ."

"Why'ncha come in here with me a minute. . . ."

The guy's hand took Moran by the neck and propelled him through a break in the board fence that surrounded the vacant lot at Third and Fulton. Moran was slammed against the inner side of the fence, held there, the rough surface abrading his cheek. The guy brought his mouth close to Moran's ear.



"You're a cute little boy," he said thickly. "Here's something for you." There was a zipping sound, a brief pause, and then Moran felt something warm and liquid jet against his back, run down his pants legs.

Curses roared to his tongue, but died a coward's death there. What else would a man who'd piss on you do? And whatever this guy wanted to do, he *could* do, with Moran powerless to alter matters. So he stood there, fumed silently, took it.

After what seemed like a gallon, the guy finished. "That was nice," he whispered. "Thank you." And ducked back out through the fence, leaving Moran dripping and humiliated. Slowly, he made his way back out to the sidewalk.

To his amazement, the guy was standing half a block away, engaged in casual conversation with a cop.

"Hello? Excuse me . . ." Moran rushed over. "Officer, I want this son of a bitch arrested. . . ."

"Hey, watch that mouth," said the cop.

"The hell with that," said Moran. "This guy's a child molester. Look!" Displaying his soaked back. "Pissed all over me."

"Ever see this kid before, Lou?" said the cop to the white-haired guy.

"Don't know the young fella, Ab."

"You incredible fucking liar!" Moran cried.

"Hey!" barked the cop.

"Will you please ignore my perfectly understandable momentary penchant for obscenity and listen to what I'm saying? This guy whizzed on me. Understand? U-rin-ated . . ."

"All right, you little smartass, what's your name?"

This was taking an ominous turn. "Ah, okay, I was just kidding. Just, uh, you know, young boy, playing a prank. Harmless, really . . ." Grinning and backing away.

The cop's meaty hand came down on his shoulder.

"Well, since you're busy, Ab, I'll be headin' on," said Lou.

"Right, Lou. See ya at pinochle to-

night."

"You're just letting him go? Officer, am I speaking Swahili? This Lou friend of yours just dragged me into this vacant lot here, whipped out his joint, and—"

The flat of the cop's hand hitting Moran's head was like a beef baseball bat. Moran staggered in little circles, seeing lights.

"Jes' watch the mouth, sonny. And I'll have that name and address now."

Moran's father believed the cop.

"Dad, the guy *peed* on me!"

"Goddamn it, Phil, you know what the lowest thing in the world is? A liar! Jesus Christ!"

"Why do you automatically believe *him*? You think cops don't lie? The guy was his *friend*."

"Don't get smart, mister. I'm your father. Show a little respect."

"Well, I'm your son. Show a little trust or belief in me or something."

Moran felt himself choking with emotion. He couldn't believe it—with his father for less than a day and sucked back into the same old dance. Moran's supposed adulthood made no difference; his buttons pushed, he could only proceed, reenact the ancient enmity.

"And that's not all," said his father. "We also had a call from Mrs. Graves."

Ub-oh. "Okay, Dad, listen. I know what she probably said. But remember who we're talking about here. This is a bitter, aging woman—an old maid, with God knows what kind of repressions and obsessions. In class, she's a tyrant. Not once have I seen her smile. . . ."

"Why is he *talking* that way?" cried his mother. "What's *wrong* with him?"

His father grabbed his shoulder and shook him. "You stop that, you! Who do you think you are?"

"Just a chip off the old block, I guess, asshole!" was not the right answer. Moran got a pretty good spanking. It hurt like a mofo, humiliated him all over again, and put a chilling effect on the further exercise of his right of free speech. From Moran's point of view, it was a naked, ugly display of power. *Stalin* did stuff like this.

Moran was banished to his room. He felt terrible. He missed his wife, needed to see her, hold her. She wasn't there. She was further away than the stars. He considered beating the meat. He wondered if he *could*. He decided to find out.

Locking himself in the bathroom, he took a seat on the john. One thing for sure, he wasn't about to find any nice centerfolds on the newsstands, '52 being pre-*Playboy*. So he used his imagination. It was nice, like rediscovering radio. Closing his eyes, he ran a scene



for himself from the rich tapestry of his sexual history. His little member was instantly responsive, and, by using thumb and forefinger, he was able to get a pretty good motion going . . . *whoops!*

He'd come! A bare thirty seconds into Wanda Slatterbee in the hearse behind Phi Gam during a thunderstorm, and blowie! Which meant everything worked! He was a man!

Boom boom boom! "Hey, asshole! Lemme in!"

Good God, his brother! Leaping to his feet, Moran pulled his pants up, brushed his hair back in place, flushed the toilet, looked around. Everything copacetic. . . .

"C'mon, dickhead! I gotta piss!"

Then he saw it—his come, where it had hit the ceiling, where, as he watched, a great goober of it began to distend downward, like drool.

"What are you, playin' with yourself?"

What a thoroughly unpleasant adolescent his brother was. Moran had forgotten—probably mercifully—just how unpleasant. He looked at the ceiling again, smiled.

"Ah, just a minute, Richard, let you right in here. . . ."

His brother shouldered by him, strode to the bowl. The glistening goober was a foot long now. Moran closed the door, waited.

"BLEAHHHH!!!"

His brother rushed from the bathroom, wiping at his crew cut with a towel, face twisted in fury. Grabbing Moran, he drew back his fist.

Later, hanging out in his bed with Max, the aches and pains of the beating Richard gave him making an impossibility of sleep, Moran noticed that he had a quaint old table model radio—a little Motorola. He turned it on, found a station up at the end of the dial, some black guy who said he'd be playing a little R&B, a little jazz, things by Tiny Bradshaw, Johnny Otis, Lester Young. . . . Immensely gladdened, he made himself comfortable, waited for the Afro Sheen commercial to end.

His door slammed open. "Jesus Christ! Don't you know what time it is? Turn that thing off. In fact. . . ."

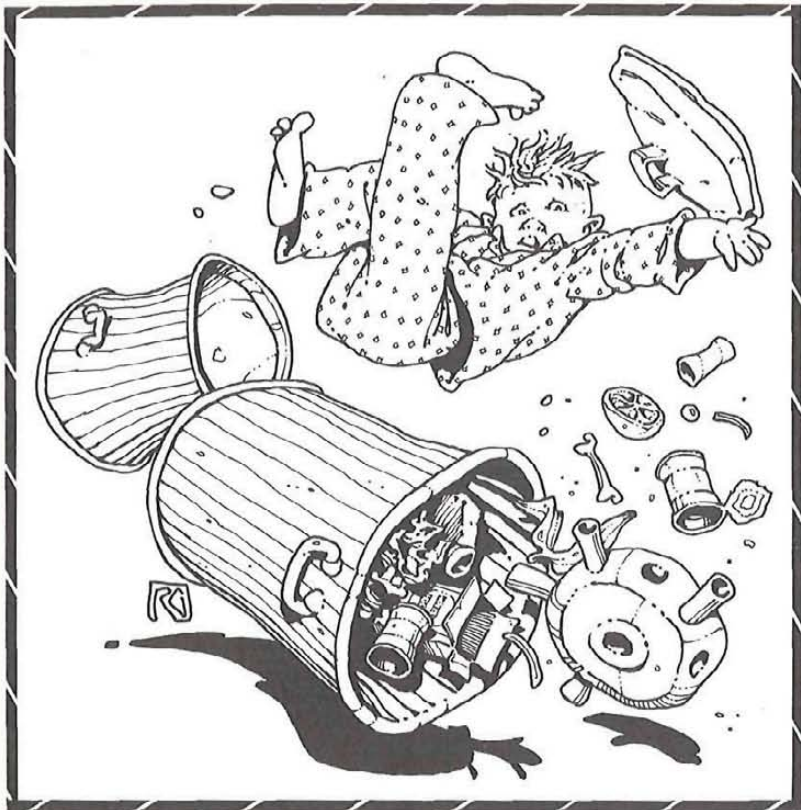
His father yanked the cord from the wall and walked out.

Moran put his arm around Max and sighed. "At least I've got you, old boy," he said.

His father came back, took Max away, and put him outside.

That did it. Egg creams, fresh prints of films noirs, and clean air were no substitute for freedom and dignity. Life in the eighties may have had its drawbacks, but this was the Gulag Archipelago. He had to get out of here.

Abem, thought that part of Moran. *Shall we think about the Tinkertoy thing now?*



Right, thought the rest of him. Let's think about the Tinkertoy thing.

Okay, here's my theory: Dougie Kruth grows up. He's a genius, and he invents a time travel machine. But it's a special one; it only takes you to your own personal past, in your own personal younger body. He's nostalgic about his childhood, sets the machine to send himself—or whoever else holds it—back to when he was ten. . . .

Abbbb . . . thought the rest of him. And then, *Didn't we see the word "Reverse" on that thing?*

Moran's united selves leaped from the bed, yanked the closet door open. The Tinkertoy thing was gone.

Panic foamed up in him like milk boiling. He rooted in vain through the kid junk in the bottom of the closet. His mother—it had to be his mother. She was always picking up, always cleaning.

"What did you do with it?" he screamed, bursting into their pitch-black room.

His mother let out a little cry, and he could hear much scurrying movement. "Who the hell is that? Phillip?" roared his father. "How dare you barge in here without knocking? Christ on a crutch!"

Moran ignored him. "Mom, did you take a . . . a *thing* from my closet?"

"Darling, I don't know how much you saw just now, but I want you to know your father and I were *not* fighting. There's nothing for you to be up-

set about, or . . ."

"I'm not upset. I'm fine. Mom, what'd you do with it? About the size of a football, looked like—"

"I'm talking to you, mister!" belittled his father.

"Dad, why don't you just . . . cool it a minute, okay? Mom, please . . ."

"She didn't throw it out, I did."

"You did? What were you doing in my closet?"

His father laughed unpleasantly. "His closet. Listen, you, I paid for everything in this house; it's all mine. I threw out that goddamn piece of junk because it cut my goddamn finger—it's dangerous."

Moran ran to him. "Where is it?"

"In the goddamn trash, that's where."

The knot in Moran's stomach loosened slightly. He tore for the door.

"JUST ONE MOMENT, YOUNG MAN!"

Moran turned to him in desperation. "Will you lay off? Please? This is *sooo* important."

"GET BACK TO BED THIS INSTANT, AND DON'T GET UP AGAIN!"

It was hard to restrain himself, but he'd have to wait. Running downstairs now would be counterproductive. For one thing, it would probably get him spanked. Worse, his father would simply forbid him to bring the thing inside, and that would be the end of his chances of getting home, slim as they were.

Seething with frustration, he went to his room. He couldn't handle this much longer, devouring these quantities of shit. He'd flip out, run amok, off his father with a carving knife or something. He wasn't kidding; he was close to the edge.

Gradually, he cooled down. When an hour had passed, he tiptoed for the stairs. Father snoring, everyone asleep—good. Caaaaarefully opening the front door, he slipped outside and traversed the porch like a shadow, even remembering to avoid the squeaky plank. The garbage cans were out in front for pickup. He grasped the top of a can, eeeceased it off. There was the Tinkertoy thing! He reached for it.

ARF ARF ARF!

Max rushed up happily and hurled himself at Moran, sending him sideways into the cans, which hit the street so loudly they might as well have been dropped from a plane. Lights went on. His father rushed out in a bathrobe, dragged Moran inside, and spanked him until his hand hurt. Then he found a wooden coat hanger and continued with that.

At length, with Moran's buns so red they probably glowed, he was locked in his room for the night. He was devastated. His last chance to get home—gone. He was marooned in 1952! How could he ever have wanted to be a kid again? Kids were victims. People did anything they wanted to kids—and got away with it. By virtue of his kidhood, Moran had no power, no rights, no legal recourse. He was a member of a repressed minority group.

But there was more; Moran's hell had many dimensions. With whom, for instance, would he find companionship? Kids? Kids were boring! They didn't know anything. They couldn't talk politics, experience psychological insights, even understand his jokes. Nor would things improve in the near term. The children around him would gradually turn to randy, zitty teenagers, like his brother, and then puerile college students thinking they knew it all. And anyway, kids turned out to like his company no more than he liked theirs—at school, they sensed his differentness, watched him warily, avoided him.

Adults, on the other hand, *really* couldn't stand him. There was something about the way he behaved, his grown-up expectation of autonomy and respect, that drove them wild. To adults, he was an uppity nigger. His reward, from now on, for being himself would be exclusion on the one hand, brutal repression on the other. And if he told anyone the truth, they'd think he was crazy.

There was more. For him, "news" would not be "news" again until 1982; he knew everything that would happen. He knew *The \$64,000 Question* was phony, would never be excited by it. The Cuban missile crisis wouldn't faze him. He knew who would win each game of every World Series; the greatest sports thrill of the year wouldn't be anymore. He knew which rock stars would die; what the CIA was doing; who was gay—he couldn't share in the popular delusions that bound other people together.

He'd have to go through it all again—the boredom of the fifties, the giddy liberation of the sixties, the terrible crash of the seventies. He'd have to see hula hoops, sack dresses, beehive haircuts. He'd have to relive Vietnam, the assassinations, the rioting in the cities. The list was endless—Pat Boone records, the '68 Democratic Convention, Altamont, Tom Snyder . . . Life lived existentially was bad enough, but at least you had hope. Lived this way, you *knew* what was coming; even hope was gone.

Talk about trapped. Talk about nightmares. He hadn't ever even *heard* of a worse situation than the one he was in. He lay there sleeplessly, muscles knotting, stomach cramping. He put the pillow over his face and howled in fear and misery. Cold sweats bathed him; he almost threw up. He wanted only one thing—to be home.

About three-thirty, like a light coming on, an understanding dawned on Moran, something he probably should have learned a long time ago—that what he *wanted* was irrelevant. What was, was, and no amount of feeling sorry for himself, or horror at his plight, would change things. Meeting the current challenge would require a different modality of thought from what he was used to. At stake was nothing less than his survival as a free, independent human being; the past was not a foreign country, it was another planet, and Moran was the alien there. Without friends or allies. Facing the daily agenda of a child.

There were two ways he could go—off the Brooklyn Bridge or . . . or he could reach deep inside himself, somehow find the strength, guile, and determination to carve out a livable life back here. Use what he knew about the future to create a tenable present, replete with options the adult Moran had come to expect and depend on—no matter what it took, no matter how many obstacles stood in his way. In the end, there was really no choice; he either moved forward or went under. Could he do it? Was he up to this?

At seven-fifteen, Richard unlocked

Moran's door. "G'mornin', dicknose. Hear you were a real asshole last night. Well, here's your morning noogie." He advanced on Moran, middle knuckle outthrust. Enjoying himself, expecting, at most, passive resistance.

Moran put everything he had into the punch, which struck Richard's solar plexus dead center. Richard's eyes bulged, and he doubled over; the look of shock on his face was ambrosia for Moran. He brought his palms together, hard, with his brother's head between them. That straightened Richard out, and it was easy to kick him in the balls.

Richard sagged against a wall, struggling to breathe, making great rasping noises. Moran was on him, pressed his Cub Scout knife to the larger boy's neck.

"Never fuck with me again. You understand? No more noogies; no more

The past was not a foreign country, it was another planet, and he was the alien there.

Indian burns; no more Chinese haircuts. You don't touch me from now on. And you call me Phil. Right? Not dipshit, not assbreath—Phil. In the future, unless I want you, you stay out of my way. Or I'll cut your balls off. I'll come in when you're sleeping, cut your balls off, and stuff 'em in your mouth. You understand me?"

Richard's eyes rolled. He nodded, quickly and tightly. Moran let him go, put the knife away. Richard slid to the floor with a low moan, trying to hold himself in three places at once. It was amazing what a few late-seventies kung fu classes could do for you in a pinch, Moran reflected. Stepping over Richard, he headed down the stairs.

Breakfast wasn't bad, with his father an early departure this morning, his

brother being extremely deferential, and his mother coming through with some nice waffles and maple syrup. Moran glanced through the paper, took sips of her coffee when she wasn't looking. His brother looked for a second like he might say something, but Moran shot him the evil eye and Richard shut up instantly, terrified.

Moran returned to the paper. What was striking him was how little everything cost here. With a few bucks, you could do okay in '52.

As he walked to school, loose-leaf notebook and Lone Ranger lunch box in his hand, he began to see the possibilities, how things might be handled. He chuckled to himself, then became more serious. The odds against him were, of course, stupendous, but what he had in mind just could work. What continued to elude solution was his father. The man was too big to be intimidated, too unreasonable for moral suasion. Moran sighed. Well, he'd think of something.

Mrs. Graves thought Moran was wonderful that day; she thought he was taking notes on her social studies lecture. But Moran, using time-honored techniques from college, was merely *appearing* to take notes; actually, he was writing a letter. He'd remembered a lawyer who practiced in Oyster Cove; ten years from now, the man would handle things for his family after Phil Sr.'s death. Moran had liked the guy; he'd been honest, friendly, and there for them when they needed him. Well, Moran needed an honest, friendly adult to be there for him *right now*. The letter said:

Dear Mr. Teischer,

I want to make you a business proposition, one that could result in our considerable mutual enrichment. I am entirely serious, and believe I can convince you of both my sincerity and ability to deliver what I promise.

Are you a baseball fan? Then you know the World Series is coming. On October 7, after the Yankees win the seventh game, reread the rest of this letter. If you should then wish to speak to me, call KL5-0846.

Brooklyn wins the first game, 4-2, Joe Black defeating Allie Reynolds, Snider homering in the sixth. The Yanks take Game Two, 7-1, Raschi over Erskine, Berra going four for four . . .

Moran finished the letter, signed it, sighed. Two more boring hours before he got to go home. Glancing idly about, he saw that Miss Goldbudner was once again looking delightfully Rubenesque. He was gazing at her in admiration, grinning . . . when suddenly she looked at him! *And smiled!*

Instantly, Moran got another of those hot, dawn-of-sexuality hard-ons, this one so powerful it started to lift up the



table at which he sat. He pushed his chair back, hurriedly covered the boner with his notebook, stole a glance at the little Jewish princesses. Mercifully, their attention was elsewhere.

Unfortunately, so now was Miss Goldbudner's. But she had smiled at him, he'd seen her; she'd returned his attentions with warmth. Denise, that was her name. What a fox! Damn! He looked back at Eunice Levine. In a few years she'd be the beauty of his high school; hard to tell it now, as she sat there in her ponytail and little Mary Jane shoes. It would be years until Moran could make time with women of his own generation.

"Hey, Joey," he whispered to the kid next to him, "how'd you like to dork Miss Goldbudner on home plate before a capacity crowd at Yankee Stadium on the Fourth of July?"

"Yeah," laughed Joey, "boy, that'd be great." He paused, looked at Moran uncertainly. "What's 'dork'?"

Moran found stamps in his father's desk, mailed the letter to the lawyer. His other plans, hanging on the outcome of this first audacious ploy, would have to be put on hold until the Series was over. Which meant his job now was to get through the next month without cracking up.

It wasn't easy. Richard was a constant threat; all the guy had to do was remember how big and strong he was,

and how big and strong Moran wasn't, and that would be that. Moran could sense the resentment and hostility building behind the compliant exterior, had to maintain constant vigilance.

School dragged on. The kids continued to give him a wide berth. Rather than commune with his thoughts—not his favorite companions, these days—he struck up a conversation one afternoon with Denise Goldbudner, which, to his surprise, blossomed over the next few weeks into an actual friendship of sorts. Perhaps she sensed a kindred spirit in him, another outsider, trapped, as she was, between a battle-ax and a bunch of dopey kids. Until now, no adult had been able to handle Moran's acting like himself; it freaked them out. Denise had no problem with it. He came to look forward to their little chats; in the desert of his isolation, they were oases. She never put him down or patronized him. She didn't relate to him as a grown-up, quite, but she did let him be an equal, not pulling rank, invoking her adulthood on him. His only problem was that his glands exploded every time she came near; he didn't know if he wanted to talk to her, fuck her, or swallow her whole, like one of those big African snakes, digest her later at his leisure.

His father shouted and fumed at all creation. The sky was too cloudy, the car too slow, the grass too long. His shoes hurt. Truman was a horse's ass.

Moran's radio was on too loud, and turn off that goddamn boogie music! Goddamn this, Jesus Christ that. Niggers, spics, Jews! Moran's basic strategy became avoid-the-father. In his new scheme of things, Phil Sr. was like a dead cow on the highway; Moran would simply have to drive around him.

Somehow, the days passed. On October 1, the World Series got under way at Ebbets Field. Moran was pleased to see Joe Black and the Dodgers win, as they were supposed to; history was cooperating. Indeed, the remaining games proceeded as remembered; he even got a little chill when Billy Martin's hat flew off as he rushed to rob Jackie Robinson of that infield hit with the bases loaded in the seventh, snuffing the last Dodger rally. He remembered that play so vividly; it hadn't changed a bit.

That evening, his mother banged on the pipe; there was a call for him.

"How did you do it?" the lawyer asked, without preamble. "You were even right about Martin's hat. *Nobody* could have known that."

"God talks to me," said Moran. "Are you interested in hearing my proposition?"

He laughed. "I guess you could say that." He laughed some more. "What do I have to do?"

"Well, suspend your disbelief, for starters."

"Beg pardon?"

"You'll see. How about your office at nine tomorrow?"

"Fine. Say, is something wrong with your voice?"

"Oh, uh, I'm calling from a helium-sniffing party. Good night."

Moran took a seat before the lawyer, stared up at him deadpan, enjoying himself. The man was good, almost hid his surprise. Young, charming, a little cocky, the guy had something of a Van Johnson flavor.

"You're . . . Phil Moran?"

Moran nodded.

"That *would* explain the, ah, stationery." He held up Moran's piece of loose-leaf notebook paper.

"Yes," said Moran. "Okay, get ready, Mr. Teischer. If you've ever needed an open mind, you need it now."

Teischer spread his hands. "Try me."

So Moran told him. Everything. Teischer listened, deadpan. When, occasionally, looks of sheer skepticism broke through, Moran reminded him of the World Series; you couldn't dispute what he'd done there.

"Okay, suppose I believe you."

Teischer said finally. "What is it you actually want me to do?"

"First? Okay, there's a heavyweight championship fight next week. Stake

me, then put it all on Marciano."

"Marciano? Everyone's picking Walcott."

"Right, well, he's favored. As a matter of fact, he outpoints Marciano into the thirteenth; then, *boom*, Rocky knocks him on his ass. Pick the round; you'll get great odds."

The lawyer wrote this down. "Okay. I suppose I can find a bookie through one of my, ah, shadier clients."

"Now you understand why I need an adult partner—kids can't bet. Even if I did have the money. Speaking of which, you may be wondering how I'm planning to pay you. I'm not."

"Oh?" Teischer eyed him uneasily.

"Instead, whatever I bet on, you bet on. Baseball, boxing, the Olympics... The next time someone claims it's impossible to break the four-minute mile, bet him—happens in the next year or so. Elections—Eisenhower's gonna win; he stays in office through the end of the decade. Hey, *I Love Lucy*—she has the baby in January—it's a boy!"

Teischer's eyes were glazing over.

"Remember the World Series..."

"Okay, okay. It's a deal; I get to bet on what you bet on."

"And buy. There's a little company called Xerox; we ought to pick up some of their stock. And land—I can tell you where they're going to build the new airport in '58. Right now it's just marshes."

Teischer looked stunned. "You've got it all worked out, haven't you?"

"Nothing sharpens the mind like panic. Listen, there's more—a truckdriver down in Tennessee named Presley..." Moran broke off, looked at Teischer curiously. "Tell me, do you *believe* me? Or do you think this is bullshit, or a dream or something?"

"I don't know what I believe. It doesn't matter. For the moment, I'm putting a hundred down on Marciano, and see what happens. If he plunks him in the thirteenth, you've got the partner you're looking for."

The weight on Moran's back lightened slightly. He grinned, shook the man's hand.

Marciano plunked Walcott, all right, and at last Moran had some liquidity. To celebrate, he bought the best bottle of champagne he could find with a forged note from his father, and got loaded. Which wasn't hard, at his age; took about half a glass. Small liver, he supposed. Being high felt nice; the last six weeks of relentless entry-level consciousness had been forty miles of bad road in a car without shock absorbers.

Teischer, sold on Moran's infallibility if not his origins, suggested they leap into this thing headfirst, and each make several fortunes. Moran was not averse;

He could not be said to be living in freedom and dignity till he could get laid and high, and that was that.

together they compiled a list of all major candidates for office that November, and Moran strove to pick winners. Including governors, senators, and mayors, he felt fairly sure about twenty-one races. Teischer raised every cent he could, made more bets, and on Election Day, Moran's net worth went well into six figures.

Now he had room to breathe. Through Teischer, he rented an apartment, furnished it with soft carpets, big, comfortable fifties sofas, books and records, a state-of-the-art sound system,

and much else. Including a wine cellar, temperature-controlled. Hell, you could buy Montrachet in these days for five bucks a bottle.

He dropped out of school completely, Teischer arranging a generous monthly check to Mrs. Graves (for her "to pass on to her favorite charity") in return for a daily X by Moran's name in the attendance book. To Eric Marx and the other kids, Moran explained that he was switching to private school. On his last day in class, just for the fun of it, he told Eunice Levine she was going to have an incredible set of knockers one day.

"What?" she said.

Now when he "left for school," he instead walked two blocks where he'd be met by his driver-bodyguard, Sal—nobody pissing on *him* again, thank you—who'd take him to his place in his shiny new Lincoln Continental. He'd groove to some Charlie Parker '78s, read, hang out with Teischer a while, spitballing new ideas; then he'd have Mrs. Mergenthaler, his housekeeper, whip him up some lunch... maybe a salmon with dill sauce and an imported beer from the German grocery. Or black bean soup and a big ham and cheese on pumpernickel with fresh mayo, a little green mustard, and the cheese all scrumpled up, the way he liked it. Or cassoulet, or a *pipérade* or mousseline. She was good; she'd been attached to a tesser Rockefeller for





some years.

And the money rolled in. Moran and Teischer bet heavily, made fortunes predicting Michigan State's undefeated season, and the deposing of the Cleveland Browns by the Detroit Lions. They even made a few bucks on Lucy's baby. With Teischer's help, Moran opened savings accounts, bought stocks and bonds, purchased the movie rights to *From Here to Eternity*, *The Robe*, and *Shane*.

But he wasn't satisfied; wealth alone couldn't bring that about. Though he'd more or less accepted his loneliness—a chronic part of his emotional weather now, like smog—there had to be something he could do about the paucity of Dionysian vectors in his recent life. He was an adult, used to adult pleasures, and his sabbatical from them was no longer a thorn in his side—it was a lance. He could not be said to be living in freedom and dignity until he could get laid and high, and that was that.

He told his intentions to Teischer. The lawyer blanched. "You're going to buy marijuana from Negroes?" he cried.

"Well, where else am I gonna get it? Robert Mitchum?"

"But what are you, going to solicit the first Negro you see in the street, just ask for it?"

"Sure. Say 'Hey, bro, wha's happ'nin'? Hey, y'all know where I can score me a li'l smoke?'"

"Have you left the earth? No! They'll put you in reform school."

It was fun torturing him. "Wait'll I tell you what else I'm planning. . . ." He told him.

"No! You'll ruin us—they'll put us out of business. I forbid it! Do you hear me?"

Moran just laughed.

The ghetto section of Oyster Cove was small but vivid, centered around the railroad station. Moran remembered it well. There was a bar there that, among his high school crowd, was believed to have been the center of local black social life. It was called the *Rendezvous*; Moran and his pals had known it as "the Voo," had fantasized endlessly about what went on inside—opium smoking, whores in red dresses split up the leg . . . who knew? It seemed a good place to begin.

"You want I should go in wit' ya, Mr. Moran?"

"No, I'll need to do this alone, Sal. Wait for me."

Moran would have preferred to bring the guy, who had to turn sideways to walk through doorways, with him, but hadn't yet decided whether to trust him. It was good to remember that, here in '52, they still thought pot was heroin. They'd throw you in the jug and lose the key—the whole country was Dallas.

Little magenta bubbles rose from the

tilted cocktail glass on the *Rendezvous's* blinking neon sign, high atop the old wooden building. Moran had figured that, on a random Thursday night, the place would be quiet, he could engage someone in conversation, and . . . pop the question. But no; the music coming from within was so loud the walls seemed to bulge outward with each beat. Then it hit him—Thursday was maid's night off. Of course, of course, how could he forget these basic facts of suburban existence? Slugging himself in the chest to shut his heart up, he went in.

The music practically flattened him—a honking, frantic tenor sax instrumental by Big Jay, or Earl Bostic, or Willis "Gatortail" Jackson, one of those guys. It came from a jukebox that was all shifting colors and liquid bubble displays. Various bar signs lit the room with their soft neon glow. People were three deep around the dance floor, sweating, gyrating, shouting "Woo!" and "Yeah!" Through their legs Moran could vaguely discern a jitterbugging couple, the guy rolling the girl across his shoulders, both of them doing splits and flips and like that. No one was paying the slightest attention to him. He paused inside the door, looked around indecisively. These people didn't want to know him. He must be crazy, coming here. He started to back out.

He smelled pot smoke.

On second thought, maybe he should stick around a while. He'd just arrived, after all. Maybe he should just follow his nose, see where that took him. . . .

It took him down a narrow corridor to an unmarked door, slightly ajar. Moran pushed inside, found himself in a room dimly lit by red bulbs. As his eyes adjusted, he made out three figures seated around a battered table, passing a pipe. Two of them were guys with conked hair and pencil black mustaches, the other . . . a whore in a red dress with a split up the leg! Well, actually, he didn't know if she was a whore, but the rest was true. He hid behind a chair with some coats hanging on it and watched.

For a while, no one said anything. Amidst great sucking, inhaling sounds, the pipe made the circuit of the table twice more, then fell out of one of the guys' hands. He looked at the other and laughed. "Shee, James, this gage *down*, man. Ah'll take me a bag."

"Solid, Leroy," James said. "Cost you one C, m'man."

Moran felt disappointed. He'd figured these days a bag would have gone for maybe five bucks or something. What a bringdown!

Leroy groped for his wallet, handed James some green. James reached be-

neath the table and came up with the bag—a huge gunnysack of long, ropy buds that must have weighed twenty pounds.

Moran stepped forth, right hand outstretched. "James, what it is? Gimme five, Daddy-o."

The girl, in mid-toke, coughed explosively, spraying a cloud of ash and sparks into the air. "Damn!" she said, holding her throat.

The men stared at Moran, a frozen tableau of astonishment. James was making no move to shake his hand; he guessed he'd get to the point. "So, I was wondering if I could score some grass from you guys." He looked expectantly from one to the other, rubbing his hands together.

Leroy glanced at James. "That boy say what Ah think he jus' said? Or is you treatin' yo' shit wif ether again?"

James looked pained. "Man, Ah don't *never* treat mah shit. Why you keep bringin' that up? Ah hear one mo' 'treat' out'cho mouf, Ah'll treat you up-side yo' head."

Moran tried to steer the conversation back on track. "I could, uh, take a smaller quantity quite easily. If you're low, I mean. Hello?"

James shook his head. "What you talkin' about? You just a kid."

How he'd have loved to level with them! "Actually, I'm older than you are, and..." But how could he do that? The truth was not his friend this evening. He racked his brain.

"Uh, I'm not a kid."

The girl burst into keening laughter. "Well, if you not a kid, Ah'd like to know what you is then."

"I'm... a midget."

"A midget?!" cried the other three.

"Yes, from the Ringling Brothers Circus. We turn on all the time there. Carny people, y'know, heh-heh..." Was he getting anywhere?

"Now wait a minute, lemme get this shit straight." James absently stroked his mustache with an index finger; he reminded Moran of Billy Dee Williams. "You a midget in a circus, an' you wan' buy some shit from me."

"Right."

"Well, where the hell you hear 'bout me? I mean, how you know to come here?"

"Oh, uh, from a guy in the circus. Brother lives out here," Moran said vaguely.

James and Leroy exchanged a look. "Ah wouldn't sell no shit to no jive midget," Leroy contributed.

Moran's attention wandered. A new record had just come on the jukebox. "Wow! That's Little Esther, right? 'Lost in a Dream.'"

The other three turned to him in surprise.

"Hey, I've been admiring your jukebox since I walked in—Joe Turner, Smiley Lewis, the Flamingos... What'd

"Ah got some records over here. Mah private collection..."

"Really?" cried Moran, very excited. "Do you have any Amos Milburn?" There was this one Milburn side he'd read about, never been able to find.

James looked at Leroy, shook his head. "Do Ah have any Amos Milburn?" He turned back to Moran. "Which one you lookin' fo'?"

Moran couldn't believe it. "Roll Mr. Jelly?" he asked breathlessly.

"Aw, shee, Ah got that one rightthere, li'l guy." James went to the turntable with the record, and this *great* song came out—Amos Milburn setting some fox straight about how fine a lay he was. Beaming, Moran looked at the other three; they grinned back at him, and the four commenced to dip and slide around the room, popping their fingers and swaying their hips.

"Jeez, boss, you took so long I was about to call the cops." Sal rushed around the car to open the door for him. "Everything okay?"

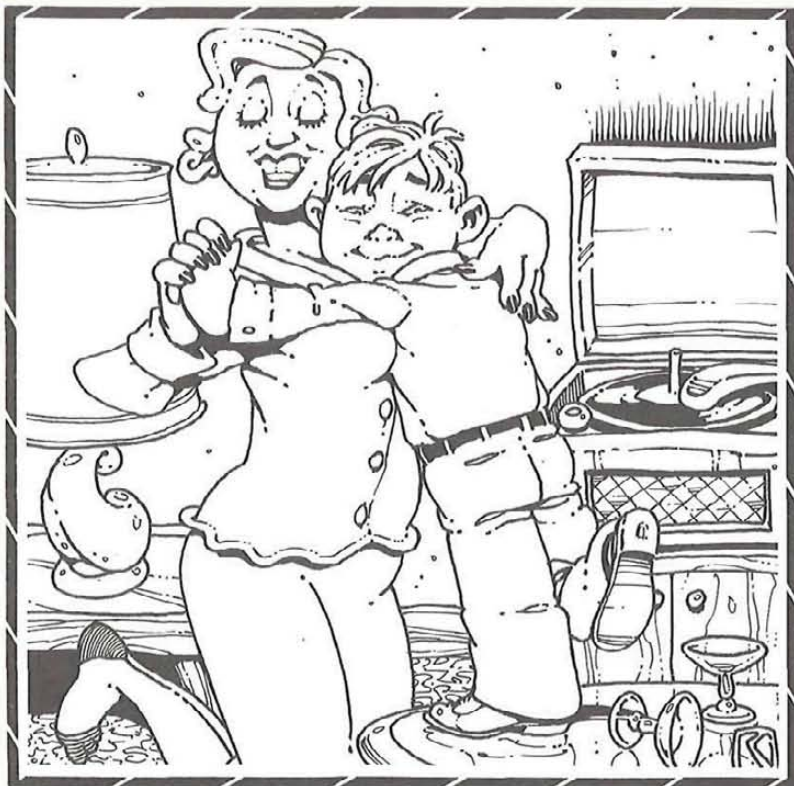
Moran giggled at his bodyguard's serious expression, told him everything was fine. He climbed in, set the big package of buds wrapped in newspaper beside him, and pillowed the Amos Milburn '78 in his lap as Sal got back in front. Gazing out the window, he noticed the little wooden shack by the railroad crossing where the gate man

"I've missed you, Phil." Her breasts, in their forward-thrusting fifties fashion, seemed to be aiming at him.

you think I listened to, Rosemary Clooney?"

James looked at him a long moment.





stayed, an ancient, white-haired black guy the kids had known as Mose. Looked like an oil lantern there in his window, flickering away, throwing shadows that waxed and waned, shifted and danced. . . .

Presently, Sal turned and said, "Uh, boss? We been sitting here twenty minutes. Did you wanta go someplace?"

Now came the culmination of his plans. Around noon the next day, he waited outside his erstwhile school for Miss Goldbudner to leave for lunch. When she came out, he opened the schoolyard gate for her.

"Why, thank you, Phillip," she dimpled at him. "How nice to see you."

"Nice to see you, too. How've things been in class? Kids gettin' those multiplication tables down?"

"They're doing pretty well."

"Well, look, Denise, I won't beat around the bush. Since I haven't been in class, I've really missed you."

"I've missed you, too, Phil. No one to talk to anymore." Her breasts, in their forward-thrusting fifties fashion, seemed to be aiming at him.

"So, what're you doing right now? Out to the deli, tuna sandwich, something like that?"

"Something like that. Want to join me?" She grinned, wrinkling her pert nose at him, and he wanted to ram his face between her ripe hemispheres, swing it back and forth rapidly, and make loud motorcycle noises.

"Well, actually, I had something else in mind. Like, why not have lunch with me at my place instead."

"Your place?"

"Sure. That's my car over there." He nodded at the Lincoln, purring softly at curbside a bit up the street. Sal got out, held a rear door open for them. "We can zip right over, eat, and I'll run you back afterwards."

Denise looked uncertain. "I don't know, Phil. I mean, if anyone saw me going off with you . . ."

"Hey, I'm a civilian now; it's okay if we fraternize. Come on, I've been planning this for days. You'll break my heart if you say no."

She smiled at his fervor. "Well, I guess I couldn't turn down an invitation like that."

Oh, boy! He reached up, took her arm, and escorted her into the limo. Sal glided from the curb.

"You must be Phil's father," Denise said to him.

"Oh, uh, no, ma'am," Sal said, embarrassed. "I'm his chauffeur."

She turned to Moran uneasily. "Phil, what's going on? Where are you taking me?"

"To my place, for lunch. Denise, relax. Trust me." Moran smiled up at her reassuringly.

Denise shook her head. "I must be out of my mind for doing this."

They stepped into the apartment. He turned the lights on, helped her off

with her coat. She looked around, took in the Jackson Pollocks, the Eames chair, the baby grand piano.

"Phil?"

"Yes, Denise?"

"Whose place is this?"

"I told you—mine."

"Get out of here."

"It's true. Hey, Mrs. Mergenthaler!"

Mrs. Mergenthaler lumbered into the room, wiping her hands on a towel.

"Yes, Mr. Moran."

"Whose apartment is this?"

"Why, yours, Mr. Moran."

Moran thanked her, turned to Denise.

She stared at him wonderingly. "Are you rich or something?"

"Getting there."

"What's your father do?"

Moran laughed. "Denise, I'm the one that's rich, not my father."

"Oh, uh-huh. From what? Your newspaper route?"

"Actually, a lemonade stand in front of my house. I invested my profits wisely, and—"

"Phil!" Giving him a look.

"Okay, okay, I'll be serious. The truth is, I gamble. I bet money with bookies on things like elections and sports, and I'm making a fortune."

"Oh, you." She gave him a little hit.

"Well, stay mysterious, see if I care."

She walked into the living room, went to a canvas on the far wall. "Isn't this a Mark Rothko?"

They looked together at some of his paintings, then sat together on the big sofa. Mrs. Mergenthaler brought them hot hors d'oeuvres and a split of '47 Bollinger.

She looked at him strangely. "You drink champagne?"

"Oh, yes. Grew up near Reims, family served it every night with dinner. In Europe, lots of kids drink wine with meals, you know."

She eyed him uncertainly, shrugged, essayed a taste. "Oh, the bubbles tickle my nose," she said delightedly.

"Mm, taste it with the little bacon bits in this brioche. . . ."

When the champagne was gone, Moran put on an Art Tatum LP, was pleased when it turned out Denise loved Art Tatum. They moved to the table then, and Mrs. Mergenthaler brought them a crab-shallot sauté wrapped in prosciutto and a stunning half-bottle of '45 Meursault Perrières. The gaiety level rose as the meal proceeded, until, laughing at one of his jokes, Denise gave his thigh a solid squeeze beneath the table. Something must have showed on his face, some vulnerability, or, more likely, expression of naked lust, for Denise quickly took her hand away. "I'm sorry. I shouldn't have done that, I guess."

"Oh, no, you should have. Really. Fine to do that," Moran fell all over himself to assure her. She smiled, put her hand back.

The crab gave way to assorted sausages, crusty French bread, butter, green salad, and a cool bottle of Beaujolais. They laughed and ate and drank. Time flew by.

Moran checked his watch. "It's after one, Denise. Want Sal to run you back?"

Denise made a moue, thought it over, and asked where the phone was. To his delight, she called the school and told them she thought she was coming down with something. "Oh, that's a good idea. I'll go home, rest, and call you in the morning." She hung up, grinned at Moran.

He put on a Billie Holliday LP and they danced, Moran standing on the coffee table. Her hair caressed his cheek; her perfume made him light-headed. It had been so long since he'd held a woman; he pulled her closer . . . and up popped another of those plucky little hard-ons.

"Say!" said Denise, pulling away slightly.

Moran laughed. "Well, look at it this way: now when I tell you I love you, you'll know I'm not lying." He tried to pull her back.

"Phil, stop."

"What's the matter?"

"You're ten years old."

"I wish you wouldn't categorize me. What does it matter what I am? We have to get beyond that kind of thinking, do what we feel."

"I know what I feel, all right, that's what I'm worried about."

He put his arms around her, hands almost meeting in the middle of her back. "We're alone; I gave Mrs. Mergenthaler the rest of the day off. What we do here is our own affair." He knew she wanted him, could smell it on her breath. He angled his head, moved slowly closer, kissed her with his little lips.

"Phil, no. . ."

He only kissed her harder.

"Ohhhhhh. Oh, *Phil*. . ." Her tongue went into his mouth.

Moran was so happy. He brought his hand up under her sweater, deftly unhooked her bra.

"For a ten-year-old guy, you're pretty good," she murmured, nuzzling his neck.

"It's because you inspire me." His hand found her breast, it could only cover a third of it. He held her tightly, kissed her again.

"Are we about to do what I think we're about to do?" she asked breathlessly.

"Oh, God, I hope so."

"Here," she said, "let me carry you to the sofa. . ."

She laid him down on the cushions, planted soft kisses on his lips, eyes, ears. He reached up, hefted a breast in each hand.

"Oh. . ." Denise said.

He fumbled with the buttons of her blouse, thick-fingered with haste. She smiled, took his hands away. For a horrified moment, he thought she was stopping him, but no, she went to the hi-fi, flipped the record, and began, slowly and teasingly, with many a glance his way, to undress for him to Billie Holliday, a hint of a smile tugging the corners of her mouth.

He watched wide-eyed as she gradually removed her blouse, her skirt, her bra, carelessly tossing them onto the Eames chair. Next to go were her

Moran brought his hand up under her sweater, deftly unhooked her bra. "For a ten-year-old guy, you're pretty good," she murmured, nuzzling his neck.

stockings and garter belt—no panty hose in '52!—and then her panties themselves, drawn slowly down over the long curves of her ass. Moran's hard-on kept straining to get bigger; he became concerned it might stretch the rest of his skin so tightly the features of his face would distort.

Her body was groaningly abundant; her breasts alone could have occupied him for five years. She bent over him, hung them in his face while reaching to unbuckle his belt. Tugging down his pants, she gave a low whistle as she espied his upright, eager member.

Faint with passion, he drew her down beside him, leaned her back against the pillows, grazed in her garden of delights, pausing to lick a bit of

this, nibble a soupçon of that. There was so *much* of her.

"Embrace me, my sweet embraceable you. . ." Billie sang.

Her breasts were excitable as children, and he *loved* playing with children. Her buns, too; a field of goose bumps formed when he trailed his nails across them. He was so thrilled to be here, doing what he was doing—this was what life was for.

"Ohhhhhhhh. . ." said Denise.

But he was going to have to leave her for a moment; his back teeth were floating—all the wine, he supposed. Drawing away from her reluctantly, he rushed to the john. Unfortunately, with the hard-on it was difficult to get a good piss going; little spurts fired this way and that, everywhere but into the bowl. Finally, by crawling on top of it with his dick pointing straight down, he was able to bring his urination to a satisfactory conclusion. He wondered, as he rushed back, if his absence had interrupted the flow, if Denise had lost her edge, maybe changed her mind.

He exited the bathroom. He smiled. Denise was on her back on the sofa, sucking three of her fingers, her other hand knuckle deep in herself. Her eyes were glazed. He went to her.

"Pleecease. . ." She heaved and shivered; her breasts scampered about her chest like playful puppies.

Happily, Moran leaped atop her, nudged her thighs apart with his hips, and thrust himself in.

He felt a little lost in there, in the adult immensity of her, but good, oh so good. Her boobs were in his face, right there in front of it; that was how it worked out when you were four and a half feet tall. Plunging his head between them, he swung it back and forth joyously, making loud motorcycle noises.

"Ohhhhhh. . ." said Denise.

The sensations playing around his unit were incredible. As his child's palate had been to food, so now his child's dick was to the old thrubba-dubba. He banged himself in and out, whooped and hollered. And came. Like an out-of-control Water Pik, as he would later phrase it, his very being itself seemed to blast out of him. He flopped, contorted, cried out . . . and finally lay still, floating on a pool of blissful calm.

"Are you in yet?" Denise asked.

Moran opened his eyes, looked at her in amazement.

"Please, oh, please. . ." She grabbed his little hips, began lifting them up, slapping them down.

"Hey! Ouch!" Moran wriggled free. "Wait a second, lemme figure this out."

"I'm so close. Oh, please, baby, make me come, make me come." Sweat ran



down her face; she looked at him imploringly.

Moran racked his brain. What did he have within reach the size of an adult erection? He glanced at his arm; making a fist, he pushed it forward and back through the air a few times, shrugged.

"OOOOHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!" said Denise. "OH YESSSS!"

They arranged another date for Saturday, when they could stay in bed all day, drinking, getting high, making love to the point of exhaustion. "I can't wait," Denise told him, looking at him with her great luminous eyes as he embraced her at the door.

He directed Sal to take her home and pick him up in the morning. He felt so good he wanted to walk a while before having to see his father—the Grim Reaper of good moods—and spend another fun evening at home. The nightly return was becoming unbearable; he chafed against its necessity. Maybe he should buy a house upstate somewhere, take a new identity, put domestic imprisonment behind him. Cut the cord, as it were. Or move into town. New York was still pretty nice in '52. Maybe get a penthouse on Sutton Place, or something overlooking Central Park. . . .

He changed back into his kid clothes, headed up Flower Street. A light, lazy snow drifted down. Could it really be

January already? Good God, he'd been here over four months! And brought himself a long way in that time, too. He'd wanted great challenges; he'd gotten Big Casino. And measured up. Life remained imperfect; he was still stuck in an endless rerun, perforce alienated from the rest of humanity for the next thirty years, but hey, at least he'd do it on his own terms. And getting laid! He laughed; how many men got to lose their virginity twice?

What was more, between Teischer and Eric Marx, there was a whole friend in there somewhere. And there would be more friends, now that things had stabilized a bit. By the time he was eighteen or so, he could think about linking up with a good woman, making a home, living that way.

In the meantime, yaha!

About a block from his home, he became aware of a great shouting and tumult.

"*Vay iz mir!* My tulips!" That was Mrs. Scharfstein, their across-the-street neighbor. Nice, innocuous Mrs. Scharfstein, whom they'd called the "plant lady"; her place was filled with the things, indoors and out.

"Well, Jesus Christ, keep the door closed," roared another voice—Big Mouth himself.

Curious to see what was going on, Moran sprinted into Mrs. Scharfstein's yard, found her, along with his father, mother, and brother, before her little

greenhouse. Even Max was there, prowling about, whining uneasily. Indeed, there was a general sense of agitation; they stared through the greenhouse windows, waved their arms, all talked at once. But their words were obscured by a greater din, a familiar zizzing, fritzing noise he'd never thought to hear again—only *loud* now. He pushed between his brother and mother with anxiety, stopped dead.

It was the Tinkertoys thing, all right, right inside the greenhouse, not ten feet away from him. But the little switch was on "Reverse" and the thing was sucking everything in sight—plants, shovels, pots—into its vortex.

"My begonias!" Mrs. Scharfstein whirled wrathfully on Moran's father. "This is *your* fault! How could you leave such dangerous things in your garbage can!"

"I don't know what you're talking about," protested Moran's father.

Of course he didn't recognize it; it looked so different when it was operating. Moran tugged Mrs. Scharfstein's arm, tried to keep his voice under control. "*Why* did you take it, Mrs. Scharfstein?"

"The top was off the cans. They were all knocked all over the place. I thought you threw it away!"

"Don't be defensive, Mrs. Scharfstein. I mean, what did you want it for?"

"For a planter, what else?" There was a crash. "My ficus!"

And today she must have hit the switch by accident while puttering around in there.

She snatched Phil Sr. by the shirt-front. "Make it stop!"

"Me? Why the hell should I make it stop? What the hell am I, a goddamn electronics expert or something?" He regarded her with outrage.

If Moran guessed right, "Reverse" meant "home"; by following the greenhouse stuff into the vortex, he'd pop out into his backyard in Los Angeles in 1982. Of course he also might pop out in the battle of Stalingrad, or a pterodactyl's nest. What the hell did he know about time machines?

Then, with a ripping, splintering sound, the greenhouse door tore loose; it, too, vanished into the machine's maw. The zizzing became a howling; a wind whipped up; leaves and dirt flew in the doorway. This was his chance, probably his only one—after months as a planter, the thing might short-circuit any second. He had to chance it. He gave his mother a kiss, his brother a noogie, and his father . . . well, he couldn't think of anything he wanted to give his father. So he just jumped for the vortex.

And landed in his backyard, in his wife's arms. Dirt, debris, and garden

tools rained down around them.

"Claire!" He threw his arms around her.

She looked at him hopefully. "Richard? You're back?"

"Yes! Back! I missed you, oh God..." He held her close, wouldn't let go of her.

"Phillip, what happened? I heard crying and came out. You didn't recognize me; you were like a child having a screaming fit. I was so frightened—I didn't know what to do. Then *this* started happening." She gestured at a silvery, winking aperture about six feet off the ground; a pair of gardening gloves flew through, hit Moran in the face. He hoped Mrs. Scharfstein didn't keep her fertilizer in the greenhouse, too. A trowel whizzed by, narrowly missing Claire's leg; Moran tugged her to her feet, ran with her to the safety of the back porch.

Well, this answered one of his questions. He'd been wondering where the consciousness of his ten-year-old self had gone while his thirty-nine-year-old consciousness was occupying the little guy's body. Evidently, ten-year-old Moran had come here, to '82—an experience so abrupt and dislocating as to have been traumatic. In fact, he could remember it now, from a new, revised version of his personal history that was already superseding the former one—the sudden rush into the future; the strange woman who'd run up to him as he lay there, practically foaming at the mouth in his terror; the sound of a neighbor's leaf blowers. The combination had severely traumatized him... especially the leaf blowers; his ten-year-old consciousness had never heard such a horrible sound in its life.

He inventoried his new self: low self-esteem, harshly self-judgmental, resentful toward authority figures... What the hell was this? His new self was his old self! The growth experiences he'd endured in '52 were simply canceled by the traumatizing effects the young Moran had experienced in the eighties, and he was back where he started, holding an empty bag. It wasn't fair!

"Okay, okay, all set," cried a voice. "Mrs. Moran, I'll have your husband back in... Hey, where'd you go?"

Moran looked around. Little Dougie Kruth, having spotted them on the porch, was now rushing up, holding out another Tinkertoy device.

"Keep that goddamn thing away from me!" Moran yelled. "I got myself back, no thanks to you." He turned to his wife. "Wait'll I tell you what he did to me."

Dougie looked sorrowful. "Phil, what can I say? 'I'm sorry' seems so lame under the circumstances..."

"Lame? I'll say it's lame. Strand me in

1952—I ought to break your neck, you piece of shit."

"Phil!" said his wife, shocked. "Please don't talk that way. Whatever he did, Dougie's just a child..."

"He's no damn child."

"Oh. You, uh, figured that out, huh?"

"I did. What are you, forty or something?"

"Forty-three, actually. Look, Phil—"

"Will somebody please tell me what's going on here?" said Moran's wife.

"Uh... that's gonna take a while,"

Moran told her. Outside, a lawn sprinkler whizzed through the aperture, tore the screening of their porch, and smashed a window. He turned furiously on Dougie. "And now you're wrecking my home, goddamn you! Again!"

Dougie rushed outside, directed the new Tinkertoy thing at the aperture,

He racked his brain to find something the size of an adult erection.

manipulated some controls. The aperture collapsed: the roaring stopped.

He returned to the porch. "Phil, listen. I can't tell you how sorry I am. I'd do anything to make it up to you. See, you save me from drowning in your pool when I'm thirteen, and we get to be pretty good friends. We play chess, watch World Series, take walks through the canyons. When I'm thirty and you're seventy, we even buy some property together, out near the spaceport in San Pedro... Oh, shit, I'm not supposed to tell you about the future. The paradoxes... Look, before I screw anything else up, I better get out of here. This going-into-the-past-stuff is too complicated: I should never have invented it. If I hadn't brought this spare traveler, I'd be stuck here like you were in '52, and I wouldn't like it any more than you did. Well, so long. See you when you're older." Dougie's finger moved to the switch, then paused. "I really shouldn't do this, but... I owe you." He went to Moran, whispered in his ear. Moran looked surprised, then smiled hugely.

"Enjoy, Phil. Well, bye, folks." Dougie stepped back, waved, pushed the switch to "Reverse." For a moment, he split into two Dougies; then the one

with the Tinkertoy machine disappeared, leaving just one. Who looked at Phil and Claire and said, "I've got a lot to think about. See you some other time, folks." Off he went.

Silence in Moran's backyard. Then Claire turned to him with an imploring look. "Please?" she asked him. "Tell me what's going on?"

"Of course," said Moran. "But first—could you put those black stockings back on?"

Somewhat later, Claire got her explanation, though Moran was never sure how much she believed. Life, in all its relentlessness, returned to normal. But as time passed, Moran realized he'd been wrong about that empty bag.

In fact, there were several benefits accruing to him from his adventures in the past. First, he appreciated his home, his life, and even the eighties as never before. Second, he remembered vividly how he'd unflinchingly—well, maybe he'd flinched once or twice—faced up to and dealt with an impossible situation back there. After that, handling the usual crises and concerns of his life here was a piece of cake. Third, he knew from Dougie that he was going to live *at least* until he was seventy, which meant no fear of death for thirty years. He liked that.

But there was more. One day, on impulse, Moran checked the bank in Oyster Cove, Long Island, to see if there were any accounts in his name. There were, and they'd been accumulating interest for thirty years. There was also a large safe deposit box containing bonds, title deeds, stock certificates, patents, and the like. He had to wait while they totaled his equity; as it worked out, he was now worth slightly in excess of thirty-seven million dollars. When he regained the power of speech, he called the chewing gum company, told them he wouldn't be coming in anymore.

He tried repeatedly to find Teischer, in vain. There was no record of the man. He did, however, find something else interesting in the Oyster Cove phone book—a listing for a Phil Moran. Which could have meant nothing, or maybe, just maybe, Moran had a thirty-year-old son. Someday he'd have to check that out.

And why would Moran think himself of sufficient potency to leave adorable Denise with a love child, after having failed so abjectly in this goal with Claire in the eighties? Because of what Dougie whispered before he left. He said, "Sometime soon, you're going to have two of the most beautiful children anyone's ever seen—a boy and a girl—and you're going to enjoy it more than anything you've ever done." ■

JEFFERSON AND REAGAN:

A Side-by-Side Comparison

by Paul Somers, Jr.

JEFFERSON

REAGAN

NICKNAMES:	"Man of the People," "Sage of Monticello"	"The Great Communicator," "The Gipper"
EDUCATION:	Private tutoring, College of William and Mary, "read" law, admitted to the bar	Dixon High School, Eureka College
OCCUPATIONS:	Planter, lawyer, architect, inventor, statesman	Sportscaster, actor, TV host, salesman, politician, rancher, communicator
POLITICAL CAREER:	Member, Virginia House of Burgesses; Representative, Second Continental Congress; Governor, Virginia; Minister to Paris; Secretary of State; Vice President, United States; President, United States	Governor, California; President, United States
INTERESTS:	Meteorology, paleontology, agronomy, geology, architecture	Horseback riding, televised spectator sports, chopping wood, riding in helicopters, humming, napping
LANGUAGES:	French, Italian, Spanish, Latin, Greek, English	English, pig Latin
FAVORITE AUTHORS:	Livy, Tacitus (in the original)	Zane Grey, Louis L'Amour, George Will (in English translation)
BOOKS/ WRITINGS:	<i>A Summary View of the Rights of British Americans</i> , <i>Notes on the State of Virginia</i> , <i>Manual of Parliamentary Practice</i> , <i>An Essay Towards Facilitating Instruction in the Anglo-Saxon and Modern Dialects of the English Language</i>	<i>Where's the Rest of Me?</i> (with Richard G. Hubler)
PUBLIC WRITINGS/ DOCUMENTS:	Declaration of Independence (with Benjamin Franklin and John Adams), Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom, Northwest Ordinance of 1784	Speech in Memory of the Nazi War Dead (delivered in Bitburg, GDR), Memo to Lt. Col. Oliver North (original and all copies believed destroyed), Postcard to Lucky in California
TELEVISION SERIES:	None	<i>General Electric Theater</i> , <i>Death Valley Days</i>
FILMS:	None	<i>Love Is on the Air</i> , <i>Swing Your Lady</i> , <i>Sergeant Murphy</i> , <i>Hollywood Hotel</i> , <i>Accidents Will Happen</i> , <i>The Cowboy from Brooklyn</i> , <i>Boy Meets Girl</i> , <i>Girls on Probation</i> , <i>Brother Rat</i> , <i>Going</i>

Places, Secret Service of the Air, Dark Victory, Code of the Secret Service, Naughty but Nice, Hell's Kitchen, Angels Wash Their Faces, Smushing the Money Ring, Brodber Rat and a Baby, An Angel from Texas, Murder in the Air, Knute Rockne—All American, Tugboat Annie Sails Again, Santa Fe Trail, The Bad Man, Million Dollar Baby, Nine Lives Are Not Enough, International Squadron, Kings Row, Juke Girl, Desperate Journey, This Is the Army, Stallion Road, That Hagen Girl, The Voice of the Turtle, John Loves Mary, Night unto Night, The Girl from Jones Beach, It's a Great Feeling, The Hasty Heart, Louisa, Storm Warning, Bedtime for Bonzo, The Last Outpost, Hong Kong, She's Working Her Way Through College, The Winning Team, Tropic Zone, Law and Order, Prisoner of War, Cattle Queen of Montana, Tennessee's Partner, Hellcats of the Navy, The Killers

DISTINGUISHED ASSOCIATES:

Benjamin Franklin, George Washington, John Adams, the Marquis de Lafayette, Alexander Hamilton

FOREIGN POLICY ACHIEVEMENTS:

Louisiana Purchase, Embargo Act of 1807

SLAVES OWNED:

200

INVENTIONS:

Dumbwaiter, revolving music stand, dry dock, swivel chair, improved plow

EXPLORATION:

Lewis and Clark Expedition

ORGANIZATIONS:

American Philosophical Society, president

LIBRARY:

10,000 volumes, later became basis of Library of Congress

CONTRIBUTIONS TO EDUCATION:

Founded the University of Virginia

MISCELLANEOUS:

Opposed Alien and Sedition Act

Frank Sinatra, Ed Meese, Jerry Falwell, Oliver North, John Wayne, Peter Lawford, Don Regan, Richard Nixon, Sammy Davis, Jr., Michael Deaver, Pat Buchanan, Bud McFarlane

Bombing of U.S. Embassy in Beirut; invasion of Grenada; bombing of Libya; Reykjavik summit; swapping of arms with Iran for release of hostages, money for the Contras, etc.

None

Teflon presidency

Challenger

Tau Kappa Epsilon; Screen Actors Guild, president

30 *Reader's Digest Condensed Books*, current *Reader's Digests* (back issues donated annually to Goodwill for tax deduction)

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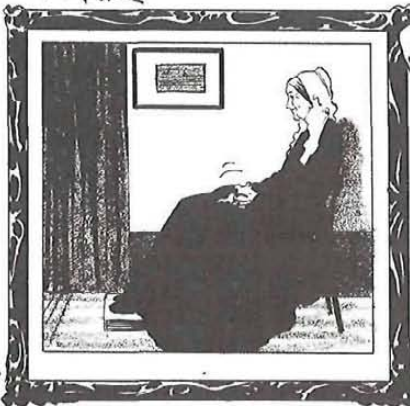


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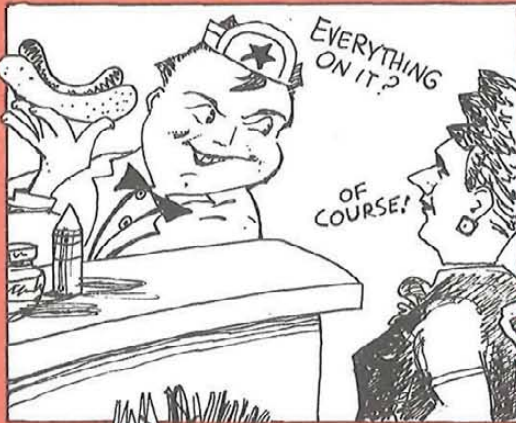
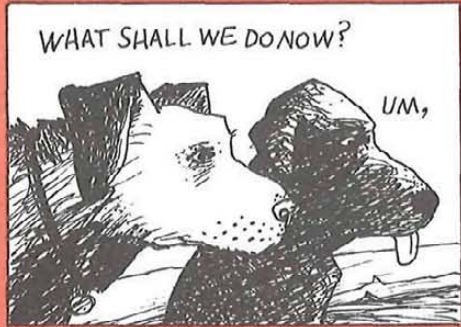
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Questions and Answers





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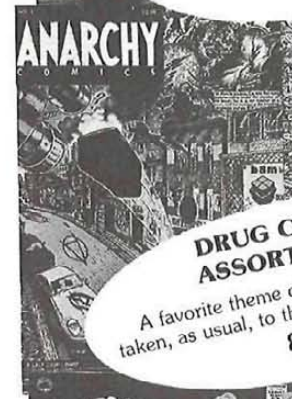
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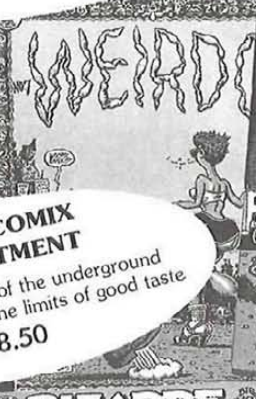
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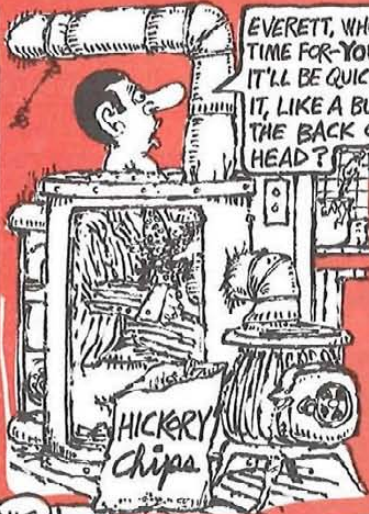
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SAM DE GROOT
 ONE OF ONLY NINETY-TWO
 PRIVATE DETECTIVES
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 IN AN IRON LUNG
THE STORY...

SAM IS BEING HELD
 PRISONER IN HIS IRON LUNG
 BY EVERETT, WHO ADMITS
 THAT HE IS A CANNIBAL!
 EVERETT FORCE-FEEDS
 SAM LARGE AMOUNTS
 OF FOOD TO FATTEN HIM
 UP TO BE EATEN. SAM
 IS ALSO BEING HICKORY-
 SMOKED FOR FLAVOR!



EVERETT, WHEN IT'S
 TIME FOR YOU KNOW,
 IT'LL BE QUICK, WON'T
 IT, LIKE A BULLET IN
 THE BACK OF THE
 HEAD?

OH, NO! THAT'S TOO
 MESSY. I HANDLE IT
 JUST LIKE THEY DO IN
 A SLAUGHTERHOUSE.

I'M OFF TO THE MARKET FOR
 SOME EGGS, SAM. I'M GOING
 TO MAKE THAT CUSTARD
 YOU LIKE SO MUCH.

SLAUGHTERHOUSE. MY
 ASS! HE'S NOT HITTING
 ME ON THE HEAD WITH
 NO SLEDGEHAMMER!

NOW'S MY CHANCE
 TO ESCAPE FROM
 THIS NUT....



I CAN KICK OUT THIS
 PLEXIGLAS PANEL....



THERE! NOW
 TO GET THE HELL
 OUTTA HERE....



HE MAY BE A SCREWBALL, BUT, BOY, CAN HE
 COOK! ESPECIALLY THAT CUSTARD—
 IN-CREDIBLE! I'M SURE GONNA MISS THAT!



OTHER THAN BEIN' A
 CANNIBAL, EVERETT
 WASN'T A BAD GUY...
 AND CRAZY AS IT
 MAY SOUND,...



...IT WASN'T A BAD
 LIFE AT ALL, LIVIN'
 THERE. CLEAN, WARM,
 24 SQUARE MEALS
 A DAY....



BESIDES, I CAN
 ESCAPE AGAIN.
 SHIT, I CAN
 ESCAPE ANY-
 TIME I PLEASE!

IT'S OPEN, SAM!
 THE CUSTARD IS
 COOLING—I'M JUST
 SPRINKLING FRESH
 GROUND CINNAMON
 ON IT. YOU CAN EAT IT
 IN ABOUT 10 MINUTES.

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 THE DEMAND FOR EVERETT'S CUSTARD RECIPE WAS SO
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Take advantage of these fantastic prices NOW! Each super-erotic video cassette is priced from \$7.95.

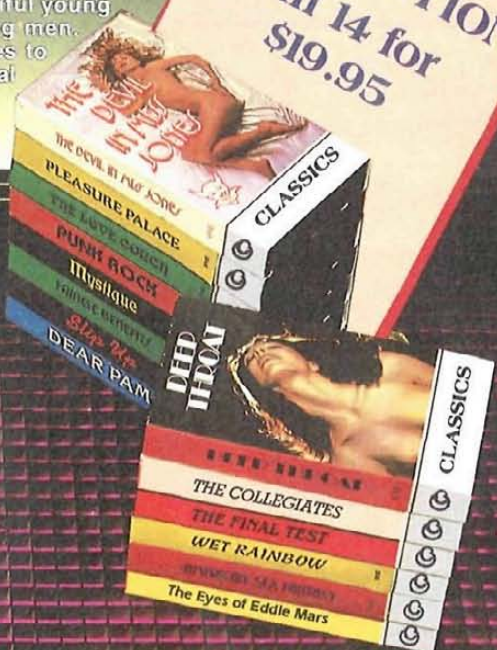
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Billy Dee, Johnny Kaye, Bianca Blue, Rhonda Joe | XSF-707 EBONY, IVORY, AND ORIENTAL
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Lila Lovelace, Candy Sumpster, James Leslie | XSF-709 JUST US GIRLS
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DREAD COUNTY ARCHIVES



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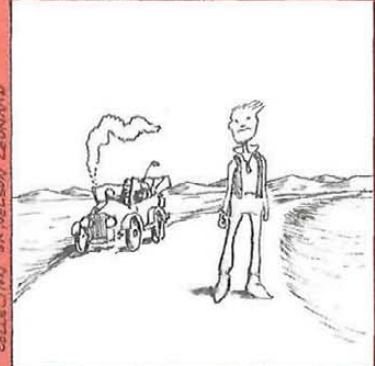
SEE AND HEAR THE SHRILL CARILLON.



DRIVE 111111 SOUTH OF FOUR CUPP STATE RECREATION AREA TO GRIP FALLS PARKING LOT.



SHERIFF BILLY HOBBS KEPT DREAD CO. PEACEABLE FROM 1935-70. THE TARNISHED PHOTO HE HOLDS WAS WHAT HOBBS CALLED HIS "FIRST DOLLAR," SO TO SPEAK.



HOBBS'S FIRST DOLLAR WAS THOM LEONARD, A LUCKLESS OKIE JUST PASSIN' THRU.



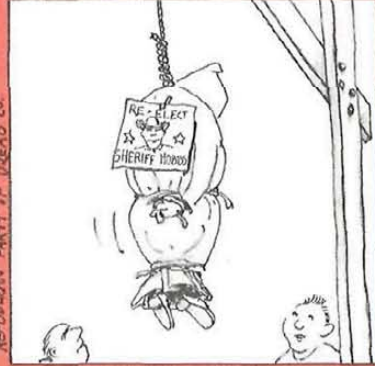
"LEONARD JUST HAD IT COMING TO HIM," SAID HOBBS, WHOSE PRANKISH BRAND OF JUSTICE WAS NONETHELESS EFFECTIVE.



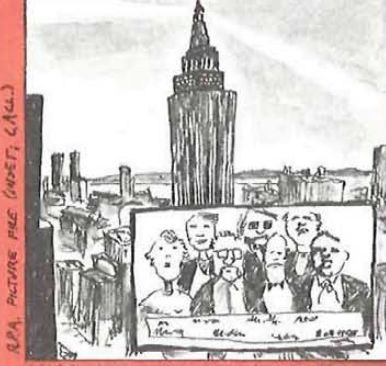
WHENEVER LYNCHIN' LOST ITS LUSTER, HOBBS TOOK SPECIAL CARE TO SEE TO IT THAT THE PUNISHMENT WOULD ALWAYS FIT THE CRIME.



UNLIKE OTHER LAWMEN WHO DE-MOANED CERTAIN SUPREME COURT RULINGS, HOBBS WAS MORE THAN HAPPY TO COMPLY.



ELECTION YEARS DURING HOBBS'S TENURE MEANT AN OPPORTUNITY FOR EVERYONE TO PARTICIPATE IN THE DEMOCRATIC PROCESS.



N.Y.C., 1970. HOBBS WAS PUZZLED YET HONORED TO BE NOMINATED LAWMAN OF THE YEAR BY A GROUP OF CIVIL LIBERTARIANS.



SINGLED OUT FOR HIS LIFE ACHIEVEMENT, HOBBS WAS PRESENTED WITH A SPECIAL VEST AND A PAIR OF TICKETS TO AN UPTOWN STAGE SHOW.

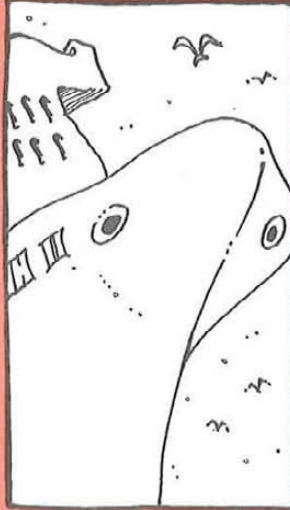


ENCOURAGED TO SEE THE SIGHTS, HOBBS STEPPED OUT TO "POKE AROUND," NEVER TO BE SEEN OR HEARD FROM AGAIN.

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD

TRUE BIBLE
STORIES

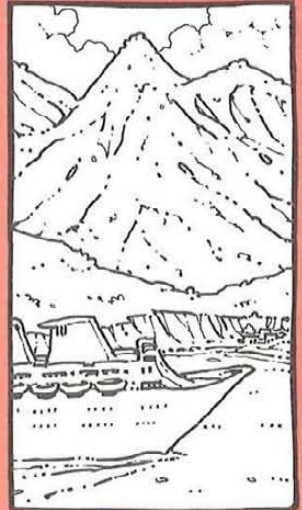
RICK
GEARY
©86



DOWN IN JAMAICA, THEY'RE
BUILDING A NEW ARK--TO BE
CHRISTENED NOAH II.



(IT'S EASIER DOWN THERE,
BECAUSE THE GOVERNMENT
IS A THEOCRACY.)



ANYWAY, IT COST ABOUT
\$400 MILLION TO BUILD!



THEY'RE GOING TO PUT ABOARD
IT TWO OF EVERY BEAST,
ACCORDING TO ITS KIND.



AS WELL AS EVERY KIND OF
PLANT AND SARUB.



ALSO THIS TIME! BUSINESS
MACHINES OF ALL KINDS!



EVERYONE GATHERS IN THE
FORWARD LOUNGE.



TRIVIA TOURNAMENT IN THE
PIANO BAR.



GRANDMAS' BRAGGIN' PARTY
(HORIZON LOUNGE)



COCKTAIL TIME!



"DANCING INTO THE NITE"
(PROMENADE LOUNGE)

What was the shattering event that had forever transformed the once innocent Harry O'Brien into the vigilante of vice he is today? It can now be revealed - **THE ORIGIN OF**

DIRTY FATHER HARRY

PRIVATE C E L I B A T E D I C K

LIKE OTHER FINE YOUNG MEN, HARRY WAS AN ALTAR BOY.

OH GOSH... THIS IS MY FAVORITE PART!

HE LOOKED UP TO FATHER BROWN AS A PERFECT MODEL OF KINDNESS, VIRTUE, AND CELIBACY.

ON THAT FATEFUL SUNDAY, FATHER BROWN HAD JUST DELIVERED A STINGING SERMON RENOUNCING THE PERVERSION OF PERVERSION IN OUR SOCIETY.

WE SEE CORRUPTION EVERYWHERE... ON THE RADIO... ON TELEVISION... IN FAST-FOOD JOINTS...

THE CONGREGATION SAT IN SILENT REVERENCE.

AT THAT MOMENT A GANG OF DISAFFECTED ALTAR BOYS MADE THEIR ENTRANCE, THREATENING TO DISTURB THE PEACEFUL TRANQUILITY OF THE SERVICE.

THERE HE IS, BOYS!

HAVING BEEN EXCLUDED FROM THE ANNUAL ALTAR BOYS' PICNIC, THEY WERE IN AN UGLY MOOD.

PICNIC SHMNIC

TAKE A HIKE, PADRE. WE'LL FINISH UP THE SERVICE.

HEY, LEAVE HIM ALONE PLEASE!

OOPS

I SAY LET'S WASTE 'IM.

UNACCUSTOMED AS HE WAS TO PHYSICAL VIOLENCE, HARRY WATCHED HELPLESSLY AS THEY BEAT FATHER BROWN TO WITHIN AN INCH OF SAINTHOOD.

STAY OUTTA DIS, SQUID!

STOP! OH! STOP... GOD IS WATCHING, Y'KNOW!

What had once been a countenance of serenity and devotion was left a bloody mangle.

TEARS FILLED HARRY'S EYES.

TEARS OF SORROW SOON BECAME TEARS OF ANGER, OF BETRAYAL

OH FATHER! HOW COULD YOU?

THE HAIRPIECE LYING NEXT TO FATHER BROWN TOLD THE STORY.

THE SINS OF VICE HAD INFILTRATED THE VERY RANKS OF THE ORDAINED

FROM THAT MOMENT ON HARRY VOWED TO SPEND THE REMAINDER OF HIS LIFE FIGHTING SIN AND DEPRAVITY WHEREVER HE MIGHT FIND IT.

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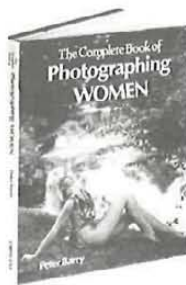
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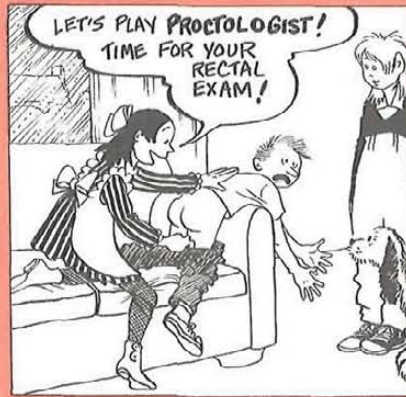
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TROTS and BONNIE



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TITTY BAR

continued from page 44

"No, but I could of handled her."

"That's just it, we *all* could of handled her."

"She oughta donate those things to the Smithsonian Museum."

"I don't think they allow female jugs in the Smithsonian Museum."

"I believe they'd make an exception," Rhett said. "You couldn't call em jugs, though."

"No."

"Have to call em succulent mounds."

"Yeah. You know, another thing about Virginia Bell—she could make those Mount Nemos do more tricks than Rin Tin Tin."

"That's a fact," he said. "Or they could call em Human Himalayas."

"Shoot, they needed a pole-vaulter just to see the top of em."

"Maybe they could call em Titanic Titties."

Anyhow, we went on like this for a while, discussing the eighth and ninth wonders of the Western world, when I said, "Heck, *that's it. I wanna get married to Virginia Bell!*"

And Rhett said, "How about Hippo Hooters?"

"Listen to me, Beavers, I wanna marry em . . . I wanna marry her!"

"No way, Jose. She's in the movies. She can have any guy in Cincinnati she wants."

And I said, "But I'm in love with her."

And Rhett said, "What do you think of Great Big Ole Bazoomas?"

"I'm in love with her."

"Shoot, we can find better titties than that."

"There ain't no better titties."

"I hear they got some in Houston so big they gotta close off a lane of traffic ever time she gets in her car."

"Yeah, I heard about em, too, but she's one of them *married* wives."

"There's probly titties like that hidin under goat sweaters all over Texas."

"I guess if they had some out here, you wouldn't know it, cause there's not enough traffic."

"How about just Double Hulk?"

Sometimes me and Rhett thought on the same wavelength.

We were ridin by one of Ozona's finer restaurants, called B-B-Q, and I said, "You know, there could be titties in that place there, just crying to get out."

Rhett looked over at B-B-Q and said, "Nope. Too little. Couldn't get Virginia Bell's titties through that door."

"I guess you're right."

Then we didn't say anything for a while, but when we got to the other end of town we saw another restaurant, called EAT.

By that time I'd already finished off all Rhett's Beenie Weenies, so I said, "You hungry?"

"I could do with some goat meat," Rhett said.

And so I pulled in at EAT, which had a big wide door on it, and we went inside and got a booth and stared at the waitress's chest when she came up to the table, and after about two minutes it started to bother her and she said, "Do you know what you want?"

And Rhett said, "Yes, ma'am. Two, please."

And she said, "Two what?"

And I said, "Do you ever have any trouble pulling out on the highway?"

And she said, "Sometimes."

And I said, "What's your name?"

"Vida Stegall."

"Vida, may I call you Vida?"

"Of course."

"Vida, I'll have two over easy."

"And what about him?"

"Vida, he's speechless."

"Okay, I'll come back later."

"Vida?"

"Yes?"

"Show me your tits."

After we got out of the Ozona jail, Rhett had this great binness idea. He couldn't stop talkin about it. He kept saying that we were in the heart of Bazooma Country and why not take advantage of it?

"I never knew why they called this the Hill Country," he said to me.

"But it's no good, Rhett," I kept telling him. "They don't wanna show em down here. It ain't like Cincinnati."

But Rhett said, "We'll put on titty fashion shows, and the whole *city* will come out to look at em."

"Rhett, there ain't such a thing as titty fashion shows."

"Why not?"

"Cause there ain't such a thing as titty fashions."

"What about Virginia Bell's whirlybirds?"

"It's only people up north that buy that stuff."

"Okay, so we put on titty fashion shows and all the people up north come down here to look at em."

Obviously, Rhett finally said something that made sense, so I said I'd give it a try. And I won't go through all the discussions that led up to it, but that's basically how the first titty bar in America was born. There was a lot of people that tried to *act* like they started titty bars: burlesque shows, go-go clubs, those places in Cuba where they teach

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TITTY BAR

continued from page 103

titties to do the rumba. But the first real titty bar was on Highway 290 between Ozona and Sonora, out there where you can still tell the difference between the goats and most of the women.

I know. We owned it.

The idea was gonna be that I was the talent manager and musical director, and Rhett was the binness manager. And if we discovered any legitimate wife material in the daily cattle call, I got to marry her for at least one day. What we did is, we rented a big ole cinder-block shearing shed setting back off the highway, and then we started putting in some lava lamps and strobe lights and a great Sears sound system, and when it was about ready to open, we put this ad in ever newspaper between San Angelo and Laredo. Here's what it said:

Wanted: Girls with enormous talents, for special medical experiment. Please send photo, color if possible, of largest gland on upper torso. Take photo in extremely cold room for maximum exposure. Send to Dr. Joseph Robert Briggs, c/o "Chez Highway 290," Rural Route 3, Sonora, Tex.

Please enclose marital status and whether you're a slut or not. Thank you.

I made a big mistake by using a medical word like "gland" in the ad, cause we got some *disgusting* stuff in the mailbox. It got so bad the mailman said he wasn't delivering to us no more unless the USDA checked his pouch for bacteria ever morning. But of course we got flooded with applications from all over the greater Sonora area. We had to narrow em down one by one, call em in to talk things over, interview em, audition em, see how they could dance, find out if they could talk English—we pretty much had to put em through the old meat grinder. Pretty soon we were gonna have some of the most amazing boobs in West Texas waltzing across the shearing shed.

Actually, we only got one application, but there's a perfectly good explanation for that.

A lot of the girls read the ad *and they didn't know it was a titty bar*. Course, how could you be expected to know in those days? You walk up to somebody in 1959 and you say, "I own a titty bar," and they think you're crazy. I had to educate the entire nation before we'd get the titty-bar idea started.



Anyhow, this one ole gal comes by, named Joyce Karnes. And I wouldn't say Joyce had the most gigantic B-52s in the whole known universe, but she had more up front than Rhett and me, and so I auditioned her to the Meat Market theme song, "Climb Ever Mountain," and she could pretty much stay on the beat as long as you didn't confuse her by talkin or movin your body while she was up there. We planned it so at the end of the song she was gonna whip off her Dacron Annette Funicello tube-top foam-rubber-support turquoise swimming vest right at the moment when the record hit the high note, and then she was gonna make those boobs finish the song.

The only problem is, you don't know what boobs'll do until you get em in front of a live audience. And the funny thing is, it has nothing to do with size. You get little ones that do thirty Broadway show tunes in a row, and you can get humongous ones that freeze up on-stage and just lay there like a couple of watery snow cones. It's tough when something like that happens, cause it's hard to keep your dignity.

On opening night we were ready for anything. Joyce was a little nervous, so I took her backstage for some psychological counseling.

"Now, Joyce," I told her, "I hope you realize we're making American history tonight, and it's all resting on your chest."

She nodded demurely and then spelled it.

"You're not just doing this for yourself, you know. You're three people tonight."

She counted herself slowly.

"And I don't wanna see you doing anything lewd or disgusting on the stage that would embarrass your country. We're gonna have a shed full of horny cowboys out there, and they'd be mighty disappointed if you did anything that the county sheriff would be ashamed of."

"Mr. Briggs?"

"Yes?"

"Can I get nekkid now?"

That's the kind of girl Joyce was, always ready to exhibit the groceries.

"Of course you can, dear. Here, gimme two kisses."

"Joe Bob?"

"Yes."

"Can I do my medley from *Oklahoma!*?"

"Now, Joyce, you remember what I said about being lewd or disgusting on the stage?"

"Can I just sing 'I'm Gonna Wash That Man Right Out of My Hair'?"

"Joyce, we're gonna have members

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TITTY BAR

continued from page 104

of the Texas state legislature out there tonight."

"Well, can I just put my fists on my hips and belt one out, like 'No Binness like Show Binness,' or maybe 'Ever-thang's Comin Up Roses?'"

"Joyce, I'll let you do all the show tunes on Tuesday nights from four to six, but right now I just want you to concentrate on the number we already worked on."

"Which one?"

"'I Only Have Thighs for You.'"

"Okay. Joe Bob, I won't let you down. I'll sing my little heart out."

"Joyce, you still don't understand. *No singing.* I'll put the record on, you come out and do the rumba and move your lips like you're singin, and then at the very end, when we get to the last chorus, on the word 'thighs' I want you to spring em out of the chute."

"Nipples first?"

"No, I want whirlybirds on em."

"Whirlybirds?"

And then it hit me. "Heck, *I forgot to buy whirlybirds!* Durn! Rhet was supposed to remind me and . . . wait a minute . . . I got an idea. . . Here, use these. The crowd'll never know the difference."

"You want me to put these on my breasts?"

"Only on the front of em."

"What if they go off?"

"They won't go off as long as you don't light em up."

"No! It's too dangerous. I could poke a breast out with one of them things."

"Just get some Elmer's and stick em on there like *this*, and like *this*, and like *this*, and like *this*, with the exploding part stuck directly on the fleshy part of the titty proper."

"No! Absolutely not!"

"Joyce, you do this to me now and I'm finished. It's either this or we paint Captain Kangaroo characters on your tits so we can tell the cops it's a kiddie show."

"You wouldn't!"

"Joyce, trust me. Put these on your tits, be a trouper, and I'll let you sing 'Some Enchanted Evening' next week."

"What about my dramatic reading with harp accompaniment?"

"Joyce, *this is not the Miss Texas Pageant, what you think we got here, perverts?*"

I kind of hurt Joyce's feelings when I said that, cause she gets upset when I yell at her, and so I said, "Look, I'm sorry. We can talk later. But right now you need to stick these sizzlers on your headlamps so we can start the show. We got three hundred raving citizens out there, it's the Fourth of July, and Rhet just had to send over to Sonora for some more goat nachos. *Please.* You got nothin to worry about. Just keep jiggling and they won't care. Let your Almond Joys do all the work."

"Joe Bob, I'm scared."

"I know you are, honey, but remember, it's not you out there, it's your Mama Leonas."

"You're right."

"Okay, let's go over the rules one more time. Rule number one."

"Always bounce vertically, never sideways."

"Very good. Rule numero two-o."

"Always remember where I am on the stage."

"Why?"

She thought for a minute. "So I don't damage the customers with my tits?"

"No, so you don't get sweat in the drinks."

"Oh yeah."

"Okay, and rule numero three-o?"

"Use ever inch. Never give em the whole potato all at once."

"You got it. And, by the way, Joyce . . ."

"Yes."

"You got Idaho grade A's."

She blushed. "I just hope they don't freeze up on me."

"Don't say that. Now knock em dead."

"I thought you didn't want me to . . ."

"No, you're right, don't knock em dead. Just keep em under control and do the encores one tit at a time."

"I love you, Joe Bob."

That's the kind of bullstuff I was afraid of, cause, frankly, Joyce was uglier than a bullfrog with acne, but I didn't let on, cause when you're in the titty binness, you take the titties anywhere you can find em.

You should of seen the place that night: July 4, 1959. We had a big sign outside—CHEZ HIGHWAY 290—and underneath that we wrote in "A Club for Gentlemen and Their Sleazy Friends." One time we got wrote up in *Cavalier* magazine, and here's what they said about us:

"Readers in Texas report a nightclub, hidden away on an isolated goat ranch, where bestiality is openly practiced."

When that come out, I showed it to Heaven Lee, our best dancer, and she said, "What's bestiality?"

And I said, "That's *you*. They're saying how you're openly practiced."

"Does that mean I practice a lot?"

"Yeah, and it's the opposite of worstiality."

So after that we changed the sign out front and wrote on it "Ask Us About Our Bestiality," and binness picked up quite a bit from then on. But that was a couple years later, after we were famous. Back on the Fourth of July opening night, things were a little shaky.

Joyce did fine at first. She come out shakin and bakin like a plate of strawberry Jell-O, but the animals in the au-



"Well, I had a lovely evening, but now I've got to hurry up ahead and try to lose you on a side street."

dience just stared at her all during the "Theme from *Forbidden Planet*" number. I remember she had enough mascara and gook around her eyes to audition for Barnum and Bailey, but nobody was lookin at her eyes. They were staring at the big white bow on the front of her prom dress, cause they knew at some point she was gonna pull on that sucker and spring her Pop-Tarts. So then she moved into "Rock Around the Clock," the original Bill Haley version, and that heated em up a little bit, cause under her dress she didn't have a brassiere and she was obviously hiding a few of the neighboring counties on her chest. And finally, we got to the payoff number, "I Only Have Thighs for You," and by then the audience was getting a little unruly, specially Lester Scranton, who drove down all the way from Austin and was investigating us for the Texas Rangers. Lester said if he didn't see some decent boobies, he was gonna arrest us for public lewdness on a goat ranch.

Actually, I was countin *very* heavily on gettin arrested that night. I had my overnight bag packed, I had a statement about Communist censorship ready to read to the reporters, and I had some spare handcuffs under the bar in case Lester tried to arrest me without cuffs.

"Rhett," I said that afternoon, "I don't want nobody arrested without cuffs, cause it looks better in the newspapers. Specially Joyce. If they don't cuff her, then I want *you* to cuff her from behind."

"I don't know, Joe Bob, I think you can get in trouble for going around putting handcuffs on people."

"Only if they don't like it. Joyce *loves* handcuffs."

"Oh."

So anyhow, I had the cuffs ready, and I had Lester in the audience (I greeted Lester personally at the door and said, "Lester, I want you to know we got some nasty illegal stuff goin on in here tonight"), and I had Joyce's Grand Teton open for tourism.

Like I say, everything started out okay, and we got clean through to the "Thighs" number with Joyce doin the rumba, the twist, and a modern-jazz interpretive dance. The reason I know it was a modern-jazz interpretive dance is she told me afterwards, right after I screamed at her, "What the flying Frito was *that*?" And she said it was a modern-jazz interpretive dance. It's basically where somebody puts on a fart record and Joyce imitates a horny kangaroo. I told her to never let it happen again. It was a good thing everybody was drunk as the U.S. Congress, cause otherwise they would of noticed Joyce

could dance about as good as the muscular-dystrophy poster child.

Finally, though, we got clean through to the moment of truth. I was running the record player, and I had Perry Como's version of "I Only Have Thighs for You," with Rhett shoutin out "Thighs!" ever time the word came up, only he generally shouted it out about three beats too late, but anyhow I was startin to feel good about the whole thing. The crowd was getting rowdy, but we'd only had three, four people carried out on stretchers, which is pretty good for that part of West Texas, and you could tell they knew it was comin. One way you could tell it was comin is Joyce kept testing her bow to see if she knew how to get the sucker untied. But the goat-ropers knew something humongous was about to spill out of the Hoover Dam, and they started tiltin back in their chairs and puttin their cigarettes out and wipin their sleeves across their mouths like gentlemen.

And finally Rhett yelled out the last "Thighs!" just as loud as he could do it, and Joyce stopped dancin, put both hands on her bow, and ripped the top of her dress clean off her body. There was an agonizing second of suspense that seemed like hundreds of thousands of years as her titties hung suspended in the air, and then went *thwack*.

That's the noise they made when they flopped out: *thwack*.

The reason I know that's the noise

they made is it was the only noise in the club.

The place went dead. Joyce stood there with her jugs hangin loose, and everybody just stared at em. No clappin, no yee-hawin, no nothin. I wasn't sure what was goin on, so finally I yelled out, "How about another big thwack for the boys here, Joyce." And so Joyce jumped up on her high heels and flopped em again.

The second time she did it, Lester Scranton turned around and looked at me and said, "Hell, Briggs, I oughta arrest you for false advertising."

And I said, "Hell, Lester, they're not atomic missiles, but they're 32s."

"They might be 32s if you inflated em to about double size."

And I looked at em and Lester was right. Joyce had Silly Putty for boobs, and at the moment they were laying down like salami slices on vacation.

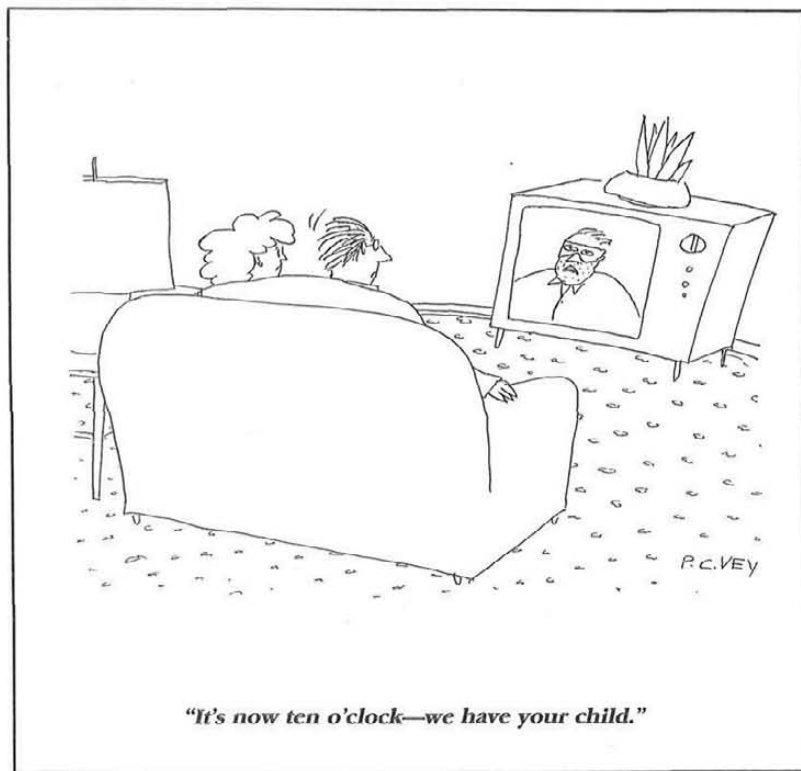
"Thwack em again, Joyce!" I screamed.

And then all hell broke loose. "Please no, don't do it," somebody yelled, and they they all started screamin, *Please don't do that thwack thing again*. It was sort of like the sound of fingernails on a chalkboard, it was just somethin you can't listen to without gettin sick at your stomach.

People started gettin up to leave, and so I jumped up onstage and begged em to stay.

"Really, she can do more than

continued on page 110



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—Downers Grove (Illinois) Reporter

TS1060B "White Sulphur Springs, Montana—Four riflemen firing a ceremonial salute at a military funeral accidentally shot the minister."
—San Francisco Chronicle

TS1060C "After an eighteen-month study, the British Academy of Science recommended to Parliament that British rock stars be prohibited from selling their semen to commercial sperm banks."
—UMKC University News

TS1060D "Manchester, Iowa—To deter wandering in the halls, authorities at West Delaware High School required each student on his way to the bathroom to wear a toilet seat around his neck."
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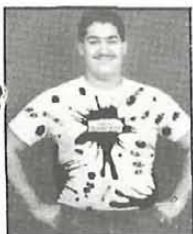


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TITTY BAR

continued from page 107

thwack em," I said. "She can make these titties do anything you want."

"Can she inflate em?" some guy yelled.

And then I saw Lester hissself gettin up to leave, and I said, "Lester, you han't even arrested anybody yet."

And Lester said, "I'm about ready to arrest those titties for loitering!"

You know, some people can be cruel.

I jumped down off the stage, screaming at everybody to stay, and I saw my life pass before my eyes. I realized for the first time that my entire future life depended on two boobs that I didn't even know that well, and it all seemed so unfair, and I didn't know how I was gonna save myself, when suddenly I heard a loud hissing sound behind me, like a rattler that's about to pounce, and I looked around, and there was Joyce, *lighting up her tits*.

I forgot about the firecrackers. We tied six firecrackers to her boobs to cover up the nipples, and now she was putting a match up to her chest in an attempt to commit breast-a-cide.

"Joyce, don't do it! It's not worth it!"

She didn't seem to hear me. She put the match up to the other boob.

"Joyce, the furniture's rented!"

But it was too late. There was nothing I could say. It took about five seconds for the fuses to burn down, and then they all went off at once. I heard the explosion, but I couldn't stand to look. I dove under a table and started to cry. I prayed she wouldn't burn the place down.

It seemed like an eternity—the explosion was a chain reaction that seemed to last an hour—and then all I heard was screams and shrieks and the pounding of boots on the floor and Rhett standing on the bar and screaming, "She did it! She really did it!"

And all I could think of was I was gonna get hauled in for accessory-to-murder now. I crawled up from under the table, still afraid to look at the stage.

Then I saw the look in Lester Scran-ton's eyes, and I knew something was terrible terrible wrong. Lester's eyes were spread open wider than I've ever seen em in my life, and he had one of those I-just-got-Ernest-Tubb's-autograph grins on his face, and he couldn't take his eyes off *whatever it was* on the stage.

I was still too scared to turn around myself, but then everybody in the place started shouting, "More! Encore! Hoist Them Hooters!" and all the other tradi-

tional stuff you yell at a nightclub. And so I finally looked around, and there was Joyce, standing straight up in the middle of the stage, nothin left on her boobs but huge black circles around the nipples, and they were floppin around like they had Meskin jumping beans inside em. I swear they kept hop-pin and rollin around for two, three minutes after I first turned around, and all Joyce did was stand there beaming like she just got crowned Miss Goat Industry.

I wanted to marry her right then and there. It was the first time in my life a girl ever set her tits on fire for me.

Later on I got the whole story. Joyce was so disappointed when her tits didn't flop on cue—it was partly my fault, cause I told her about how Virginia Bell could *always* flop on cue—that she didn't even think about the personal danger. She grabbed some matches from this ole boy who was sitting in the front row and went to work. Once she got em lit, she heaved out her chest, and the impact of the explosion caused her to do a double back flip, and then the momentum of her tits continuing to do the rumba spun her around three, four times while the smoke cleared, and then the applause started her adrenaline pumping and so she squeezed em a few times and they started singin "The Star-Spangled Banner" and doing production numbers from *South Pacific*. All I caught was the tail end of the routine, when her titties were all tucked out.

Course, the legend of what happened that night probly got a few silicone injections over the years, but I basically believe it except for the part about her spinning around. I think she only spun around once or twice, cause I know how easy it is for Joyce to get dizzy.

Like I say, I decided to marry her that very night, even though she only had hooters the size of Delaware.

"Joyce," I said, "I want you to be my wife."

She said, "Huh?"

I said, "By the way, where you from?"

And she went into this long story about how she was from Abilene and her granddaddy was a buffalo hunter and she left home when she was fourteen so she wouldn't have to play the violin anymore, and I said, "Okay, good enough for me."

And she said, "What?"

We were married that night in Ciudad Acuna, which is Meskin for "Coon City." We didn't have much of a honeymoon. We spent it in the backseat of the Mercury, cause I blew the whole gate from Chez Highway 290 on "la beera." Actually, *sbe* spent it in the backseat of the Mercury, and I spent it



"Oh, that crazy old Uncle Ed . . . I'll bet he's the one who sent you the Etch-A-Sketch."

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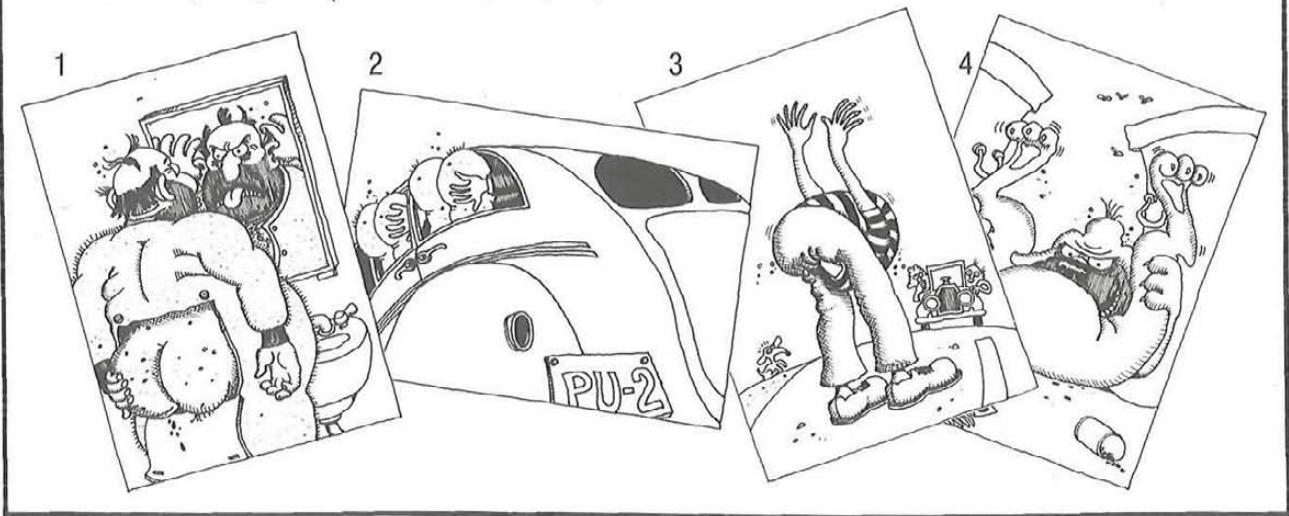
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on the floor, passed out from "la beera too mucha."

The next night we went right back to work, cause now we were the hottest thing in goat country. My wife was now billed as The Exploding Tit Woman.

We worked it into the act, and for the next two years she blew her tits up, twice a night like clockwork. Some women wouldn't have understood a husband that made em do that. They would have thought it was "kinky" or "dirty" or "dangerous."

But not Joyce.

I loved her like a trained pet. There wasn't anything I wouldn't do for Joyce, except maybe co-sign on a car note. A few months after the club opened, Rhett tried to add a new number to her routine. He wanted her to balance a glass of water on her left tit while she was doing ventriloquism. It was something Rhett saw her do at a party.

But I said, "No way, Jose."

My wife still had her dignity.

Of course, we had a lot of other girls come through Chez Highway 290. We had girls that worked with boa constrictors, girls that could strip nekkid while standing on their hands, we even had one girl that could dance. But none of em were like Joyce. She was the first and she was the best. You know, in future years many profession-

al bimbos would come along, *trying* to explode their tits, but just think about it. Did you ever see *one* that could do the double back flip without cheating? It was a natural God-given talent.

Long as we had Jose, we didn't have to worry about much of anything else. After a while, Rhett hired him a bartender and went back to Mexico to tend polio weed. We'd see him once or twice a month, when he'd come north to see all his close personal friends and exchange pleasantries, if you know what I mean and I think you do. I convinced Lester to arrest me a couple times, but he wanted so much money for it, it wasn't hardly worth it after a while. And ever Monday morning we'd audition titties.

Titties descended on Highway 290 from all over the greater Southwest. One time we had a set of tits drive in all the way from Durant, Oklahoma, just to see if they had the "stuff." A lot of times I'd have to be honest with these girls.

I'd say, "Look, you and fifty million other girls in America wanna work here, but it's not all glamour. It's a lot of hard work, too. Have you ever looked at some of the older girls, really *studied* the shape of their tits. *Years* of training to get that. You can't just waltz in here in a cashmere sweater and expect me to put you up there next to professional trained garbonzas. A lot of

these tits have agents. Most of em have two agents."

But, you know, they don't listen. Then, when we'd take the 1 or 2 percent that *did* have trainable titties, a lot of times we'd have to trick em up, give em the Maybelline treatment, use special effects and gadgets. One gal, we had to train two weenie-dogs to sit up on top of her titties, just so people'd have something to look at.

"You know, Rhett," I said one afternoon, "titties aren't all they're cut out to be."

"What you mean?"

"You ever really take a good hard look at em?"

"Can't say that I have."

"Couple a tetherballs hanging off your chest. Now you call that sexy?"

"Can't say that I do, no."

"Couple a tetherballs, just hanging there, waiting to be squeezed."

"Pretty disgusting."

"Course, some of em aren't even tetherballs."

"Nope."

"Beanbags."

"You said it."

"Beanbags is all they are. Or mothballs."

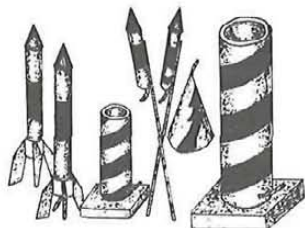
"Mothballs. Those are the worst ones."

"So what's the big deal about tits?"

"I don't know."

continued on page 114

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TITTY BAR

continued from page 111

"We *oughta* know. We're in that business. It's our business to know. But we don't know."

"That's right. We don't know."

"Most businesses, they don't have to worry about tits."

"No."

"Oil business. Tits don't matter."

"Nope."

"Hardware store. You don't even need tits for a hardware store."

"I never thought of it."

"But we gotta think about *tits* all the time."

"It's a bummer."

"Sometimes I feel like tellin em to keep their tops on."

"I know what you mean."

"I mean all the time. I mean *never* show their tits."

"Might help."

"Shoot, business would probly go up."

"Probly."

"People are sick and tired of tits around here."

"May be."

"You ever seen a bimbo that *didn't* have tits?"

"Once or twice."

"Maybe we need one of em."

"Uh-huh."

"Might liven things up around here."

"We could use *that*."

"Course, then it wouldn't be a titty bar, would it?"

"I guess not."

"Not a very good idea, is it?"

"Probly need another one."

"God, I hate tits."

"Even Joyce's tits?"

"Well, I guess a man is obliged to love his wife's tits, but sometimes even hers get on my nerves."

"Do Joyce's tits ever get mushy from being blowed up all the time?"

"Rhett, I can't believe you'd ask me a question like that. What do you think

Joyce is, a piece of meat?"

"I'm sorry, I wasn't thinking."

"It's okay. Go set up the titty trapeze."

"Right."

This next part of the story is tough for me to admit. I don't know how it happened. I don't know why it happened. I don't know who it happened with. I don't know who I should of murdered when it did happen. I don't know where it happened or which direction it happened. I only know it happened.

One day I woke up and Joyce was gone.

She didn't say nothing. The night before she blew up her tits at eight, ten, and midnight, as usual. We went to bed about two. I woke up at ten and she'd cleaned out the regular closet *and* the bra closet and left. All I found was a note on the dresser.

"Dear Joe Bob," it said, "I owe you a lot. You made me what I am today. I couldn't have done it without you. I don't expect you to understand what's happening right now, but I've got to leave. The reason may not seem very important to you, but years from now you'll understand: my titties hurt. Love, Joyce."

That's all it said. No explanation. No way for me to reach her. I ran down to the Greyhound station, hoping I could catch her or find somebody that knew where she was going, but there was no sign of her anywhere. I went back to the club and put a sign up: "No Exploding Tits Tonight." But I was so depressed that, after a while, I went back outside and scratched out "Exploding." It was the first time in two years the club was closed.

"How could she do it?" I asked Rhett later. "How could she leave this life and go back to whatever she was in civilian clothes?"

"Hard to figure out," Rhett said, "unless ..."

"Unless what?"

"Unless one of the big mass-market titty-bar chains up north offered her a contract."

"But Rhett, she was my *wife*."

"Joe Bob, you don't know what's happening. I've seen it coming for a long time now. Titty bars are changing. These chains, they sometimes run three, four hundred tits out of one head office. They got tits in Houston, tits in Dallas, tits in Norleans. They got *health plans*, Joe Bob. Those girls get their garbonzas checked, free of charge, three times a year. They got day-care nurseries at ever tit joint in San Antone. How we gonna compete with that?"

"Rhett, what are you saying? This is Chez Highway 290. This is where the whole thing started. We got *bestiality*, for chrissakes."

"They got it too. Everybody's got bestiality now. How long did you think we could keep it for ourselves?"

"I still say that don't mean Joyce dumped me for a chain contract."

"Don't blame her, Joe Bob. These agents, they prey on tits like hers. You said yourself all she had was a couple of 32s, and how much longer can her tadpole muscles hold out? She's gotta make it while she can. She can't sit around the goat ranch all day long."

"But I had no idea."

"Course you didn't. The husband's always the last to know."


For a while I tried to hold things together at the club, holding auditions, putting on a few shows, but my heart wasn't in it after Joyce's tits left. A man can only handle so many titties before his spirit gives out. My days as a titty bar proprietor were numbered. I finally sold out to Rhett, asked him to retire Joyce's bra locker and remember the good times. Rhett said he would. We cried a little. As I left, I knew I'd never be able to walk into a titty bar again. Not unless someday, somehow, I found the only pair of tits I ever loved. ■

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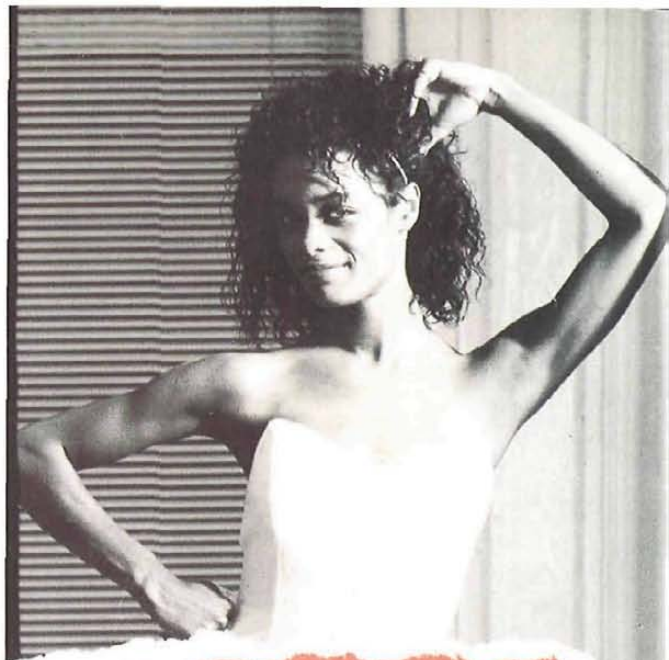


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